

Another Day

Paul McCartney

Every day she takes a morning bath
she wets her hair,
Wraps a towel around her
as she's heading for the bedroom chair,
It's just another day.

Slipping into stockings,
Stepping into shoes,
Dipping in the pocket of her raincoat.
Ah, it's just another day.

At the office where the papers grow
she takes a break,
Drinks another coffee
and she finds it hard to stay awake,
It's just another day.

Du du du du du du
It's just another day,
du du du du du du
It's just another day

So sad, so sad,
Sometimes she feels so sad.
Alone in her apartment she'd dwell,
Till the man of her dreams
comes to break the spell.

Ah, stay, don't stand around
And he comes and he stays
But he leaves the next day,
So sad.
Sometimes she feels so sad.

As she posts another letter
to the sound of five,
People gather 'round her
and she finds it hard to stay alive,
It's just another day.

Du du du du du du...
...Ay

So sad,...

Ah, stay,...

Every day she takes...

Slipping into...

Du du du...
...day.