

# 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