

Monday Morning

Morning Parade

Hello monday morning,
try and talk your way out of this one.
For today's grand performance,
try and make the most of the love that's left.

As you board the train or park the car,
fly me to where you are,
and I'll sleep in on your shoulder,
trying to forget,
the everything that weighs you down.

Tongue tide, staring at the ceiling all night,
trying to believe that sometime,
one day maybe we might just come around,
and stop running so fast...

Oh hello monday's calling,
try and talk your way out of this one.
It's just motorways of empty cars,
full speed stop and starts.

But I'm sleeping on your shoulder,
trying to forget,
the everything that weighs you down.

Tongue tide, staring at the ceiling all night,
trying to believe that sometime,
one day maybe we might just come around,
and stop running so fast...