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