

Crystal Day

Roger Miller

Riding the sky, easy to fly
Oh, on a lovely crystal day
Kicking the sun, watching it run
Gee what a lovely crystal day

Rainbows up here. blows through your hairs
In such a friendly kind of way
Do you suppose Larks really grow
Or is this just a crystal day

Watching the town awaken
His concrete arms are shakin'
Big city stores are yawning
Blinking her eyelash awnings

Good morning wind, kiss me again
And let me taste your moonlight spray
I can't believe I'm really me
Part of this lovely crystal day

Now country scenes roll past me
Got just enough time to last me
Cows and sheep are talking
The telephone poles are walking

That setting sun, having his fun
Giving somebody else his day
Wish it was me, for can't you see
I'm gonna miss this crystal day

La..la..la.....