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

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