

## The Delilahs "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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