

# 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  
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, I'll send the weekends  
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