

Monsters Under The Bed

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There are so many hours in the day
I know I've got work to do but hey
My will to move, or even use my brain
Is weathered by the eternal english rain
And when the talk show ends, I scream
Right at the screen for more pregnant teens
I can't fall asleep it's almost 3 so I water the flowers out on
the street
And I spent 5 hours on the net last night
Avoiding the monsters under my bed with square eyes

How fan-fucking-
tabulous it is to be so scared of the dark like this
I know I've got work to do, it's a bitch
I'm staggering round, I can't find the switch
And I spent 5 hours on the net last night
Avoiding the monsters under the bed with square eyes
Now I dare not stick my feet out the end, in case they bite and
sing a monster song

La-da-dup-ba-da-bow-ah

There are so many hours in the day to address this problem in s
ome way
Some barbie doll talks of carb intake
I turn it off, and for now, I'm ok