

Drag the River "Lost Weekend"

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I think of you now and then
Almost, almost start weeping
The sting in my eyes and ears of you leaving
It looks like you're leaving, sounds like you're gone
But fake your end, and you're hanging still
I'll suppose it's, it's only your lost weekend
And after it almost
And all your mistreatings
I'll wait for you now and then and again
Looks like you're leaving, sounds like you're gone
I'll pretend it's not the end
And foot the cost again and again and again

Not waving here but drowning there
I'll suppose it's, it's only your lost weekend
You fake your end but you're hanging still
I'll suppose it's, it's only your lost weekend

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