

Timber Timbre

"Weekdays"

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Weekdays turn into Weekends
Happens every night now
Leaves me wondering
What have I done wrong,
Nothing turns into a something
Keep my fingers crossed and nothing can go wrong
Everything goes according to plan

IT MAKES ME SICK

I'm taking the fall for this sad sad world
Yeah when we collide it's an all out war
I'm drawing a line in this snow white sand

I'm daring you to cross now
I'm daring you to cross now
I'm daring you to cross now

Bright day turns into a dead end
It happens every time now
It takes me by surprise
And everytime I'm shocked
Something turns out to be nothing
Keep my fingers crossed now
Everything is wrong
Nothing ever goes according to plan

I'm taking the fall for this sad sad world
Yeah when we collide it's an all out war
I'm drawing a line in this snow white sand

I'm daring you to cross now
I'm daring you to cross now
I'm daring you to cross now

Weekdays turn into the weekend
Happens every night now [happens every night every
night]
A bright day turns into a dead end
It takes me by suprise now [suprise now]

I'm taking the fall for this sad sad world
Yeah when we collide it's an all out war
I'm drawing a line in this snow white sand

I'm daring you to cross now
I'm daring you to cross now
I'm daring you to cross now

I'm taking the fall for this sad sad world
Yeah when we collide it's an all out war
I'm drawing a line in this snow white sand

I'm daring you to cross now
I'm daring you to cross now
I'm daring you to cross now
I'm daring you to cross now
I'm daring you to cross now

Weekdays turn into the weekends
Weekdays turn into the weekends happens every night
now.

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