

Barclay James Harvest, Mister Sunshine

I am walking in a dream
Everything I touch it isn't real
People aren't just what they seem
And I really don't know what to feel
Mister Sunshine's not for me

I don't mind the sky of blue
Or the honey clouds that wander by
When that orange thing comes through
I must look away or think I'll die
Mister Sunshine's not for me

Blacker days I'll never see
And I curse your light a hundred times
When you shine your rays on me
I must hide my head or lose my mind
Mister Sunshine's not for me

My old man said I am mad
Said that things were saner in his day
But I didn't listen, Dad
All the words you said I threw away
Mister Sunshine's not for me
Mister Sunshine's not for me