

Bouncing Souls

"Monday Mourning Ant Brigade"

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Monday morning, I woke up late
I feel like shit and I can't see straight
One last drink was a bad idea
I'm on the bowl with diarrhea

Out the door, in a fog
Barked at by the neighbors dog
Forgot my keys, I went back inside
I got a flat, so I can't ride

The phone rings, "Aw Jeez", now what?
I am an idiot, so I picked it up

Now I'm held up on my line
My cretin landlord he's wasting my time
He wants his money or we go to trial
He's got Penis Envy Denial

Another weekend, I didn't get laid
It's a Monday mourning ant brigade
Another weekend, I didn't get paid
It's a Monday mourning ant brigade

Fuck it all, no regrets
I'm staying in and you can bet
It sucks outside in the pouring rain
I'll smoke some pot, fry my brain

Thom cut the record down to the bone
I'm a sure shot rocking the microphone

Another weekend, I didn't get laid
It's a Monday mourning ant brigade

I've got the Monday mournings
I've got the Monday mournings
I've got the Monday mournings
I've got the Monday mournings

Monday
Monday
Monday

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