Walking on Sunshine

|Bb . . . | Eb . . . | F . . . | Eb . . . |

I used to think maybe you love me, now baby it’s true.

And I just can’t wait till the day that you knock on my door.

Now everytime i go for the mailbox gotta hold myself down.

Cuz i just can’t wait till you write me you’re coming around.

**| Dm . . . | . . . . | Cm . . . | . . . . |**

**I'm walking on sunshine... Whoah!**

**I'm walking on sunshine... Whoah!**

**I'm walking on sunshine... Whoah!**

**|Bb . . . | Eb . . . | F . . . | Eb . . . |**

**And don't it feel good! YEAH!**

**And don't it feel good! YEAH!**

**And don't it feel good! YEAH!**

I used to think maybe you loved me, now I know that it's true

And I don't want to spend my whole life, just waiting for you

Now I don't want you back for the weekend Not back for a day, no

I said baby I just want you back and I want you to stay

**Chorus**

*Guitar solo then vocal ad lib*

**|Bb . . . | Eb . . . | F . . . | Eb . . . |**

I feel the love, i feel the love, i feel a love that's really real!

I feel the love, i feel the love, i feel a love that's really real!

I'm walking on sunshine!

**Chorus**