

## Mona

J. J. Cale

Mona, she comes in the morning  
She brings me a bottle of wine  
She comes to my bed, soothes up my head  
Makes me feel alright  
Makes me feel alright

Mona, she comes on a Friday  
She stays in to the night  
Mona, she comes to my bedroom  
To keep my spirits high  
To keep my spirits high

Mona, she brings me no money  
She brings me no food  
All she brings is her sweet, sweet love  
Makes my afternoon  
Makes my afternoon

When daylight falls from my window  
Another night's come and gone  
I always know 'cause I'm feeling so low  
Mona, you know she has gone  
Mona, you know she has gone