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 bleedLick the blood stain from your finger
Say what do you see?
Remind you that whatever you get is
What you want it to beYou 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 you're inI 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 danceI put on my shoes and I'm ready for the weekend
I put on my shoes and I'm ready for the weekend
I put on my shoes and I'm ready for the weekend
I put on my shoes and I'm ready for the weekend
Weekend, weekend, weekendComing back, coming back
To a place where I never knew
Pushing knobs, pushing faders
But I don't know what they doThis reflection in my mirror
Reminds me of you
When I tilt it towards the sunlight
You fall out of viewYou get a feeling, that's what you choose
And I was told there was not a minute to lose
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Weekend, weekend, weekend

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