

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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