

J. Holiday

"Mona"

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Mona, she comes in the morning
She brings me a bottle of wine
She comes to my bed, soothes up my head
Makes me feel alright
Makes me feel alright
Mona, she comes on a friday
She stays it to the night
Mona, she comes to my bedroom
To keep my spirits high
To keep my spirits high
Mona, she brings me no money
She brings me no food
All she brings is her sweet, sweet love
Makes my afternoon
Makes my afternoon
When daylight falls from my window
Another night's come and gone
I always know 'cause I'm feeling so low
Mona, you know she has gone
Mona, you know she has gone

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