

Sitting by the bedroom window
Looking at a slideshow on a Sunday
But it's Monday, well how would I know
I'd be looking out the same old window
Years later on a Monday thinking something
Would come from doing the same thing

Bout time to give up on the same old stuff I'm stuck on
Just say that it went wrong and move it along
Sayonara till tomorrow
It's just how it goes sometimes.

You gotta keep on climbing the hill
'Cause if you think you'll make it you will
Go swimming quick like a fish and every wish will be fulfilled
Strike up and start the parade
Cutting down the weeds keep slinging the blade
And when they fire that warning shot
You'll have a spot made in the shade

Standing at a side street station
Feeling like a one way on the down low
Flying solo till further delay
Easy blame it on procrastination
Always hoping somehow that the nonsense
This time will make sense, stuck in circles
Faces in the sunshine they never look at mine
People just walk by and keep their eyes low
Sayonara till tomorrow
That's how it goes sometimes

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