

Monday Morning

The Church

Beyond the city, and evening dust
Dreams and thunder rattle the rust

You had an idea that you won't have again
She's forgotten your name and hopes you'll do the same
The start of the ash, and the end of the flame
Burning you, turning you

There was a lifetime spent in the sun
Hundreds of chances, blew every one
Dice rolled, double six, double six, double six
Owner of trouble, flesh, blood, and bricks

You had an idea that you won't have again
She's forgotten your name and hopes you'll do the same
The start of the ash, and the end of the flame
Turning you, burning you

Oh Monday morning, the cracks become quite clear
Oh Monday morning, take me back, leave me here

Beyond the city, and evening dust
Dreams and thunder rattle the rust

You had an idea that you won't have again
She's forgotten your name and hopes you'll do the same
The start of the ash, and the end of the flame
Burning you, turning you around