

Sunny Day

Deana Carter

I ain't picked up my guitar in 15 days
Some music man doesn't give a damn
What I have to say
But he's stealing tears and playing games
That I don't play
I'm not gonna let that son-of-a-bitch take my love away
You can't take my love away...

So roll me over, over, over
While you turn your head
Hold me under, under
While I take in my last
It gets colder, colder, colder
While you try to save yourself
God's gonna blow your clouds away
And give me sunny day.

It's on the telephone, the tv and on the radio
Any day now the final whistle is bound to blow
But this ain't the way we have to say we had to go
There's still a chance that hand-in-hand and shore-to-shore
They can't take our love away...