

The Young Knives "Weekends And Bleak Days"

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Hot summer, what a bummer
Me oh my, think I'm going to
Pull a sickie, 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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