

Sting, Seven Days

"Seven Days" was all she wrote
A kind of ultimatum note
She gave to me, she gave to me
When I thought the field had cleared
It seems another suit appeared
To challenge me, woe is me
Though I hate to make a choice
My options are decreasing mostly rapidly
Well we'll see
I don't think she'd bluff this time
I really have to make her mine
It's plain to see
It's him or me

Monday, I could wait till Tuesday
If I make up my mind
Wednesday would be fine, Thursday's on my mind
Friday'd give me time, Saturday could wait
But Sunday'd be too late

The fact that he's six feet ten
Might instill fear in other men
But not in me, The Mighty Flea (flee?)
Ask if I am mouse or man
The mirror squeaked, away I ran
He'll murder me in time for his tea
Does it bother me at all
My rival is Neanderthal, it makes me think
Perhaps I need a drink
IQ is no problem here
We won't be playing Scrabble for her hand I fear
I need that beer

Monday, I could wait till Tuesday
If I make up my mind
Wednesday would be fine, Thursday's on my mind
Friday'd give me time, Saturday could wait
But Sunday'd be too late

Seven days will quickly go
The fact remains, I love her so
Seven days, so many ways
But I can't run away

Monday, I could wait till Tuesday
If I make up my mind
Wednesday would be fine, Thursday's on my mind
Friday'd give me time, Saturday could wait
But Sunday'd be too late
Do I have to tell a story
Of a thousand rainy days since we first met
It's a big enough umbrella
But it's always me that ends up getting wet