

Those Days

Lucy Schwartz

Aching, caught in a hurricanes
It's taking every muscle to move again
Sleepless nights, lazy Sundays
Heavy eyes, it's a case of the Mondays

Sinking feet in the sand again
I'm thinking I should look before landing in
A six foot hole, where the arrow is pointing to a
Danger zone, that I should be avoiding

O-oh-oh-oh-oh, O-oh-oh-oh-oh,
Must be one of those Days
O-oh-oh-oh-oh, O-oh-oh-oh-oh,
But I haven't words to Complain

Shaking, tied to the tracks again
I'm waiting for the sound of the train engine
And no one cares, nobody lingers
But to stop and stare, and point with their fingers

Feeling hands in the dark
You know I'm heeling but it's only a start
Because the wind will blow and topple me over
And the undertow will wash me to nowhere

O-oh-oh-oh-oh, O-oh-oh-oh-oh,
Must be one of those Days
O-oh-oh-oh-oh, O-oh-oh-oh-oh,
But I haven't words to Complain

Cause when the days over
I've got your shoulder to help me carry the weight pulling unde
r
Didn't you wonder how everybody gets through the day

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