

Weekends

[Dan Webb](#)

On the bus, make a move
Talking cheap, mirrored view
On a lead without a clue
Take a seat for twenty-two I see you in the back of the hideout
You stand and walk towards me I don't really wanna know what you do on weekends
I just wanna know what all the fuss is about
I don't really wanna know what you do on weekends
I just wanna know why they keep checking you out Hearing talk of big events
Hearing squawk of swig lament
Hearing talk of moments past
Here the words speak twice as fast I see you in the back of the hideout
You stand and walk towards me I don't really wanna know what you do on weekends
I just wanna know what all the fuss is about
I don't really wanna know what you do on weekends
I just wanna know why they keep checking you out You got lost in the basement
Hit your head on the floor
Now your draggin' those flat feet
Right back to my door Tell you to go away
You don't like what I say
You gotta save it for later
Cos there's no time to go play I don't really wanna know what you do on weekends
I just wanna know what all the fuss is about
I don't really wanna know what you do on weekends
I just really wanna know what it's all about

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