

# Seven Days

## Sting

"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 lateThe fact he's over six feet ten  
Might instill fear in other men  
But not in me, the mighty flea  
Ask if I am mouse or man  
The mirror squeaked, away I ran  
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 lateSeven days will quickly go  
The fact remains, I love her so  
Seven days, so many ways  
But I can't run away  
I can't run awayMonday 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 lateDo 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  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>