

# Monday Mourning Meltdown

Gov't Mule

Fear grows in Brooklyn  
Bitterness in Oakland  
Guess there's nothing you can do  
So much for the new day  
Making your own way  
These things don't apply to you

Shame on you for fooling me  
Shame on me for believing  
Who'd have thought your Patriot act  
Could be so damn deceiving  
What's happened to you

Is it all a part of your Monday mourning meltdown  
If a tear falls in the ocean does it make a sound  
And what about all the blood there on the battleground  
How do you like me now that I'm not around

Looking backwards  
Is your life everything you wanted it to be  
But looks will only take you so far  
Do your patron-eyes let you see

Prisoners are as prisoners do  
You're all alone in your open cell  
Betraying those that had your back  
Guess your methods served you well  
What's happened to you

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What do you do now  
You're all alone  
Do you still stand by your misguided views

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