

Somedays And Mondays

Natural

Me and a box of memories just sitting
On the stairs
When you get home tonight that's all
That will be there
Breaks my heart leaning but it hurts me
More to stay
We've said it all before so there's
Nothing more to say

If there is an angel out they're listening
Won't you tell me what to do

Course the devil on my shoulder
Wants me running back to you

Somedays and Mondays are hard to
Get through
Today is the first day to get over
You
Minute by minute each moment at a time
Someday on Monday i'll be just fine

Me and a box of photographs
Suppose to rain this afternoon
The phone rang in the bedroom
Why'd I think that is was you
And I'm talking myself out of thinking
We could still be friends
But the minute I give in it's just
the same old thing again.

Every time I start believing
There's a chance you might change

Reality comes chrashing down like
Thunder and the rain

It should have be yesterday
Blindfolded you're to blame
In a single world
Why can't be more logical to me
I'm losing my place in line
Gone from one to ninety-nine
And it's crumbling down around and spin
Round and round