Monday Morning Girl

Brian Vander Ark

You thought you could survive a life alone
Love was not a stranger, and you could recognize the dangers
And soon you found yourself surrounded by these wallsThen there was the day he came along
He had found a weakness, and every look he gave just left you breathless
And lying there beside him, you're searching for some words to say
In hopes he'll stay another day, butTuesday is spent believing his Wednesday is room for breathing
And Thursday is wasted like a Friday, with you waiting for the call
But Saturday's for weekend women kept for the Sunday sleep-in
He's gonna take his chances, you're a Monday morning girlMy room, it is a canvas to explore
Your inspiration, at the least, could fill these walls with masterpieces
And fill your heart 'til it can take no moreHow is it that he makes you feel alive again
When in your arms I'd feel like dying, and what's the use in even trying
No song, no poem, no painting that is scrawled upon the walls and ceiling
Could express the way I feel about you, butTuesday is spent believing his Wednesday is room for breathing
And Thursday is wasted like a Friday, with you waiting for the call
But Saturday's for weekend women kept for the Sunday sleep-in
He's gonna take his chances, you're a Monday morning girlOh, everyday you make me feel
Yeah, seven days a week you make me feel
And every single day you make me feel aliveTuesday is spent believing his Wednesday is room for breathing
And Thursday night is just like Friday, where you're stuck inside and waiting for the call
But Saturday's for weekend women kept for the Sunday sleep-in
And I'm taking chances on a Monday morning girlTuesday is spent believing his Wednesday is room for breathing
And Thursday night is just like Friday, where you're stuck inside and waiting for the call
But Saturday's for weekend women kept for the Sunday sleep-in
And I'm taking chances on a Monday morning girl

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