

Tuesday

You Am I

Saw the sun come up again.
Last week's papers and a pack of darts
That got me through 'til ten.
The ten fifteen's five minutes late.
I really should just get out more these days.
Next door is coughing up his lungs.
Two A.M. I'm sure she said
She's gonna get herself a gun.
I blacked out from three to five.
You should hear what's going on outside.
As the morning bread goes hard
On the corner shop they're waiting
Just for rush hour to start.
And I'm wondering why his kids are late
I really should just get out more these days.
Days, and each one shows
there's so much I'll never know
If I don't ever get
If I never get home, home.
And old Ryan's still his rust
And Tuesday comes and goes
Like any late night bus.
I could do a lot more with my time
But you should hear what's going on outside.