

## Tuesday

You Am I

Saw the sun come up again.  
Last week's papers and a pack of darts  
That got me through 'til ten.  
The ten fifteen's five minutes late.  
I really should just get out more these days.  
Next door is coughing up his lungs.  
Two A.M. I'm sure she said  
She's gonna get herself a gun.  
I blacked out from three to five.  
You should hear what's going on outside.  
As the morning bread goes hard  
On the corner shop they're waiting  
Just for rush hour to start.  
And I'm wondering why his kids are late  
I really should just get out more these days.  
Days, and each one shows  
there's so much I'll never know  
If I don't ever get  
If I never get home, home.  
And old Ryan's still his rust  
And Tuesday comes and goes  
Like any late night bus.  
I could do a lot more with my time  
But you should hear what's going on outside.