

Monday Morning

Teleman

I don't care
if it's saturday night
or monday morning
under the plastic sky
i fell asleep
with the radio on
I started dreaming
you were in every song and i don't care
if you were yellow or red
standing very tall
on your feather bed
you're falling apart
with your best clothes on
listen to the music
you're in every song drifting through the night
whatever you're thinking of me
you're probably right
give me one song
so small
surely only you can see
whoever you're waking up with now
you still want me and are you trying to dance
underneath the sea
moving slowly
coming up to me
what in the world
could make you really feel
you think it's made of plastic
i think it might be me

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