The New Saturday

Arab Strap

Do you believe what aging eyes can almost see? They might be them, you might be you but you're not me. The big black eyes can be too much for me to face when I think about the time that I have wasted in one place. He whispered in my bleeding ear, "who really cares if we stay here? Don't say goodbye, just slip away". And if I see myself there I'll kick myself in. The fight won't be fair 'cause I'll let myself win. And I know I'll have support from your big sister and your brother. Don't get upset, just sit back down and have another. Give up on God, he's never there. He hides his face, why should you care? We'd never rest on the last day. You used to be my whole weekend but now I just can't be your friend. You've just got nothing left to say. So what's the point of talking when we both can barely speak? To just admit that we both know we're so weak. We hug and smile and kiss and then we go our separate ways. We'll be reunited in seven lonely days.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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