

Hey Monday

"Fifteen Words"

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Bright eyes reflect the morning sun
She wakes so lost for love
So scared she'll never find someone
So scared she'll never be in love

One piece of paper, fifteen words
She writes in perfect hand
You give 'em till you've given up
And you are sure to find the perfect man

Ba-da-da-da Ba-da-da-da
Ba-da-da-da Ba-da-da-da

That smile, sketched and painted
All the hurt so wared and faded
Search for love, she sat and waited
Tried her hardest to forsake me
Is she an angel or a fly pod to close to a plane?
Either way her wings will burn
Unless she learns to turn and fly away

Oh no, we're here again
Oh no, we're here again

Ooh-Ooh-Ooh-Ooh-Ooh

Ba-da-da-da Ba-da-da-da
Ba-da-da-da Ba-da-da-da

One piece of paper can be heavier then any weight
With words that hold their heavy heart
A map that seems to keeps her in both place
That's how she walks the world
And how the world walks over her
She gives until she's given up
She gives up all the love that she deserves

Ooh-Ooh no, we're here again
So close, so near the end
We don't and we pretend
But we know

Ooh-Ooh-Ooh-Ooh-Ooh. X17

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