

Butch Walker

"Every Monday"

Visit "[Every Monday](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I was checked in by 4, put the sign on the door
Looked out the window of the 17th floor
Talked to the city that knows me by name,
And all the bad things that I do.
I shed 5 bitter tears, into 5 bitter beers
Looked at my watch and said,
Where have the years gone?
I'm wasting away like a castle of clay, that's slowly
crumbling

(chorus)

Every Monday, I get this pain
Every Wednesday, it hits my brain
Every Friday I die, 'cause everyday
I still think of you

I was fucked up by 5, talking nothing but jive
Told the bartender he'd never take me alive
All of this because my favorite show was cancelled last
night on TV
So I called up Marie, she has sex for free
But for ten bucks an hour, she'd listen to me
Talk about rockstars and models on dope,
And how I can't cope with this scene

(chorus)

Visit [Butch Walker](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.