

Every Monday

Marvelous 3

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I was checked in by 4, put the sign on the door
Looked out the window of the 17th floor
Talked to the city, that knows me by name
And all the bad things that I do I shed 5 bitter tears into 5 bitter beers
Looked at my watch
And said, "Where have the years gone?
I'm wastin' away like a castle of clay
That's slowly crumblin' too" Every Monday, I get this pain
Every Wednesday, it hits my brain
Every Friday I die, 'cause everyday
I still think of you I was fucked up by 5, talkin' nothin' but jive
Told the bartender he'd never take me alive
All of this because my favorite show
Was canceled last night on TV So I called up Marie, she has sex for free
But for ten bucks an hour, she'd listen to me
Talk about rock stars and models on dope
And why I can't cope with this scene Every Monday, I get this pain
Every Wednesday, it hits my brain
Every Friday I die, 'cause everyday
I still think of you Every Monday, I get this pain
Every Wednesday, it hits my brain
Every Friday I die, 'cause everyday
I still think of you Talk like you, eat like you
Breathe like you, sleep like you
Everyday I still want you

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