

Weekends and Bleak Days (Hot Summer)

The Young Knives

Hot summer, what a bummer
Me oh my, think Im going to
Pull a sickie, do a runner Tough talking to my leader
Summer fever, what a bleeder
Free and easy, easily freer Live for the reason, the reason is sure to amaze
Hold out for weekends and bleak days of illness and pain Hot summer, hot, hot summer
Hot summer, hot, hot summer
What I feel, its not important
Its not important, its not important
This is the end of the summer Hot summer, hot, hot summer
Hot summer, hot, hot summer
Hot summer, hot, hot summer
Hot summer, hot, hot summer Live for the reason, the reason is sure to amaze
Saccharine jollies and other such terrible ways
You live for the evening 'cause its the best part of the day
And hold out for weekends and bleak days of illness And the day I woke up on my own
I looked into myself and all I could see was a man Hot summer, hot, hot summer
Hot summer, hot, hot summer
What I feel, its not important
Its not important, its not important

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