

Rialto, Monday Morning 5:19

At eight o'clock we said goodbye
That's when I left her house for mine
She said that she'd be staying in
Well she had to be at work by nine

So I get home and have a bath
And let an hour or two pass
Drifting in front of my T.V.
When a film comes on
That she wants to see

It's Monday morning 5:19
And I'm still wondering where she's been
Cause everytime I try to call
I just get her machine
And now it's almost six a.m.
And I don't want to try again
Cause if she's still not back
Then this must be the end

At first I guess she's gone to get
Herself a pack of cigarettes
A pint of milk, food for the cat
But it's midnight now and she's still not back

It's Monday morning 5:19
And I'm still wondering where she's been
Cause everytime I try to call
I just get her machine
And now it's almost six a.m.
And I don't want to try again
Cause if she's still not back home
I don't know if she would, then
Is this the end?

At half past two I picture her
In the back of someone else's car
He runs his fingers through her hair
Oh you shouldn't let
Him touch you there.

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I just get her machine
And now it's almost six a.m.
And I don't want to try again
Cause if she's still not back home
I don't know if she would, then
Is this the end