

Days Of The Week

Charlotte Martin

It's Monday morning and the coffee's on the grill
The sun's a warning, sending signals to the moon
I rise and fall in my accustomed rusted habits
I cant believe myself
And I can hardly stand it anymore

It's Tuesday morning
I file my nails and wash my hair
You're still sleeping like I'm hardly even there
The smell of tangerines are floating through the window
I wonder if someday I'll turn into your widow or your maid

It's Wednesday morning
I think you may have tried to cheat
I smell the perfume on the inside of your sleeve
I must admit I know I can be uite obsessive
I get dramatic and I'm ready to confess it to the lord

It's Thursday morning
I could be pregnant; could be bored
I want to love you
I want to be the staple sword
We might be out of soap or real communication
And all the tricks my little brain plays on my nerves
They need to end

It's Friday morning
Thank god the weekend's almost here
Let's get some breakfast and get far away from here
So I can tell you that I am a secret agent
Who's stationed in a small hotel in Southeast Asia
But that's a lie, you know I've never even been there
I tend to get real bored with my own head and try to make you c
are.