

Solomon Grundy

It's Monday
No fun-day
Feel like Solomon Grundy
In the morning
No warning
Sun comes up all warming
---- Now there's no time for lurkin
---- Get up and think about workin

Then Tuesday
All fools-day
Still waiting for a good news day
Still sleepin Bo peepin
Get outta bed - start creepin
---I wish there was another way
---Cause it's another workday

And Wednesday
No friends-day
Just another week's extends day
I'm drowsy
Feel lousy
Another cup of black coffee
---There's an ache inside my head -
--Wish I could go back to bed...

What about Thursday
There's a worse day?
If you just ask me I'd say no way
All stiff Like a mannequin
Wanna start feelin like a man again
---But I gotta got to work -
--And I work with a jerk.

Now Friday
Don't cry day
Finally, it has got to my day
Can I make it?
Can I take it?
On this day I can just fake it
---Another sun-up another shower
---Another day of workin by the hour

/pause/

Well I gotta do a job, for a third of my life
That's eight hours away from my sweet wife
But I gotta pay the rent so I gotta get the bread
But every day it seems to be a struggle out of bed
Workin is a prison if you know what I mean
Time drags by like your swimming up stream
But we all gotta do it for a piece of that green

/pause/

It's a weekend
That's Saturday?
The only day that matters day
What now?
I'm thinkin
Callin all my buds and start drinkin
---Till I drown the old rat race
---Stagger home and fall on my face

Thank God it's Sunday
That's one day
I can sleep till Monday
No fun-day
And I feel like Solomon Grundy
Like Solomon Grundy
Like Solomon Grundy

/Rhythm fades out/