

# Sunshine

Regina Spektor

Mr. Sunshine in the morning  
In the morning light  
Won't you come down from the ceiling?  
Won't you stay the night?  
Baby, won't you stay the night?

In the summer, I remember days so long and hot  
These past weeks it has been raining  
And now my song's a flood  
Baby, now my song is a flood

You've been driving down that same road  
Road rage in your eyes  
So won't you come down from the ceiling  
Won't you hear my cries  
Baby, won't you hear my cries

Sunshine, sunshine