

Daydream Believer, The Monkees

Oh, I could hide 'neath the wings
 Of the bluebird as it sings
 The six-o'clock alarm would never ring
 But it rings and I rise
 Wash the sleep out of my eyes
 My shaving razor's cold and it stings

Chorus

Cheer up sleepy Jean
 Oh what can it mean to a
 Daydream believer and a homecoming queen

You once thought of me
 As a white knight on a steed
 Now you know how happy life can be
 And our good times start and end
 Without dollar one to spend
 But how much baby do we really need

Chorus

