

Weekend

Aloha

Where I go on tomorrow no one knows
The mind is traveling and the body will follow
I forgive what's all around me
I forgive my arms are empty
This is only temporarily so

I could not wait to see her
I could not pass the time
Tried not to get my hopes up
Tried not to call it anything
But I knew from even there

Everyday I have sunshine, thrown into my eyes

Coming home on Monday
A return to structured time
Feels like I'm going the wrong way
Try to take the feeling with me
My head is full and my hands are empty
This is only temporary

Things that were once in great supply
I have to learn how to survive
Knowing what's all around me
Forgetting the things I've carried
But I know someday they'll find me

Snaking roads and their brake lights
Every morning it's good bye
Half the time it's a half-life
Half the year we don't see daylight