

# Harry Chapin, Sunday Morning Sunshine

I came into town with a knapsack on my shoulder  
And a pocket full of stories that I just had to tell.  
You know I've knocked around a bit,  
I've had my share of small town glories,  
And it's time to hit the city and that crazy carousel.  
I been feeling sorry for myself,  
But you know I was only lonely,  
Like everybody else.

Until...

You brought your Sunday morning sunshine  
Here into my Monday morning rain.  
You taught me happiness just one time,  
It keeps on coming back again.  
These streets were never highways  
For I had not known the sky above.  
These days were never my days  
For I had not known your love.  
It's funny how a city can put on a different face,  
When it holds the one you care for  
It becomes a different place.  
And I never felt so far from alone.  
Baby you brought me halfway home.  
Yes, baby, you brought me halfway home.