

## Somedays

Neneh Cherry

Wake up without a blink,  
To an even pace where nothing moves,  
Except the pressure from a funky Saturday  
Dropping like bricks on my head;  
Or over the milkyway.  
Starlit electric beams had only just touched me,  
I must have dreamt myself astray.  
The only milkyway I have is in the middle of the day.

Somedays are better than somedays.  
Good Sundays are better than somedays;  
Today I'd even take a bad Monday.  
'Cause this Sunday's a pure pressure inside of me.

Danced till my feet were blue.  
To erase the thoughts, I just remember you.  
Tears lost in the turn of the years.  
Return on days like this,  
Kissing in the sunrays.  
I knew that it was Sunday,  
'Cause my memory's like a blueprint in my head.

(and the little rap says)  
Give me grits and eggs, give me ham and bacon,  
And a pancake with some maple syrup,  
'Cause it is Sunday.  
(god knows what the dogs are saying)  
We made it through... maybe.