Come Monday Night

Stuart Murdoch

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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