

# Calendar On the Wall

## The Proclaimers

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