# Seven Day Weekend

## Elvis Costello

One, two, three, four, five, six, sevenMonday's calling you too early when you're sound asleep
Bells are ringing by your bedside and out in the streets
You say Monday's long enough but this is just the start
Tuesday's just the same as Monday without the surprising partWednesday's point of no return
When you've squandered all you've earnedOne, two, three, four, five, six, seven day weekend
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven day weekendThis is all I'm thinking about as the days go by
Spend your life on holiday and even when I die
There could be but one inscription 'This was not his day'
If it isn't Thursday anymore, it must be FridayI can't wait until I maybe
Get off work and see my babyOne, two, three, four, five, six, seven day weekend
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven day weekendI can't wait until I maybe
Get off work and see my babyOne, two, three, four, five, six, seven day weekend
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven day weekend
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven day weekend
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