

## Art Brut

# "Every Other Weekend"

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Lying on the dining room floor  
Being warmed through the patio door  
Just waiting, waiting for my dad

I found a note last night  
From my brother down the back of the cupboard  
Just saying "Dear God please, make him turn up"  
And eventually he does  
And we perhaps go to the cinema  
Or visit our grandparents  
But we're almost always home by six o'clock

And the strangest thing of all  
The thing that felt the most wrong  
Is that, in their separate cars,  
They were both still playing the same song

Last night I heard you screaming  
Loud voices beyond the wall  
Another sleepless night for me  
It does no good to call the police  
Always come home if they come at all

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