

Monday Morning
(Greb)

Friday night she packed a case
Said goodbye and left my place
If she never sees my face again it'll be too soon
Saturday came now Sunday's gone
It's Monday mornin' and I'm on the front lawn
I've been sittin' since dawn and I'll sit until the afternoon

Then I'll find me an Uzi or an AK-47
Gonna shoot all those punks hangin' out at the 7-11
I don't care if it's right or wrong
I just want everyone to be gone
Only then will I have me my own little piece of heaven

Called in sick to my work
Hate my job and my boss is a jerk
And I may stop by and deliver him a clip or two
Yes I know that I'm a mess
I'm not stupid just crazy I guess
But if you ever crossed me then I've got a surprise for you

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