

Weekend, The

"Nyla"

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You say you like New York better than
L.A. and I just sit there
I believe you like looking
like a Ramone
When I would rather kiss a Beach Boy
I want to feel the sand beneath my toes
and feel the sun burn up my nose
I'll give you all of my black clothes
Just light your smoke and watch me go

Come come come again?
What was that you said?
Listen carefully and
Maybe then you'll see:
This time, this time, next year, next year
I won't be here

I'm so sick of dreary winters
And mornings spent in subway stations
Going to a job I hate
More and more with everyday
I want the lifestyle of the rich and famous
But you'd prefer to remain nameless
That's you and this is me,
I'm gonna live the fantasy

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What was that you said?
Listen carefully and
Maybe then you'll see:
That this time, this time, next year, next year
I won't be here.

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