

## The Young Knives "Weekends And Bleak Days (Hot Summer)"

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Hot summer, what a bummer  
Me oh my, think I?m going to  
Pull a sicky, do a runner

Tough talking to my leader  
Summer fever, what a bleeder  
Free and easy, easily freer

Live for the reason, the reason is sure to amaze  
Hold out for weekends and bleak days of illness and  
pain

Hot summer, hot, hot summer  
Hot summer, hot, hot summer  
What I feel, it?s not important  
It?s not important, it?s not important  
This is the end of the summer

Hot summer, hot, hot summer  
Hot summer, hot, hot summer  
Hot summer, hot, hot summer  
Hot summer, hot, hot summer

Live for the reason, the reason is sure to amaze  
Saccharine jollies and other such terrible ways  
You live for the evening 'cause it?s the best part of the  
day  
And hold out for weekends and bleak days of illness

And the day I woke up on my own  
I looked into myself and all I could see was a man

Hot summer, hot, hot summer  
Hot summer, hot, hot summer  
What I feel, it?s not important  
It?s not important, it?s not important

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