

Week On Repeat

Buddy Rays

Friday night and my head's not right
So wrecked from the week that's on repeat
I lay down, I get up
From a couple of cups
I don't know where to be
Always falling over when you're next to me
Take me far from sober

Took the turn off
Got lost and turned around
My mind's been racing
My head went walkabout
Don't let it cave in
Sometimes it makes a mess of me
Sometimes it gets the best of
My fears I've been facing

Took a left when I should've gone right
Down a road where the streets don't seem to meet
I fell down, got up
Giving less of a fuck is where I need to be
Always falling over when you're next to me
Take me far from sober

Took the turn off
Got lost and turned around
My mind's been racing
My head went walkabout
Don't let it cave in
Sometimes it makes a mess of me
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