

Anita Lipnicka

"Monday"

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It's Monday morning
The snow is still falling
No hope for spring today
We sit over coffee
When you say you don't know me
No more after all these years

Maybe it's true
I've been hiding from you
I've been running
Cause something in me
Tells me to keep
My own way

The devil is calling
I've got to get going
No smile on your pretty face
When I get back in the evening
You say that you've missed me
That lately I seem so strange

And maybe it's true.etc

Oh,oh, - my own way

Life's getting shorter
No sweet ever - after
The weather's suddenly changed
There are storms and lightning
The damage is frightening
so we look for a fire escape

And maybe it's true
I've been hiding from you
I've been running
But something inside
Tells me we'll find
Our own way.

