

My Sunshine

for Connie Schuler and her best friend

The alarm clock rings, I open my eyes

The sky is cloudy and gray

I need a tonic to break the gloom

And chase the clouds away

But I've been blessed with a little pal

A clown dressed in brilliant yellow

My Sunshine, my buddy, my little bird friend

Such a cheerful little fellow

While I start the coffee she whistles and chirps

While I butter my toast, she sings

And I laugh out loud when she scratches her ear

Or flutters her pretty wings

No day has been too gray or grim

That my Sunshine can't lift my heart

When I just don't want to even wake up

She gives me a reason to start

Some people hunger for bars of gold

And some people yearn for fame

But I have a treasure that surpasses them both

And Sunshine is her name

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