

## **Grown Ups**

# **"Three Day Weekend"**

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It's time that I clean house.  
It's time I cut my hair.  
It's time we both stop missing what I wish was here.

I've been collecting resin with your bobby pins,  
That you left under my bed,  
That you let fall from your head,  
That you once laid to rest in the crook of my neck.

Girl, just give it a rest, yea.  
The night is young, but it's looking like I'm dead.  
Count me in to do it all again.  
For one more song,  
For one more drive,  
For one more night to feel alive,  
For one more chance to help you stand.

So long, farewell.  
I've lost, but I can't tell.  
Would you follow me into that mountain air?  
Would you follow if you knew nothing was there?

And I know the more I search, the less I seem to care.  
And I know the more we wait, the less there is in store.  
Woah, Oh. Woah, Oh.  
(I do prefer the lips that I have had before.)  
Woah, Oh. Woah, Oh.  
(I do prefer the lips that I have had before.)  
Will you guide my hand?

Woah, Oh. Woah, Oh  
Woah, Oh. Woah, Oh

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