

Groovy Tuesday

The Smithereens

Woke up on a groovy Tuesday
Even my hangover's fine
Woke up on a groovy Tuesday
Hung my mind out on the line

Tuesday's groovy, Tuesday's groovy
Now I know that nothing lasts

Woke up on a groovy Tuesday
Everything is not the same
Woke up on a groovy Tuesday
Think I'll even change my name

Tuesday's groovy, Tuesday's groovy
Now I know that nothing lasts

And I can't help it if I'm not the one you need
It doesn't matter if I'm still the lost ball in the weeds

Woke up on a groovy Tuesday
Flower pot man looked my way
Woke up on a groovy Tuesday
I can see what he can't say

Tuesday's groovy, Tuesday's groovy
Now I know that nothing lasts
Tuesday's groovy, Tuesday's groovy
Now I know that nothing lasts

Nothing lasts
Nothing lasts
Nothing lasts

Tuesday's groovy
Tuesday's groovy
Tuesday's groovy

Nothing, nothing lasts
Nothing, nothing lasts
Nothing, nothing lasts
Nothing, nothing lasts
Nothing, nothing lasts