

The Degenerates

"Trouble With Mondays"

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Fire
Walking round town with size 5s
And all this desire
Your gonna miss my eyes, huh, my ass
I stopped the bus by lying down
And playing dead
You see the trouble with Mondays
It makes me sick when I work
This is the last time
And time, and time, and time again
You say the trouble with Mondays
Is scraping sick off your shirt
This is the last time
And time, and time, and time
Time out
And my mum is dying to meet you
And my dad is dying to meet you
And my dog is just dying to meet you
Yeah everybody?s dying
Now everyone is in the sun
And playing dead
You see the trouble with Mondays
It makes me sick when I work
This is the last time
And time, and time, and time, and time again
You say the trouble with Mondays
Is scraping sick off your shirt
This is the last time
And time, and time, and time
Time out
And my gran is dying to meet you
Dan the man is dying to meet you
And my dog is still dying to meet you
Yeah everybody?s dying
Now everyone is in the sun
And playing dead
You see the trouble with Mondays
I?m getting sick of the word
This is the last time no light is in me
You dig me a hole and then you rip me
Screaming naked through the hedgerows

And all the time you don't see
There's only trouble with Mondays
There's only trouble with Mondays

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