

Days of the Week

Charlotte Martin

It's Monday mornin' and the coffee's on the brill
The sun's a warnin', sendin' signals to the moon
I rise and fall in my accustomed rusted habits
I can't believe myself and I can hardly stand it anymore
It's Tuesday mornin', I file my nails and wash my hair
You're still sleepin' like I'm hardly even there
The smell of tangerines are floatin' through the window
I wonder if someday I'll turn into your widow or your maid
It's Wednesday mornin', I think you may have tried
to cheat
I smell the perfume on the inside of your sleeve
I must admit I know I can be quite obsessive
I get dramatic and I'm ready to confess it to the Lord
It's Thursday mornin', I could be pregnant, could be bored
I want to love you, I want to be the staple sword
We might be out of soap or real communication
And all the tricks my little brain plays on my nerves they need to end
It's Friday mornin', thank god the
weekend's almost here
Let's get some breakfast and get far away from here
So I can tell you that I am a secret agent
Who's stationed in a small hotel in Southeast Asia
But that's a lie, you know I've never even been there
I tend to get real bored with my own head
And try to make you care

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