

# Bic Runga, She Left On A Monday

She left on a Monday  
She's a siren down the road  
In your herringbone overcoat  
That you don't expect to get back

And it's an ordinary sky  
Today's like any other day  
When all of the aeroplanes  
Write her name in the clouds

And nothing's wrong  
But it's already Sunday  
And you know just how Sunday  
Was the day that she would come around?

Go to her foolish man  
What's the use of having pride if you don't have her?  
She'll endure all she can  
But you could make this easier on her

It's all like sinking  
You're trying to stay afloat  
Like a wind blown paper boat  
Over uncharted sea

There's no question why  
You're driving to kill some time  
Racing the power lines  
Back into town

Go to her foolish man  
What's the use of having pride if you don't have her?  
She'll endure all she can  
But you could make this easier on her

Go to her foolish man  
What's the use of having pride if you don't have her?  
She'll endure all she can  
But you could make this easier on her  
Make this easier on her  
Make this easier on her  
Make this easier on her