

Just Another Day

Natalie Imbruglia

Monday's eyes have got stuck on the ceiling again,
And motivation just hung up the phone on a friend,
A bottle of wine and a sorry excuse for a song,
Nothing excites me, and I don't know where I belong.

Could I still, look in the mirror,
and still get out of bed?

It's just another day.

It's just another day.

Just like the other day.

Sunday's lies have just written themselves on the wall,
I should be crying, but nothing can reach me at all,

But I still, look in the mirror,

And I still, get out of bed,

And I still, see your smiling face.

It's just another day.

It's just another day.

Just like the other day.

It's just another day.

It's just another day.

Just like the other day.

So now your heels are drying,

What are you waiting for?

What are you waiting for?

But I still, look in the mirror,

And I still, get out of bed,

And I still, remember what you said.

It's just another day.

It's just another day.

It's just another day.

Just like the other day.

(I don't know where I belong)

It's just another day.

It's just another day.

It's just another day.

Just like the other day.

Just like the other day.

Just like the other day.

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