

Anita Lipnicka & John Porter, Monday

Its Monday morning
The snow is still falling
No hope for spring today
We sit over coffee
When you say you dont know me
No more after all these years
Maybe its true
Ive been hiding from you
Ive been running
Cause something in me
Tells me to keep
My own way
The devil is calling
Ive got to get going
No smile on your pretty face
When I get black in the evening
You say that youve missed me
That lately I seem so strange
And maybe its trueetc
Oh, oh my own way
Lifes getting shorter
No sweet ever after
The weathers suddenly changed
There are storms and lightening
The damage is frightening
So we look for a fire escape
And maybe its true
Ive been hiding from you
Ive been running
But something inside
Tells me well find
Our own way