

# Monday Monday

Drapht

I wake up, everyday starts with a phone call  
Phone Paul with a problem day whats-her-face forgets her name  
Man how you gonna forget your name  
Same illusion, it's just a different day  
Misread the roster, rocking up a little wake to work  
Flirting with the barista instead of serving customers  
Nah fuck it, I ain't having it  
A losing battle when-when customer  
Is mad and plans to take a rant to Urbanspoon  
Order two Nasi Gorengs expecting german food  
What you want me to say?  
Kill 'em with kindness, rather get my grenade  
Lemons to lemonade, say the customer is always right  
Well Christ, what if the customer is nothing but a bitch?  
I can't keep doing this  
Can't keep doing this man  
Rather give her a bag of dicks, I ain't meaning Japanese cuisine  
There ain't no delicacy, yep yep yeah you can can leave  
(What?!) I said would you like a receipt  
(Oh, yes please) Yo, I can't stand you fucking people  
(Excuse me?) I said come back again  
I even saved your favourite table, it's always a pleasure to see you  
Deepak told me I gotta breathe  
Instead I fall apart at the seems

Cause everyday's been a Monday  
For so long  
Then you know, you know, you know  
I seem to blink and the day is over  
Then you know, you know, you know  
It's Monday again  
Again, again  
It's Monday again, yeah  
Just another Monday again, again

I know  
Man, I shouldn't take their pain personal  
Like murder-ball, they're killin' you  
Without a leg to stand on and I know you can't feel your feet  
'Cause you steppin' all over my toes when they are underneath  
End of my tether with everyone  
Living in civil unrest, no security like I'm Lebanon  
Forget 'em all Paul, go and live on an island in Thailand  
No finance, just me, myself and I and my guitar  
Serenading my lady under the stars, nothing but fucking love  
Ah, no alarms in my luggage  
A groundhog day without Bill Murray is fucking rubbish  
Love it, hate it, messing my being  
Yelling at these kids it wasn't part of my dream  
Thich Nhat Hanh told me to breath  
Instead I fall apart at the seems

Cause everyday's been a Monday  
For so long  
Then you know, you know, you know  
I seem to blink and the day is over  
Then you know, you know, you know

It's Monday again  
Again, again  
It's Monday again  
Just another Monday again, again