

# One Week

## Barenaked Ladies

It's been one week since you looked at me  
Cocked your head to the side  
and said I'm angry  
Five days since you laughed at me saying  
Get that together come back and see me  
Three days since the living room,  
I realized it's all my fault, but couldn't tell you  
Yesterday you'd forgiven me  
But it'll still be two days till I say I'm sorry  
Hold it now and watch the hoodwink  
As I make you stop, think  
You'll think you're looking at Aquaman  
I summon fish to the dish,  
Although I like the Chalet Swiss  
I like the sushi  
Cause it's never touched a frying pan  
Hot like wasabe when I bust rhymes  
Big like Leann Rimes  
Because I'm all about value  
Bert Kaempfert's got the mad hits  
You try to match wits  
You try to hold me but I bust through  
Gonna make a break and take a fake  
I'd like a stinkin, achin shake  
I like vanilla, It's the finest of the flavors  
Gotta see the show,  
Cause then you'll know  
The Vertigo is gonna grow  
Cause it's so dangerous,  
You'll have to sign a waiver  
How can I help it if I think you're funny when you're mad  
Trying hard not to smile though I feel bad  
I'm the kind of guy who laughs at a funeral  
Can't understand what I mean?  
Well, you soon will  
I have a tendency to wear my mind on my sleeve  
I have a history of taking off my shirt  
It's been one week since you looked at me  
Threw your arms in the air and said you're crazy  
Five days since you tackled me  
I've still got the rug burns on both my knees  
It's been three days since the afternoon  
You realized it's not my fault not a moment too soon  
Yesterday you'd forgiven me

And now I sit back and wait till you say you're sorry  
Chickity China the Chinese chicken  
You have a drumstick and your brain stops tickin'  
Watchin X-Files with no lights on,  
We're dans la maison  
I hope the Smoking Man's in this one  
Like Harrison Ford I'm getting Frantic  
Like Sting I'm Tantric  
Like Snickers, guaranteed to satisfy  
Like Kurosawa I make mad films  
Okay I don't make films  
But if I did they'd have a samurai  
Gonna get a set of better clubs  
Gonna find the kind with tiny nubs  
Just so my irons aren't always flying off the back swing  
Gotta get in tune with Sailor Moon  
Cause that cartoon has got the boom anime babes  
That make me think the wrong thing  
How can I help it if I think you're funny when you're mad  
Trying hard not to smile though I feel bad  
I'm the kind of guy who laughs at a funeral  
Can't understand what I mean?  
You soon will  
I have a tendency to wear my mind on my sleeve  
I have a history of losing my shirt  
It's been one week since you looked at me  
Dropped your arms to your sides and said I'm sorry  
Five days since I laughed at you and said  
You just did just what I thought you were gonna do  
Three days since the living room  
We realized we're both to blame, but what could we do?  
Yesterday you just smiled at me  
Cause it'll still be two days till we say we're sorry  
It'll still be two days till we say we're sorry  
Birchmount Stadium, home of the Robbie

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>