

PG Roxette, Debris

Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, I don't know what to do
Wednesday comes so quickly, I never have a clue
Thursday morning, my breakfast tea is blue

Fridays are for winners I never could take part
Saturday's an open hug but always breaks my heart
Then it's back to Sunday I'm lying in the dark

Mama always told me to cherish being free
Daddy never took liberty seriously
I'm looking at the window, reflections and debris
It's hard to see who's really me
Who's really me

January, February, March are standing still
April turns to May and June is in it for the kill
And then July brings more promises and guilt

August and September, October pass me by
November and December are reasons not to try
Then I've gone full circle, I'm gazing at the sky
Oh yeah

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Who's really, who's really me