

I pick you up on Monday morning
In the street
And all you have to do is fall
Into the seat

Now the time has come for us
Time for us to go
Turn ourselves over to the unseen

The map will snore
In it's glove compartment
As we pass
And we don't stop until the last ends
Except for gas

Now the time has come for us
Time for us to go
Turn ourselves over to the unseen

Big fresh
Big fresh
Where's your lively

Big fresh
Big fresh
Where's your smiley