Those Days

Lucy Schwartz

Aching, caught in a hurricane
It's taking every muscle to move again
Sleepless nights, lazy Sundays
Heavy eyes, it's a case of the MondaysSinking, feet in the sand again
I'm thinking I should look before landing
In a six foot hole, where the arrow is pointing
To a danger zone that I should be avoidingO-oh-oh-oh-oh, O-oh-oh-oh-oh,
Must be one of those days
O-oh-oh-oh-oh, O-oh-oh-oh-oh,
But I haven't words to complainShaking, tied to the tracks again
I'm waiting for the sound of the train engine
And no one cares, nobody lingers
But to stop and stare and point with their fingersFeeling, hands in the dark
You know I'm heeling, but it's only a start
Because the wind will blow and topple me over
And the undertow will wash me to nowhereO-oh-oh-oh-oh, O-oh-oh-oh-oh,
Must be one of those days
O-oh-oh-oh-oh, O-oh-oh-oh-oh,
But I haven't words to complain'Cause when the day's over
I've got your shoulder
To help me carry the weight pulling under
Didn't you wonder how everybody gets through the dayO-oh-oh-oh-oh, O-oh-oh-oh-oh,
Must be one of those days
O-oh-oh-oh-oh, O-oh-oh-oh-oh,
But I haven't words to complain

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