

The Weekends

Motion City Soundtrack

Quicksand is a code of arms
Lose sleep with some liquid fiction
Last rites every Friday night
While we cool with the lights on
High tide tied around the neck
The same song everybody's bleeding
What makes me so different?
The insides work the same
You ever fear the dark impressions of your future?
The slightest gravestone whisper the stillness of your heart
I feel it growing dark, a fever inching deeper
A fever inching to the core
I'll kick tomorrow, fight back at the pouring rain
I'll send the weekends down the drain, down the drain
I'll kick tomorrow, fight back at the pouring rain
I'll send the weekends down the drain, down the drain
Shorelines all around the world
Bright lights and some heavy breathing
Lipstick and the dagger's kiss
Just a figment of a feeling
Hands pressed up against the chest
Holding out for the big connection
Laxed lungs never looked so good
It's a trunk show all the way
As years go crashing by I think of all I've pondered
So many minutes squandered, so many things undone
I'll try to figure out how many lives I've wasted
Waiting for the perfect time to start
I'll kick tomorrow, fight back at the pouring rain
I'll send the weekends down the drain, down the drain
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