

TEARs, Feels Like Monday

Dirty skies and shattered lives
It feels like Monday
My heart beats like a devisee
It feels like Monday

Friday well I hatched a plan
On Saturday I wrote it down
I wrote it on my filthy hands to tell you
It's over on Sunday
And now it feels like Monday

Rush our drums and traffic comes
It feels like Monday
We can stop as the dials drop
It feels like Monday

Friday well I hatched a plan
On Saturday I wrote it down
I wrote it on my filthy hands to tell you
It's over on Sunday
And now it feels like Monday

And I told you Sunday
Things were going to change
Does it feel like Monday, today?
Yes it feels like Monday

Yes I told you one day
I was going away
Does it feel like Monday, today?

Feels like Monday
Feels like Monday

(Day
Day)