

# Wheatus, Sunshine

When I look at your face I see dirt;  
All the sunshine you blow up my a\*\* starts to hurt;  
And I don't really mind if I'm nothin' in your eyes;  
It's no surprise to me;  
There's a rocket I built;  
It's under my kilt;  
It's coming to blow you away.

I was a jerk;  
I did the work for somebody else's dream;  
I took the chance;  
I lost my pants;  
In somebody else's dream tonight.

Now you're calling me up to get paid;  
And if you don't get paid then you'll never get laid;  
But I really don't have any money;  
I say goodbye; And you'll have to depend on your size;  
'Cause the thing that I built;  
It's under my kilt;  
It's coming to blow you away.

I was a jerk;  
I did the work for somebody else's dream;  
I took the chance;  
I lost my pants;  
In somebody else's dream tonight.

Now I think that I'm going to bed,  
As the image of you and yer crap leaves my head;  
Cause it's t-minus 20 tomorrow, rocket flies;  
And it doesn't depend on the size;  
'Cause the thing that I built;  
It's under my kilt;  
It's coming to blow you away.

I was a jerk;  
I did the work for somebody else's dream;  
I took the chance;  
I lost my pants;  
In somebody else's dream tonight