SUNBEAM BLUES

Soprano & Piano Text by Julie Kane



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Sunbeam pourin' in the window When my baby wakes and shaves Sunbeam pourin' in the window When my baby wakes and shaves

And it waits by my baby's chair Like a dog at a grave

Sunbeam fallin' on his shoulder As he reads the want ads through He sits in that stick of sunbeam And he reads the want ads through

He's been lookin' for work six weeks
In the same blue suit

My baby he feels as restless
As the dust in that patch of sun
He's dancin' his way to nowhere
Just like the dust in that patch of sun

He's tired of takin' my money And he wants to give me some

I said, if them bosses was women Well, I know just what they'd do If all of them bosses was women, baby I'm sure of what they'd do

Any woman with two good eyes Would sure pick you

Sunbeam pourin' in the window It shines on the rug all day My baby's all out of dreams now He just sits in the sun all day

And the smoke from his cigarettes Stains that sunbeam gray

Julie Kane

Sunbeam Blues

Text by Julie Kane

Music by Dale Trumbore









