

# Ready For The Weekend

Calvin Harris

Counterfeit, counterfeit  
That's what you're, shouting at me  
I could run but I'd sooner have this  
And I make her bleed  
Liquid blood stain from your finger  
Say what do you see?  
Remind you that whatever you get is  
What you want it to be

You get a feeling, that's what you choose  
And I was told there was not a minute to lose  
So if you're waiting, jump out your skin  
To find a cure for whatever state your in  
I tell my good friends 'get out the way!' of all the lightning hitting the trees today  
We get a thrill from clapping our hands  
We find the nearest girl and ask her to dance.

Oooh, I put on my shoes and I'm ready for the weekend [Repeat x4]

Coming back coming back  
To a place where, I never knew.  
Pushing knobs, pushing faders,  
But I, don't know what they do.  
This reflection in my mirror, reminds me of you.  
When I tilt it towards the sunlight, you fall out of view.

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I tell my good friends 'get out the way!' of all the lightning hitting the trees today?  
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We find the nearest girl and ask her to dance.

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