

## Days Of The Week

### The Good Life

Monday left it's callus on my feet  
I tried so to keep up  
It kept dragging me behind

Tuesday lashed it's blisters upon my hands  
I wish to clench them in defense  
But the joints wouldn't bend

Wednesday cracked it's whip upon my back  
I hunched over in pain  
My bones began to ache

And I fell to the floor, but nobody came  
When I fell to the floor  
I got back up again

Thursday's weather cut across my face  
Those lines never went away  
And my hair was stripped to grey

Friday tried to wipe my tears away from my eyes  
But still I had to cry  
I had to nothing to show for my life

But these calluses and all of these blisters  
These aching bones and these lines upon my face  
This frail, decaying frame

Saturday brought grapes up to my bed  
Said, "Rest your weary head  
Just forgive and soon forget"

Sunday left me roses at my feet  
It said, "Boy, you're free to leave"  
And close my lids to sleep