

CHILDREN OF THE SUN

From the docks to the blocks
to behind the pines, on the rocks
or behind locks like in the box,
the basket is a case of what takes the cake: stocks
On the list, it is tops and protected by the cops
that's why the train goes a bit North and just stops
Keeping out kids, moms and pops
It's a strange city, it's pretty but smells pretty bad,
and it's full of paradoxes but outside the boxes
a lot of love and laughter, which some find obnoxious
they box us in, but we'll growl and punch
just like boxers, two species, both tenacious
unwilling to live in places where the sun don't shine

I know sometimes the sun won't shine but I don't mind
cause when it does, it's all mine. And I Feel Fine.

like a little one, a little sun, nice day, ok, let's go play
take a dive, strive to see what it's like to be alive
how it feels, how real it is when we really live
outside in the streets, a nice way
to take away all of the gray, a little bit of blue
otherwise it's no fun, but a sun so yellow,
it mellows, it bellows out like a cello
a vibration of fellowship

I know sometimes the sun won't shine but I don't mind
cause when it does, it's all mine. And I Feel Fine.

Why not sail away on a ship of happiness
or endless bliss, never feeling hapless,
love kiss the lips and we're feeling fantastic, finally a little bit more
enthusiastic
'bout where we go from here,
those we keep near
and we steer ourselves clear of the coast,
the cliffs, the coves, the mist
can mix us up, so we stay in the sun
cause when we're broke, then who gonna fix us up?

I know sometimes the sun won't shine but I don't mind
cause when it does, it's all mine. And I Feel Fine.