

Sitting by the bedroom window  
Looking at a slideshow on a Sunday  
But it's Monday, well how would I know  
I'd be looking out the same old window  
Years later on a Monday thinking something  
Would come from doing the same thing

Bout time to give up on the same old stuff I'm stuck on  
Just say that it went wrong and move it along  
Sayonara till tomorrow  
It's just how it goes sometimes.

You gotta keep on climbing the hill  
'Cause if you think you'll make it you will  
Go swimming quick like a fish and every wish will be fulfilled  
Strike up and start the parade  
Cutting down the weeds keep slinging the blade  
And when they fire that warning shot  
You'll have a spot made in the shade

Standing at a side street station  
Feeling like a one way on the down low  
Flying solo till further delay  
Easy blame it on procrastination  
Always hoping somehow that the nonsense  
This time will make sense, stuck in circles  
Faces in the sunshine they never look at mine  
People just walk by and keep their eyes low  
Sayonara till tomorrow  
That's how it goes sometimes

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