

Guadalajara, Mondays

The silicon chip inside her head
Gets switched to overload.
And nobody's gonna go to school today,
She's going to make them stay at home.
And daddy doesn't understand it,
He always said she was good as gold.
And he can see no reasons
'Cause there are no reasons
What reason do you need to be shown?

Tell me why?
I don't like Mondays.
Tell me why?
I don't like Mondays.
Tell me why?
I don't like Mondays.
I want to shoot
The whole day down.

The telex machine is kept so clean
As it types to a waiting world.
And mother feels so shocked,
Father's world is rocked,
And their thoughts turn to
Their own little girl.
Sweet 16 ain't that peachy keen,
No, it ain't so neat to admit defeat.
They can see no reasons
'Cause there are no reasons
What reasons do you need.. ooh
-ooh-ooh

Tell me why?
I don't like Mondays.
Tell me why?
I don't like Mondays.
Tell me why?
I don't like Mondays.
I want to shoot
The whole day down, down, down... shoot it all down

All the playing's stopped in the playground now
She wants to play with her toys a while.
And school's out early and soon we'll be learning
And the lesson today is how to die.
And then the bullhorn crackles,
And the captain tackles,
With the problems and the hows and whys.
And he can see no reasons
'Cause there are no reasons
What reason do you need to die, die, ooh...ooh?

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What reason do you need to be shown?

Tell me why?
I don't like Mondays

Tell me why?
I don't like Mondays
Tell me why?
I don't like, I don't like, I don't like Mondays.
Tell me why?
I don't like, I don't like, I don't like Mondays.
Tell me why?
I don't like Mondays.
I want to shoot
The whole day down.