

Marlango, Days Are Tired

Strange little girl, like all the rest
Almost the end, but not quite
Still waiting for my birthday cake
To make a bite and choke on time

Days are lazy
Days are wasted
As i am

Open the windows i want to see
My possessions going on excursions
Let's brake the china 'cos there will be no cake
I forget why we celebrate

My teeth hurt, my obligations too
All tomorrows are full of sorrows
My hips ache, my laundry too
The afternoons and the things to do

Days are lazy
Days are tired
Days are wasted and lame
As i am