

Lori McKenna, Monday Afternoon

It's Monday afternoon and I'm drinking again
And I know I promised you that the Lord would be my friend
But the Lord and I don't get along so very good
He doesn't speak a word out to me
Like you promised that he would
And I'm telling you
I wish I was a better person

When the clouds roll in and the sky promises rain
You just accept the way she is and you don't even complain
Though you wish that it was sunny and the sky would stay blue
You don't accept a thing about me
And wish that I was just like you
But I'm telling you
I wish I was a better person

I don't want to work at it
It should come naturally
It shouldn't be so difficult
Should be more like honey to the bee

Well the bee has his sting and the sky has her rain
And I have all of my things that I shouldn't do over again
But if I just say the words and I look you in the eye
That I am promising you, I promise
I wish I was a better person

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