

Wedlock "Easy Weekend?"

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Every Monday morning
I wake with your bone in my throat
Six and barely dawning
We're grabbing your hat and coat
Not so much as a goodbye
Tears run down my face
End up in my coffee
Bitter aftertaste
It's easy on the weekend
We can try and pretend
It's not so
That you have to go
Stainless reputation
People you want to protect
Swim in prevarication
Drown me in neglect
There's no room in my closet
It barely fits my clothes
Man you've gone and lost it
If you think nobody knows

We relay on the weekend
Backstroke, to the deep end
We both know, which way you go-
How could you put a man in your mouth?
Turn around, spit him out
When we're in public
Try and shirk the subject
When we touch in private
You seem to really like it
It's sleazy after weekends they way you
Try and pretend
You don't know which way you go-
I'd rather be the queen of spades
Than be the star in your sick charade.

B.Smith/L.Whitsel/P.Allgood-BMI
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