

Andy M. Stewart, Monday Morning

Monday morning, why do you haunt me
With your bells and factory whistles all around?
Monday morning, why do you taunt me?
And I so tired I could sleep here on the ground.

'Give me something different please,' I ask at the buroo,
On the board of some big company where there's nae a thing to do,
Let me try insider trading, I'll be equal to the task,
"cause I'm surely being murdered by the brown bag and the flask.'"