

# 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