

Motion City Soundtrack

"Weekends"

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Quicksand is a coat of arms,
Lose sleep, it's a liquid fiction.
Last rights every Friday night,
Am I way cool with the lights on?

High tide tied around the neck,
The same song everybody's bleeding.
What makes me so different?
The insides work the same.

You ever fear the dark?
Impressions of your future:
The slightest gravestone whisper,
The stillness of your heart.
I feel it growing dark.
A fever inching deeper,
A fever inching to the core.

I'll kick tomorrow,
Fight back at the pouring rain.
I'll send the weekends down the drain, down the drain.
I'll kick tomorrow,
Fight back at the pouring rain.
I'll send the weekends down the drain, down the drain.

Shorelines all around the world,
Bright lights and some heavy breathing.
Lipstick and the dagger's kiss-
Just a figment of a feeling.

Hands pressed up against the chest,
Holding out for the big connection.
Laxed lungs never looked so good,
It's a trunk show all the way.

As years go crashing by,
I think of all I've pondered,
So many minutes wandered,
So many things undone.
I'll try to figure out
How many lives I've wasted waiting for the perfect time

to start.

I'll kick tomorrow,
Fight back at the pouring rain.
I'll send the weekends down the drain, down the drain.
I'll kick tomorrow,
Fight back at the pouring rain.
I'll send the weekends down the drain, down the drain.

I'll kick tomorrow...
I'll send the weekends...
I'll kick tomorrow...
I'll send the weekends...
I'll kick tomorrow...
I'll send the weekends...
I'll kick tomorrow... (fight back at the pouring rain)
I'll send the weekends... (fight back at the pouring rain)

I'll kick tomorrow,
Fight back at the pouring rain.
I'll send the weekends down the drain, down the drain.
I'll kick tomorrow,
Fight back at the pouring rain.
I'll send the weekends down the drain, down the drain.

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