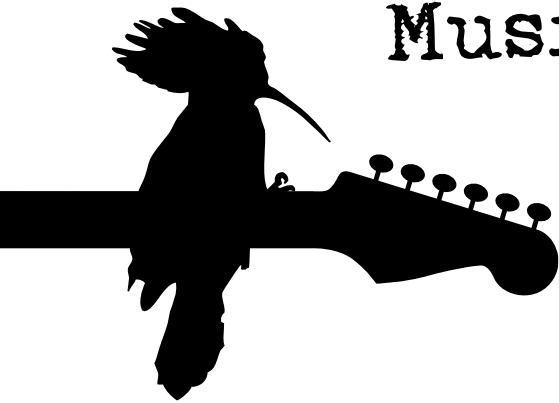


# Abubilla Music



## LYRIC SHEET

### 71 Hours to Monday

*Andy Patterson – Piano; Louise Calf – Vocals; Ed Stone – Guitars;  
Rob Skipper – Bass; Martyn Ward – Guitars; Mike Park – Drums*

I'm typin', and skypin', and altogether hypin'  
A product I don't understand.  
Networkin', and flirtin' and positively certain,  
That I'm about to get canned.

And I'm rottin' in a cubicle, in a cubicle graveyard  
Boxed in an industrial park.  
Dyin' Monday thru Thursday, waitin' for Friday  
When my livin' can start.

#### **Chorus**

And it's 71 hours to Monday  
Don't got a second to lose  
And it's 71 hours to Monday  
I'm going to spend them all with you  
And it's 71 hours to Monday  
I'm going to spend it all on booze  
Gonna spend it well  
Gotta convince myself  
It's worth goin' around again.

Rolled over, hungover, stuck randomly in Dover  
With face planted deep in the sand.  
It's morning, they're warning, with very loud fog hornin'  
That I should probably head back in land.

And I'm wakin' up on Saturday, with some Saturday regrets  
This weekend's had a remarkable start.  
Dancin' Friday, late Friday, dancin' thru Friday  
Then things got a bit dark.

#### **Chorus**

And it's 48 hours to Monday...

I'm dancin', prancin', aggressively financin'  
A Saturday evening with you.  
I'm rummin' and cokin' and frequently stokin'  
them romantic fires in you.

And I'm wakin' in my efficiency, in an efficiency graveyard  
Boxed in my apartment block.  
Alone again on a Sunday, dreadin' a Monday  
About to shoot that damn clock...

#### **Chorus**

And it's 17 hours to Monday...