

Three Month Weekend

No Use For A Name

(T. Sly/C. Shiflett/M. Riddle/R. Koff)

It's a Thursday morning, four a.m. and
you wont let me go
if tomorrow comes I guess I'll
never know
even in the darkest hour it's the brightest
time of day
even when I go to bed I'm still awake
Eyes held up with toothpicks and my jaw
is going off
I will never leave you or admit that I
was wrong
There's so many things I'd like to say, I'm
foaming at the mouth
maybe I could write, my pen is
hallowed out
I've got ideas and inventions and I'd use
them if I could
stop waking up the next day when
they're all no good
Please don't say another word, I know
your story well
conversations take two but I'm talking
to myself
Now I need an alibi and everything I
did was true
but every word I said was just a lie

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