

Somedays

Neneh Cherry

Wake up without a blink,
To an even pace where nothing moves,
Except the pressure from a funky Saturday
Dropping like bricks on my head;
Or over the milkyway.
Starlit electric beams had only just touched me,
I must have dreamt myself astray.
The only milkyway I have is in the middle of the day.

Somedays are better than somedays.
Good Sundays are better than somedays;
Today I'd even take a bad Monday.
'Cause this Sunday's a pure pressure inside of me.

Danced till my feet were blue.
To erase the thoughts, I just remember you.
Tears lost in the turn of the years.
Return on days like this,
Kissing in the sunrays.
I knew that it was Sunday,
'Cause my memory's like a blueprint in my head.

(and the little rap says)
Give me grits and eggs, give me ham and bacon,
And a pancake with some maple syrup,
'Cause it is Sunday.
(god knows what the dogs are saying)
We made it through... maybe.