

I pick you up on Monday morning  
In the street  
And all you have to do is fall  
Into the seat

Now the time has come for us  
Time for us to go  
Turn ourselves over to the unseen

The map will snore  
In it's glove compartment  
As we pass  
And we don't stop until the last ends  
Except for gas

Now the time has come for us  
Time for us to go  
Turn ourselves over to the unseen

Big fresh  
Big fresh  
Where's your lively

Big fresh  
Big fresh  
Where's your smiley