

# Anne Murray, Daydream Believer

I could hide beneath the wings of the bluebird as she sleeps  
The six o'clock alarm would never ring  
But it rings and we rise, wipe the sleep out of our eyes  
A shavin' razor's cold and it's sting  
Cheer up, sleepy jean, what can it mean  
To a daydream believer and a homecomin' queen?  
I once thought of you as a white knight on a steed  
Now you know how happy we can be  
And our good times started then with a dollar one to spend  
But how much, baby, do we really need?  
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