Weekend

Betchadupa

First light I walk into the kitchen
dishes from the dinner last night
The silence grips me by the window
Waiting for the time to come
I wanted to hear the sound
By now I'm sure you get the picture
Seems like there is some meaning inside
Four hours standing in the same room
Waiting for the time to pass
I wanted to hear the sound of the motorwayShe's gonna make it home for the weekend
Thank you for that
And if I'm tired when you get there
I'll blame you for that
Cos I've been waiting for such a long time
to hear your footstep
So please get home for the weekend
Thank you for thatI clean up mainly just to kill time
And to make the kitchen look nice
This waiting mixed with all this boredom
Makes me feel like I could die
Waiting to hear the sound of the front doorYou better make it home for the weekend
Thank you for that
And if I'm tired when you get there
I'll blame you for that
Cos I've been waiting such a long timeto hear your footstep
So please get home for the weekend
Thank you for that

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