

Monday

Death Plus

What a waste
What a Monday
Keep your eyes off me
I'm just nothing
Touch on me
I love it when you cut me
It's nothing
You're asleep

And when I'm up, I'm lonely awake
I'm ugly, you're something
That I want
Yeah, I'm weak
[?], so put it on me

There's something else and I don't really got the name for it
Yeah, I'm nothing, I'm another fucking waste
You're the only one, yeah, I feel you every day
I get this feeling, yeah, it's something I can taste
Maybe someday, yeah, we can [?]
I gotta get together, baby, you'll be here someday
No, I'm not gonna hurt you, that's a promise, babe
What another fucking waste

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It's nothing