When Sunny Gets Blue

Nancy Wilson

When Sunny gets blue, her eyes get gray and cloudy,
Then the rain begins to fall,
Pitter-patter, pitter-patter, love is gone, so what can matter?
No sweet lover man comes to call.

When Sunny gets blue, she breathes a sigh of sadness,
Like the wind that stirs the trees,
Wind that sets the leaves to swaying
Like some violins are playing weird and haunting melodies.

People used to love to hear her laugh, see her smile,
That's how she got her name.
Since that sad affair, she's lost her smile, changed her style,
Somehow she's not the same.

But mem'ries will fade and pretty dreams will rise up
Where her other dreams fell through
Hurry, new love, hurry here to kiss away each lonely tear
And hold her near when Sunny gets blue

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