

Thursday

Chiodos

Weekend day,
To Hell goes the phone.
I must have heard that story a million times before.
No more wake up calls,
At least not for a week or two.
The plainest feeling, love,
Ya know we'd daze a few.

No, I don't have the time of day.
There's just not enough time in a day for me.

And this is for the best,
Me seeing you less.
Sleeping in is what you call the best.
God I knows I'm plenty hurt,
And better off alone.
I know I can do it,
But I'm not sure how.

No, I don't have the time of day.
There's just not enough time in a day for me.

No, I don't have the time of day.
There's just not enough time in a day for me.
(For me)