

# Better Days

[Ian Thompson](#)

On the days I am working hard  
things are going well at a steady manoeuvre  
but other days something happens to me  
and I can't move a muscle like a bed bound boozer the lazy man has shown his face again  
and I feel sick at the thought of moving  
so what I need is the working man quick  
to help me carry on with what I'm doing everything seems pointless  
then everything will seem right  
it's my mind but I don't understand it  
why this thing keeps on happening overnight every day at six forty five the alarm clock rings  
I awake and through this  
another day has begun for me  
and already I know just what my mood is everything seems hazy and as I turn on the light  
there's a letter at the foot of my door reading  
don't you bother coming over tonight oh I'm in lumber the girl I promised to take to tea  
I lost her number I hope tomorrow's a better day for me every day is different some days it's going so right  
but as soon as I hit the pillow  
you can bet it's gonna change overnight On the days I am working hard  
things are going well at a steady manoeuvre  
but other days something happens to me  
and I can't move a muscle like a bed bound boozer Oh how I wonder just how the sunshine can turn to rain  
but I'll ride this thunder and hope that better days will come again.

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