

The Stands

"Some Weekend Night"

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The card on the table have changed
The ones who have left can't be traced,
But all who are here can be trusted to not say a thing
The doorways tonight hold the ones
Who've taken to being undone
And lust for the love of all the ones who won't mean a
thing
But it's alright
It's so alright
To be without
The lost and founds
Of some weekend night
The last wheel to spin for to turn
Has put down a blanket and yearns
For the sigh that was spun from its wheelspinning
trickle of light
But it's alright
It's so alright
It's so alright

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