

# Come Monday Night

## God Help the Girl

Come Monday night the day of work is done  
Tuesday morning lose the grey of ordinariness  
Start by putting off your chores  
And all the crushing bores  
Say your morning prayers  
Sing a rousing song  
Then sing it on the long walk home

Come Monday night we're in a state of praise  
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  
Light that comes in from outside  
If you could catch it all  
And pin it to your wall

Then you would sleep much better  
Baby you would sleep much better  
Maybe you would sleep much better  
Baby you would sleep much better

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