

Hey Monday, Mr. Pushover

No action, just like a sponge
You take it till you've made the final plunge
So sad that you've lost your spine
I hurt for you like this whole mess is mine

You are as good as dead now
Dead end; you've got no way out
Nobody's got the guts to tell you
But I do
But I do

Poor, poor Mr. Pushover
Never had a doubt
Now you're going crazy
Back, back to the drawing board
Once again believing
"They're on to me
The haters are hating
The haters, they hate me
Lovers are loving
But the lovers, they hate me too";

Some say that true love is blind
They never said that you should lose your mind
You are just that kind of guy
Who cannot look the problem in the eye

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You think differently
So don't get lost inside the sea
Don't forget yourself
And I am begging
Don't you forget me
Not me, yeah

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