Calendar On The Wall

The Proclaimers

Days, no need to count their number
No need to keep a record
Like the calendar on the wall
Days, devoid of all ambition
Sitting in the kitchen
With the calendar on the wall
These are the happy days of boredom
They excite me through and through
Days, when I don't mind admitting
How much I hate the kitten
On the calendar on the wall
These are the happy days of boredom
They excite me through and through
Oh days, no need to count their number
No need to keep a record
Like the calendar on the wall
No need to keep a record
Like the calendar on the wall

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