

In Only Seven Days

Queen

Monday the start of my holiday
Freedom for just one week
Feels good to get away oohTuesday I saw her down on the beach
I stood and watched a while
And she looked and smiled at meWednesday I didn't see her
I hoped that she'd be back tomorrow
And then on Thursday
My luck had changed
She stood there all alone
I went and asked her name
I never thought that this could happen to me
In only seven days
It would take a hundred or more
For memories to fadeI wish Friday would last for ever
I held her close to me
I couldn't bear to leave her thereSaturday just twenty four hours
Oh no I'm going back home on SundayOoh so sad alone

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Deacon, JohnPublished by
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