

## Elvis Costello "Seven Day Weekend - With Jimmy Cliff"

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One, two, three, four, five, six, seven

Monday's calling you too early when you're sound  
asleep

Bells are ringing by your bedside and out in the streets  
You say Monday's long enough but this is just the start  
Tuesday's just the same as Monday without the  
surprising part

Wednesday's point of no return  
When you've squandered all you've earned

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven day weekend  
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven day weekend

This is all I'm thinking about as the days go by  
Spend your life on holiday and even when I die  
There could be but one inscription 'This was not his  
day'  
If it isn't Thursday anymore, it must be Friday

I can't wait until I maybe  
Get off work and see my baby

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven day weekend  
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven day weekend

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Get off work and see my baby

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven day weekend  
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