

Another week

Maupa

I wake up each morning
Go to work at eight
Come home for dinner
Time to celebrate
So i round up my friends
We made it through another week
We may not have much
But we've got what we need
So we go all night
Until i see his face
Then the party's over
This drink has no taste
He makes me lonely
When he comes around
I tried for years to beat this one down
I've got all my friends
Couldn't ask for more
But he makes me lonely
When he knocks on my door

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