

Beat Farmers

"Lost Weekend"

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Well I guess I had myself some fun last night
I don't remember a thing but I'm trying with all my
might
Well my brain's a shameful blur
But one thing is for sure
I found myself another lost weekend

Well my hands are sore and there's lumps upside my
head
Some teen-age girl is sleeping in my bed
And if I don't lie down quick
I believe that I'll get sick
Repentance for another lost weekend

I wish somebody'd tell me just who and what I did
Why is this ring on my finger and who's that screaming
kid?

My phone is ringing, I hear I put on quite a show
And the more I learn the less I want to know
Well I wanna dig a hole and die
But I couldn't even if I tried
I found myself another lost weekend

I'm praying to the porcelain god down on my knees
Said I'll swear off if you only help me please
And as my guts run down the drain
I sing one last refrain
I'll never find another lost weekend

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