

Animals

Mark Owen

Monday, Monday, ordinary
Tell me how your life will grow
Will you walk around in circles?
Looking for a place to go

There's a devil in the detail, looking down
Mama's gonna make you a paper crown
You know it has to happen but you don't know why
So you're gonna give the medication one more try, and

Shout it out (Shout it out)
We could be the animals
We could be the monsters now (Now)
And nobody's gonna take us out
Shout it out, waiting for the big Big Bang
Shout it out
We could be the animals
We could bring the whole place down (Down)
And the world is gonna know your name
Shout it out (Shout it out)

Monday, Monday, what's your story?
Write your headline while you can
Bell's of holy, days of glory
Did you ever lay a plan?

There's a battle of selection going on
Daddy's gonna buy you the morning sun
And we'll all be looking pretty in a bright white light
So I guess it's just a matter of death and life, so

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Fan fairs, tearing up the pavement
Spiders, spinning the horizon
Fireworks burning up the naked sky
Fly, all the people in your sky

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Shout it out, shout it out