

## Frida

### "Weekday Song"

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You come home  
Feel like your dead  
The end of the day  
You sit down  
Take a deep breath  
The place is a mess  
The food you eat has got no taste  
And now the kitchens full of waste  
What made you believe it wouldn't be like this  
You sleep late  
Miss the bus again  
A chip in your eye  
You realise  
There is no change  
A new yesterday  
The daily stress tears down your soul  
And in your chest a big grey hole  
What made you believe it wouldn't be like this  
And inside you cry as your time runs by  
Minutes, hours, days  
And a kingdom falls when you forget  
To live in every moment of your life

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