

Pulp, Monday Morning

There's nothing to do so you just stay in bed, oh poor thing
Why live in the world when you can live in your head?
Mmm when you can go out late from Monday till Saturday turns into Sunday
And now you're back here at Monday so we can do it all over again.
And you go aah ah ah [etc] and I want a refund, I want a light
I want a reason to make it thru the night, alright.
And so you finally left school, so now what are you going to do?
Now you're so grown up, yeah you're oh oh oh oh oh so mature oh.
Going out late from Monday, chuck up in the street on Sunday
You don't want to live till Monday and have to do it all again.
And you go aah ah ah [etc]
I want a refund, I want a light
I want a reason for all this night after night after night after night.
Oh I know that it's stupid but I just can't seem to spend a night at home
'cos my friends left town and I'm here all alone ow.
Oh yeah they say the past must die for the future to be born,
in that case die little me - ooh.
Stomach in, chest out, on your marks, get set, go.
Now, now that you're free, what are you going to be?
And who are you going to see?
And where, where will you go and how will you know you didn't get it all wrong.
Is this the light of a new day dawning? A future bright that you can walk in?
No it's just another Monday morning.
Do it all over again oh baby.
La la la la la la, [etc]
Do do do do do do [etc]