

Four Shadow

"One Week"

Visit "[One Week](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

It's been one week since you looked at me,
Cocked your head to the side and said: "I'm angry!"
Five days since you laughed at me, saying:
"Get that together, come back and see me."
Three days since the living room.
I realized it's all my fault, but couldn't tell you.
Yesterday you'd forgiven me,
But it'll still be two days 'till I say I'm sorry.

Hold it now and watch the hoodwink,
As I make you stop think.
You'll think you're looking at Aquaman.
I summon fish to the dish, although I like the Chalet
Swiss.
I like the sushi, 'cause it's never touched a frying pan.
Hot like wasabe when I bust rhymes.
Big like LeAnn Rimes, because I'm all about value.
Bert Kaempfert's got the mad hits.
You try to match wits.
You try to hold me, but I bust through.

Gonna make a break and take a fake.
I'd like a stinkin' achin' shake.
I like vanilla, it's the finest of the flavours.
Gotta see the show, 'cause then you'll know
The vertigo is gonna grow 'cause it's so dangerous
You'll have to sign a waiver.

How can I help it if I think you're funny when you're
mad?
Trying hard not to smile though I feel bad.
I'm the kind of guy who laughs at a funeral.
Can't understand what I mean? Well, you soon will.
I have a tendency to wear my mind on my sleeve.
I have a history of taking off my shirt.

It's been one week since you looked at me,
threw your arms in the air and said: "You're crazy!"
Five days since you tackled me.
I've still got the rug burns on both my knees.
It's been three days since the afternoon.

You realized it's not my fault, not a moment too soon.
Yesterday you'd forgiven me and now I sit back
And wait 'till you say you're sorry.

Chickity China, the Chinese chicken.
You have a drumstick and your brain stops tickin'.
Watchin' X-Files with no lights on.
We're dans la maison.
I hope the Smoking Man's in this one.
Like Harrison Ford I'm getting frantic,
Like Sting I'm tantric, like Snickers, guaranteed to
satisfy.
Like Kurasawa I make mad films.
Okay, I don't make films, but if I did they'd have a
Samurai.
Gonna get a set a' better clubs.
Gonna find the kind with tiny nubs.
Just so my irons aren't always flying off the back-swing.
Gotta get in tune with Sailor Moon,
'Cause the cartoon has got the boom anime babes
Who make me think the wrong thing.

How can I help it if I think you're funny when you're
mad?
Trying hard not to smile though I feel bad.
I'm the kind of guy who laughs at a funeral.
Can't understand what I mean? Well, you soon will.
I have a tendency to wear my mind on my sleeve.
I have a history of losing my shirt.

It's been one week since you looked at me,
Dropped your arms to your sides and said: "I'm sorry,"
Five days since I laughed at you and said:
"You just did just what I thought you were gonna do!"
Three days since the living room.
We realized we're both to blame, but what could we
do?
Yesterday you just smiled at me 'cause it'll still be
Two days 'till we say we're sorry.

It'll still be two days 'till we say we're sorry...
It'll still be two days 'till we say we're sorry...
Birchmount Stadium, home of the Robbie.

(original song written by E. Robertson)

Visit [Four Shadow](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.