

She Left On a Monday

Bic Runga

She left on a Monday
She's a siren down the road
In your herringbone overcoat
That you don't expect to get back And it's an ordinary sky
Today's like any other day
When all of the aeroplanes
Write her name in the clouds And nothing's wrong
But it's already Sunday
And you know just how Sunday
Was the day that she would come around? Go to her foolish man
What's the use of having pride if you don't have her?
She'll endure all she can
But you could make this easier on her It's all like sinking
You're trying to stay afloat
Like a wind blown paper boat
Over uncharted sea There's no question why
You're driving to kill some time
Racing the power lines
Back into town Go to her foolish man
What's the use of having pride if you don't have her?
She'll endure all she can
But you could make this easier on her Go to her foolish man
What's the use of having pride if you don't have her?
She'll endure all she can
But you could make this easier on her Make this easier on her
Make this easier on her
Make this easier on her

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