

# Enchant, Monday

I'm not alone  
There are millions who are just like me  
Is our life our own  
Or are we bred to think everything's fine?  
Just another ant in the line  
I don't want to be  
One more calf who's suckling the cash cow  
Dressed like a corporate freak  
Begging the clock to give me the chance to be me  
A few moments just to be free  
Swallow the lie just to get by but I'm sick of this bag of feed  
Try to hide but it feels like you're caught in a landslide  
When dreams die you can chalk it all up to the Monday  
Blame it all on Monday  
Friday feels all right: you think you got all night  
Saturday is great but then it gets to late  
When Sunday comes around  
It brings you right back down dreading Monday  
And all of what used to define you  
Serves only just to remind you  
Of the man you'd hoped to be  
I can't believe I'm on the clock and wearing a monkey suit  
Where is my dream? You know the one where I'm up on a stage  
I guess I'm missing that page  
Take a quick look, glance through the book before I'm put back in my cage  
Shed your skin the transformation begins  
Chalk outline and the finger points to a Monday  
The only suspect is Monday  
And all of what used to defined you  
Serves only just to remind you  
Of the man you'll never be  
I'm not alone mindless masses trapped just like me  
Busy little drones day in day out we're all pawns for the queen  
I guess it's how it will be  
Chained to my desk just like the rest who have surrendered their dreams