

Monday

Real Friends

We're just kids stuck in this town
Outside of a big city
Where everyone wants you to grow up as fast as they
fall

My old friend Dave wakes up on Monday
Wishes there were more than two days in a weekend
I'll keep sleeping in on Monday not knowing
That my weekend is over

I'm just not ready to cut my hair and settle down
I'm not liking the thought of looking at myself
And seeing all the stress of my mother
And heavy eyes of my father

I don't have a lot of money
That's fine by me
I want to grow up in truck stops and on friends' floors
Maybe then I can feel my heart beat in rhythm with the
real me
I wanted June to be in December since I felt summer on
my shoulders
My old friend Dave wakes up on Monday
Wishes there were more than two days in a weekend
I'll keep sleeping in on Monday not knowing
That my weekend is over

I'm just not ready to cut my hair and settle down
I'm not liking the thought of looking at myself
And seeing all the stress of my mother
And heavy eyes of my father

We'll go run away
Waste all our time
We'll go run away
Waste all our time
We'll go run away
Waste all our time
We'll go run away

I'm just not ready to cut my hair and settle down
I'm not liking the thought of looking at myself
And seeing all the stress of my mother and heavy eyes
I'm just not ready to cut my hair and settle down
I'm not liking the thought of looking at myself
And seeing all the stress of my mother
And heavy eyes of my father

Now all my friends wake up on Monday
And wish that there were more than two days in a
weekend
I'll keep sleeping in on Monday
Not knowing that my weekend is over