

## Debris

Per Gessle

Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, I don't know what to do  
Wednesday comes so quickly, I never have a clue  
Thursday morning, my breakfast tea is blue

Fridays are for winners I never could take part  
Saturday's an open hug but always breaks my heart  
Then it's back to Sunday I'm lying in the dark

Mama always told me to cherish being free  
Daddy never took liberty seriously  
I'm looking at the window, reflections and debris  
It's hard to see who's really me  
Who's really me

January, February, March are standing still  
April turns to May and June is in it for the kill  
And then July brings more promises and guilt

August and September, October pass me by  
November and December are reasons not to try  
Then I've gone full circle, I'm gazing at the sky  
Oh yeah

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Daddy never took a single matter seriously  
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Who's really, who's really me