

## Weekend Players

### "What Deaner Was Talkin' About"

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The wash is out, it's hanging up  
And all I have is nothing  
Nothing to do, nothing to say  
I think I must be dreaming

The sun comes up and I'm all washed out  
Is this what Deaner was talkin' about  
I don't think I will ever return again my friend

If I was king I'd wear a ring  
And never hurt my people  
I'd stay alert and dress to kill  
I might even slip you something

The sun comes up and I'm all washed out  
Is this what Deaner was talkin' about  
I don't think I will ever return again my friend

The sun comes up and I'm all washed out  
Is this what Deaner was talkin' about  
I don't think I will ever return again my friend  
I do not think I will ever return again, my friend [2x]

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