Weekend Warrior

Luke Temple

You're counting little monies, and you're hedging little beds
A song that you've been singing is in everybody's head
You need to feel the freedom from a paycheck
They'll pay to let you down
Saving all your memories for a Sunday slow
Everything is empty til they lift that little rope
Some spirits in the blood erase the dead
And all will sing from their death bed,"You're a weekend warrior, a weekend warrior"
What if you fade?
What if you're skin grows pale?
And she was made for breaking everyone that comes inside
She'll draw you with her heat but then it only means goodbye
But oh, my little boy, you need to try
So tryAnd will she have a soft spot for the dark side of your life?
You give her something steaming from your rusted little pipe
And if you make a terrible mistake
Then all your friends will laugh and say,"You're a weekened warrior, a weekend warrior"
What if you fade?
What if your skin grows pale?
Could you hurt somebody's feelings?
All is fair in a death
Did you hurt somebody's feelings?
All is fair in a death
Did you hurt somebody's feelings?
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