

David Byrne & St. Vincent

"Weekend in the Dust"

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One so mysterious
Now decoded and u-used
Now according to you, you
One so mysterious
One so mysterious
Now decoded and u-used
Now according to you, you
One so mysterious

Rip it well; well, you have won it out
Give it all; why won't you give it out
Where's the fun in holding out the part
Everyone gets up when you sit down

I don't get it, I just don't get it
I don't get it, I just don't

When the party's over, we can call them dogs
Dare to keep our shirts on, rolling in the mud
Weekend in the dust
We can fool 'em all

If you're here, I'll be your hollow pet
Why have none when we can have it all

I don't get it, I just don't get it
I don't get it, I just don't

I don't get it, I just don't get it
I don't get it, I just don't

I don't get it, I just don't get it
I don't get it, I just don't

I don't get it, I just don't get it
I don't get it, I just don't

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