

Tuesday

Five For Fighting

One year like any old other year
In a week like any week
Monday lying down
Half Asleep

People doing what people do
Loving, working and getting through
No portraits on the walls
Of Seventh Avenue

Then Tuesday came and went
Like a helicopter overhead
The Letter that she left
Cold Addressed in Red
Tuesday Came and went one
One September
When will she come again

The thing about memories
They're sure and bound to fade
Except for the stolen souls
Left upon her blade

Is Monday coming back
That's what Mondays do
They Turn and Turn around
Afraid to see it through

Tuesday came and went
Like a helicopter overhead
The Letter that she left
Cold Addressed in Red
Tuesday Came and went one
One September
When will she come again

Tuesday Came and went one
One September, When?
Cold and dressed in red
How could I forget
Tuesday Came and went
Like a Helicopter overhead
Will she come again