

The Move, Mist On A Monday Morning

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

Chorus

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