

Alanis Morissette

"The Weekend Song"

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Monday morning is not monday morning
'till taylor has his coffee
Friday night is not friday night
'till jesse leaves the room sweaty
Tuesday morning is not tuesday morning
'till nick has his talk with his son
Thursday night is not thursday night
'till chris has sex with his bass

Come on to the weekend
'cause the weekend I'll get high
Hold off 'till the weekend
'cause there's too much time to think
And there will be nice skies

Tuesday morning is wednesday afternoon
When you cry all night
Wednesday early we fall into work
All caught up in the day by day
Thursday morning is not thursday morning
'till (alanis? ? ?) says how's your life
How's your life?
Yeah how's your life
How's your life?

Come on to the weekend
'cause the weekend I'll get by
Hold off 'till the weekend
'cause there's too much time to think and not much
time to cry
Hold off 'till the weekend

'cause the weekend we'll be high
Hold off 'till the weekend
'cause there'll be no time but we'll get by

What if there were no more mama's boys
What if no one shares their humble appearance
What there were no consequences
What if there were no more arguments
Well that'd be a shame
Wouldn't that be impossible

And you would be bored
'cause you wouldn't want it a little too late...

Hold on 'till the weekend
'cause the weekend I'll get by
Hold off 'till the weekend
'cause the man upstairs has the really nice skies
Hold off 'till the weekend
'cause the weekend I'll get high
Hold off 'till the weekend
'cause we may look strange but we surely will get by

What if there were no more mama's boys
What if we all had no thinking together
Wouldn't that be a shame...
Wouldn't that be impossible
And you would be bored
'cause you wouldn't want it any other way...

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