

F-C-G

**STEAL MY SUNSHINE (LEN)**

I was lying on the grass on Sunday morning of last week  
Indulging in my self-defeat  
My mind was thugged, all laced and bugged, All twisted wrong and beat  
A comfortable in three feet deep  
Now the fuzzy stare from not being there On a confusing morning week  
Impaired my tribal lunar speak  
And of course you can't become if you only say What you would have done  
So I missed a million miles of fun

**I know it's up for me (If you steal my sunshine)**  
**Making sure I'm not in too deep (If you steal my sunshine)**  
**Keeping versed and on my feet (If you steal my sunshine)**

I was lying on the bench slide In the park across the street  
L-A-T-E-R that week  
My sticky paws were into making straws Out of big fat Slurpee treats  
An incredible eight foot heap  
Now the funny glare to pay a gleaming tare In a staring under heat  
Involved an under usual feat  
And I'm not only among, But I invite who I want to come  
So I missed a million miles of fun

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