

M.O.P. & Snowgoons

"Mist On A Monday Morning"

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I wake and yawn at the crack of dawn
With dewdrops on my feet
As I rise up to greet the morning
Nothing much to eat
Every breath I take seems to make my body ache
My only friend is mist on a Monday morning
Pick up my sack and walk for miles
Never thinking why
To the brewer's yard where I can sit
And watch my life go by
Drink and Drink all day till my memory melts away
I need a friend like mist on a Monday morning
*Where's my wife, has she gone
I hear misty morning call
One foot resting in the grave
Destined not to see her anymore
There's a den in the grass by the autopath
Of corrugated steel
I may be sleeping there tonight
And depending how I feel
Damp and dirty place
Printing sorrow on my face
With nothing but the mist on a Monday morning
(*repeat)
From... I feel the sin
Like wheels upon my feet
Intoxicated by the night
I stumbled in the street
Every breath I take seems to make my body ache
And drift into the mist on a Monday morning

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