

# Might As Well Be Monday

Janis Ian

Borrowed pens on dotted lines  
sign the past away  
This is yours and that is mine  
So the papers say  
How can you move so quickly  
How can you heal so fast  
And what will I do with my mornings  
What will I do with my nights  
Tell me what you see in her  
That used to be in me  
Why is it the simple truths  
are hardest to believe  
How can I start all over  
Knowing we'll just be friends  
And what will I do with my mornings  
What will I do with my nights  
You want answers that I can't give  
You want words I don't know  
Ask me when I'm through  
getting over you  
After this day is over  
How will my dreams go on  
And what will I do with my mornings  
What will I do with my nights  
You want answers that I can't give  
You want words I don't know  
Ask me when I'm through  
getting over you  
Ask me when I'm through  
getting over you

Songwriters

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