

# 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 try And 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?  
All is fair in a death  
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Did you hurt somebody's feelings?  
All is fair in a death

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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