DAYDREAM BELIEVER

Words and Music by
JOHN STEWART

Moderately

Oh, I could hide neath the wings of the blue-bird as she sings;
The rings and I rise, wipe the sleep out of my eyes. My

six o' clock alarm would never ring. But it shaving razor's

cold and it stings. Cheer up sleepy Jean.
Oh, what can it mean to a Day-dream Believer and a home-coming
Queen.

You once thought of me as a good times start and end without
white knight on a steed, But Now you know how hap-py I can be.

dol-lar one to spend,

Oh, and our how much, ba-by, do we real-ly need?