

## Tay Zonday

### "The Weekend Lover"

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She comes here Friday night,  
She leaves me Sunday noon;  
Two nights and one day  
Always seems to end too soon.  
She comes on weekends,  
Then she go her separate ways;  
Until she's in my arms again  
I count the nights and days.  
Well Sunday night ain't too bad,  
Without my pretty guest;  
And though I've started missing her,  
I catch up on my rest.  
She comes on weekends,  
Then she go her separate ways;  
Until she's in my arms again  
I count the nights and days.  
But Monday night's a rough one,  
Went back to work that day;  
I come home to these empty rooms  
She's still four nights away.  
She comes on weekends,  
Then she go her separate ways;  
Until she's in my arms again  
I count the nights and days.  
By Tuesday night I'm doubting,  
I'll see her ever again,  
And wondering if throughout the week  
There's other gentlemen.  
She comes on weekends,  
Then she go her separate ways;  
Until she's in my arms again  
I count the nights and days.  
Wednesday night is half-way  
Just two more nights to go  
Instead of time a'flying by  
It's dragging on too slow.  
She comes on weekends,  
Then she go her separate ways;  
Until she's in my arms again  
I count the nights and days.  
By Thursday night I'm hopeful,

And I stock up food and wine,  
Anticipating her return  
I clean up this place of mine.  
She comes on weekends,  
Then she go her separate ways;  
Until she's in my arms again  
I count the nights and days.  
On Friday night I'm eager,  
The night I've waited for,  
To hear her footsteps in the hallway,  
Her little knock upon my door.  
She comes on weekends,  
Then she go her separate ways;  
Until she's in my arms again  
I count the nights and days.

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