

The Weeks

"Wishing My Week Away"

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I drank myself to sleep
Then slept right through the week
I know it's sad to say
Things never go your way

Finished my glass and paid my tab
Threw up my hand and called a cab
I know it's sad to say
I'm wishing my week away

I know you're full of stress
Honey pull up that dress
I know it's bad enough
But girl you like it rough
Finished my glass and paid my tab
Threw up my hand and called a cab
I know it's sad to say
I'm wishing my week away

I lit my cigarette
Tried so hard to forget
I know this week will pass us
Put on my dark sunglasses

Finished my glass and paid my tab
Threw up my hand and called a cab
I know it's sad to say
I'm wishing my week away

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