

Come Monday Night

God Help the Girl

Come Monday night the day of work is done
Tuesday morning looms the gray of ordinariness
Start by putting off your joys and all the crushing boys say your morning prayers
Sing a rousing song and sing it on the long walk home

Come Monday night we're in a state of grace
Twenty million boys are caught up in a paper chase
If the weekend promised much then it failed to touch on a single count
What I was hoping for
What I was hoping for

Come Monday night we turn the telly off to listen to the silence
Life but comes in from outside if you could catch it all and pin it to your arm
Then you would sleep much better

Baby you would sleep much better
Maybe you would sleep much better
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Lyrics submitted by Josh.

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