

## mondays

Anjulie

I keep binging murder mysteries until 3 AM babe  
Got this leftover marinara drippin' down my face  
Got my CBD and whiskey, Bumble, Raya, CH  
I know it could be way worse, I'm so ungrateful it hurts

But baby I miss Mondays  
Strangers with the handshakes  
Bodegas and small chains  
Festivals and first dates  
Miss them sloppy make outs  
At the club with the lights out  
I don't know where I go now  
Pack the car and roll out

Cos I can't sleep without the NyQuil  
And the texts all full of typos  
And these four walls making me psycho  
Oh yeah

I need some rich people problems, I need to call up my driver  
Tell 'em go pick up my friends, we all flyin' private  
To some Caribbean island or a tropical paradise  
Don't wanna close my eyes

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