

stoned on a monday (friend of mine)

to be stoned, on a Monday morning
how sweet life can be
to be high as a kite, while the world is yawning
people dragging their feet
well we all got to work for a living
we got mouths to feed
but they've blocked off the road
until the wreck gets towed
so get stoned on a Monday with me

in the zone of the rat race fever I
damn near lost my mind
alone in the car with a long lost freedom
I drunk myself blind
see you can't make something from nothing
but nothing's sure something to be
loosen the load, and take off those clothes
let's get stoned on a monday for free

5 days at the st kilda adventure park
drinking from the bottle, and shootin up way past dark
looking out for each other when the cops turned up
we all got our stories straight, no one cracked up
and I know it all turned to shit,
in some ways I'm still dealing with it,
it's a life that you choose said the front page news
but she didn't deserve to die in that hotel room,
I know he was a kid but it don't make it right,
there'll be blood on his hands for the rest of his life
sometimes i find it hard to fall asleep at night
I guess I just miss that friend of mine,

I don't regret but I don't forget,
and I don't believe that anyone
deals their own deck
I really don't mind being alone each night
and I really won't cry when I've done my time
truth be told I'm doing just fine,
I just miss a
friend of mine

mostly we live like the others,
but some others live to be free,
it's the way that it goes,
on the untravelled road,
let's get stoned one last time in peace