Weekends

Dan Webb

On the bus, make a move
Talking cheap, mirrored view
On a lead without a clue
Take a seat for twenty-twoI see you in the back of the hideout
You stand and walk towards meI 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 outHearing talk of big events
Hearing squawk of swig lament
Hearing talk of moments past
Here the words speak twice as fastI see you in the back of the hideout
You stand and walk towards meI 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 outYou got lost in the basement
Hit your head on the floor
Now your draggin' those flat feet
Right back to my doorTell you to go away
You don't like what I say
You gotta save it for later
Cos there's no time to go playI 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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