Weekender Baby

Lou Doillon

One, two, three, four, five coffee
No, no he still hasn't called me
Six, seven, eight, nine, whiskies
I know he won'tI checked my watch, my phone
Why, why won't you prove me wrong?
I checked my pulse, wondering
Which one has gone?'Cause I've got a weekender baby
Weekender baby
Weekender babyOne, two, three, four, five rings
You used to be so quick to pick up
Six, seven, eight, nine knocks
I know you're thereIt seems too easy, to trick me all week
And then come Friday
He's off to play
"King of the streets"'Cause I've got a weekender baby
Who from Friday noon
Weekender baby
To Sunday eve
Weekender baby
Would rather roam
Than be at home with meOne, two, three, four, five coffee
No, no he still hasn't called me
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Would rather roam
Than be alone with me

Songwriters
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