

Status Quo, A Planet Called Monday

Monday morning, everybody's yawning
Got to get up, get out
Get into town, mustn't be late
Silent travellers, never speaking
Only the buzz of a terminal bubble
Cruising the airways, circling round.
Monday morning, everybody's crawling
Spiral stairways to the sun
Monday morning, everybody's yawning
Got to keep the fires high
Send them all up to the sky
Save us from eternal night
We need sunlight
Monday morning, sirens calling
Someone's got to keep this planet turning
Make us warm so we may rise again
Someone's got to keep the fires burning
No-one's cold when stairs unfold on...
Monday morning, Monday morning, Monday morning
Yeah, yeah...Yeah, yeah...Yeah...
No-one's cold on Monday morning
Once we lazed on sun-soaked beaches trying
Golden people blessed with days of light
Now we only climb to keep from dying
No-one's cold when stairs unfold on
Monday morning, everybody's crawling,
Spiral stairways, spiral stairways.
Monday morning, Monday morning, Monday morning