

Monday Morning

Andy M. Stewart

Monday Morning 6 A.M. the clock rings off the wall
Now I'm standing tae attention in my bare feet in the hall
Wi' one leg doon my troosers I can find nae socks at all
But I'm a coiled spring of industry respondin' to your call.

Monday Morning, why do you haunt me
With your bells and factory whistles all around?
Monday Morning, why do you taunt me?
And I so tired I could sleep here on the ground.

"Gie me something different please," I asked them at the Burro
"On the board of some big company where I've no a thing to do
Or let me try Insider Tradin', I'd be equal tae the task,
For I'm slowly bein' murdered by the piece bag and the flask."

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The bloke behind the counter said, "You must be off your heid"
And he swore he'd phone the polis if I did not leave wi' speed.
It was there I read the notice pinned behind him on the wall
That said: "Mak them thank their lucky stars they've ony job at
all."

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Monday Morning, why do you taunt me?
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Just come up here to Scotland you can pay us what you like
Our needs are very simple and we're not allowed to strike
And we all wear wee cloth bonnets, and we all say, "Help ma Boa
b!"
And we'll all bend doon and kiss your doup and thank you for th
e job.

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