

Rialto

"Monday Morning"

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At eight o'clock we said good-bye,
That's when I left her house for mine.
She said that she'd be staying in,
Well she had to be at work by nine.
So I get home and have a bath,
And let an hour or two pass,
Drifting in front of my T.V.,
When a film comes on that she wants to see.
It's Monday morning 5:19
And I'm still wondering where she's been,
Cos everytime I try to call I just get her machine.
And now it's almost six a.m.
And I don't want to try again,
Cos if she's still not back then this must be the end.
At first I guess she's gone to get
Herself a pack of cigarettes,
A pint of milk, food for the cat,
But it's midnight now and she's still not back.
At half past two I picture her
In the back of someone else's car.
He runs his fingers through her hair,
Oh you shouldn't let him touch you there.

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