

Dudes, The "Dropkick Queen Of The Weekend"

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I'm just sick cause she's too amazing,
she's got a different sleeveless t-shirt for every
occasion,
What you want you can do with your time,
what you want you can do with my time,
anything that you say's okay, will be okay.
It's the end of the week and she starts to get restless,
there's an asterix by her name on the top of the sex list,
What you want you can do with your time,
What you want you can do with my time,
Anything that you say's ok, will be ok.

She's the dropkick queen of the weekend,
No, you can't keep her in line when she's devouring
life.
Yes, she's taking it in just as fast as she can,
and when she falls right off the deep end,
don't bother throwing a line; you'd be wasting your
time,
she's learned how to survive breathing rock and roll,
pumping her fist and she's shaking her butt,
when she comes to the show she don't take poopshit
from no man.

We both know I'm easy, come love me, jump on it,
I'm afraid that I might die one day without hearing you
say you wanted me all along,
where have I been hiding all of your life,
I'd like to think that you might tell me, one night,
no job, and no time for extra problems,
so she spit at her bosses and on the secretaries from
her office,
bird cages can't hold freight trains,
she's fire meets gas, meets lightning, don't cry when
Friday night goes on and on, on and on...

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