

Weakend

Benjamin Clementine

Holding hands they held their heads
Today might be their first day of love
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Today might be their first day of love

Everyone was sleeping
Clouds and star were weeping
Silence slowly creeps in
Places with dear meaning

Have a good weakend, hmm
Have a good weakend, hmm

Lending words to mend their hearts
Today might be their first day of love
Lending words to mend their hearts
Today might be their first day of love

When the job is done
Everyone is boozing
Better trade your gun
Cause love laborers losing

Have a good weakend, amen
Have a good weakend, amen