Groovy Tuesday

The Smithereens

Woke up on a groovy Tuesday Even my hangover's fine Woke up on a groovy Tuesday Hung my mind out on the line

Tuesday's groovy, Tuesday's groovy Now I know that nothing lasts

Woke up on a groovy Tuesday Everything is not the same Woke up on a groovy Tuesday Think I'll even change my name

Tuesday's groovy, Tuesday's groovy Now I know that nothing lasts

And I can't help it if I'm not the one you need It doesn't matter if I'm still the lost ball in the weeds

Woke up on a groovy Tuesday Flower pot man looked my way Woke up on a groovy Tuesday I can see what he can't say

Tuesday's groovy, Tuesday's groovy Now I know that nothing lasts Tuesday's groovy, Tuesday's groovy Now I know that nothing lasts

Nothing lasts Nothing lasts Nothing lasts

Tuesday's groovy Tuesday's groovy Tuesday's groovy

Nothing, nothing lasts Nothing, nothing lasts Nothing, nothing lasts Nothing, nothing lasts Nothing, nothing lasts