

# Every Monday

## Marvelous 3

I was checked in by 4, put the sign on the door  
Looked out the window of the 17th floor  
Talked to the city, that knows me by name  
And all the bad things that I do I shed 5 bitter tears into 5 bitter beers  
Looked at my watch  
And said, "Where have the years gone?  
I'm wastin' away like a castle of clay  
That's slowly crumblin' too" Every Monday, I get this pain  
Every Wednesday, it hits my brain  
Every Friday I die, 'cause everyday  
I still think of you I was fucked up by 5, talkin' nothin' but jive  
Told the bartender he'd never take me alive  
All of this because my favorite show  
Was canceled last night on TV So I called up Marie, she has sex for free  
But for ten bucks an hour, she'd listen to me  
Talk about rock stars and models on dope  
And why I can't cope with this scene Every Monday, I get this pain  
Every Wednesday, it hits my brain  
Every Friday I die, 'cause everyday  
I still think of you Every Monday, I get this pain  
Every Wednesday, it hits my brain  
Every Friday I die, 'cause everyday  
I still think of you Talk like you, eat like you  
Breathe like you, sleep like you  
Everyday I still want you

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