

03- Weekend

by Erin Lang Crowley

February 9, 2008

This song grew out of a song challenge—write a song about a day of the week. I'm not wildly happy with the lyrics, but I'm pretty fond of the chord progression. Perhaps in revision...

Monday morning, shine & rise
Sun's so bright it puckers the eyes
Got heaps of stacks of work to do
And piles to wade before I'm through

Tuesday morning, get out of bed
Scrub the dreams out of my head
Turn my gears like a good machine
Til the cobwebs are all mostly clean

Chorus:

These days seldom vary
They're like pages in a dictionary
So many words to choose
But the only one I really need is you

Wednesday morning, running late
But I don't have time to compensate
I'm the image of productivity
Just please don't look too carefully

Thursday morning, just the same old drudge (Am D)
And the mid-week doldrums will not budge (Am D)
Til the weekend finally arrives (C G)
And I'm doing nothing by your side (C D7)

Friday morning got the weekend itch
My effort falls into the last ditch
I move my body while my mind is spent
On the shadow of a good intent