

# Hey Monday, Mr. Pushover

No action, just like a sponge  
You take it till you've made the final plunge  
So sad that you've lost your spine  
I hurt for you like this whole mess is mine

You are as good as dead now  
Dead end; you've got no way out  
Nobody's got the guts to tell you  
But I do  
But I do

Poor, poor Mr. Pushover  
Never had a doubt  
Now you're going crazy  
Back, back to the drawing board  
Once again believing  
"They're on to me  
The haters are hating  
The haters, they hate me  
Lovers are loving  
But the lovers, they hate me too";

Some say that true love is blind  
They never said that you should lose your mind  
You are just that kind of guy  
Who cannot look the problem in the eye

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You think differently  
So don't get lost inside the sea  
Don't forget yourself  
And I am begging  
Don't you forget me  
Not me, yeah

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