

## Tzu

# "Mondays"

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[Joelistics] Alarm bells and ringing and I'm up and out of bed Coffee's in the pot, it's on the go, it's on the boil Six in the morning and I'm jumping on the train and Once again it's Groundhog Day And I catch a glimpse of the man I am My life did go according to plan I went to high school, university and then a steady job Two kids and a divorce I got burnt from I pay my tax like everyone else And I can't relax like anyone else And I can't believe that it's coming around So I brace myself for a nervous break down Quick step, I ain't got time to think More stress every single time I blink The nine to five lullaby worldwide Day to day grind got me asking if there's more to life, c'mon [Chorus] Wake up on Mondays, uh oh Making my coffee, uh oh Day's fall like dominoes That's just what I know All I need to know, uh oh [Seed MC] All I need to know Lunch break coming and I need a pickup I got nothing but some emptiness inside of my gut I got rubbing eyes crazily, I'm vaguely lost I've got automatic pilot on the albatross When you take a good look and see it piling up An order will be executed by the robots Cause they running the show, yeah they calling the shots And every Monday morning we just want to call it all off But even in the thick of it different trials are lost In a court that we thought would never suffer a loss I'm taking a long walk, no I ain't taking a bus I need a minute to configure or I'm gonna combust, so wake up [Chorus] [Bridge] We walk into the walls like ghosts that haunt the night Almost dead before we die And this ain't no kind of lie Takes more than all of these long days to make me face up To the fact that nothing changes What is this that keeps me running? What is this that keeps me running? What is this that keeps me running? [Joelistics] Newspapers talking bout war in the Middle East I don't see it so I leave it to the war chiefs Murder one gunman in the city streets I don't feel it cause it's just another news brief To get my wage I've lost lots of days I've locked up my rage for the money that I'm paid And my attitude is do what you need But what will it mean next century? And I'm daydreaming that today will be my last day I'll either leave or throw grenades in my work place And

would I even know if the world explodes? I'ma quit my  
job, pack my bags and go [Chorus] {X2}

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