

# Alfie, Not Half

Sunday's gone,  
I remember half the fun we had.  
Monday has come,  
I know I'm not half as glad, glad.

Jumping ship,  
Lost my footing, fell and burst my lip.  
What can I say?  
I deserved it anyway, way.

I can't have sold my soul,  
Cos the devil he looks after his own.  
And now I feel,  
Like a bug on a roulette wheel, wheel.

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Monday has come I know I'm not half as glad, glad.  
Glad.