

The television's on  
And I'm walking through the yard  
The house is fast asleep  
And I'm crying in my car  
Dying for the weekend  
The kids are alright  
But they don't smile much  
They sit up in their garage  
With their decks and their stuff  
Dying for the weekend  
The boy's on a charge  
But his mother doesn't know  
He never got around  
Yet to telling her son  
It would only make her crazy  
And I'll be fine  
I'm only sleeping in my head  
And I can fly  
I close my eyes and I can fly

The television's on  
And I'm walking through the yard  
The house is fast asleep  
And I'm crying in my car  
Dying for the weekend  
The kids have got a gig  
In an all night rave  
They're lookin' pretty tough  
But I still want to say  
Do you really have to go?  
Down in the back street  
A skinny kid cries  
Bad drive Saturday  
Another life flies  
Dying for the weekend  
And I'll be fine  
I'm only sleeping in my head  
And I can fly  
I close my eyes and I can fly  
And I can fly  
And fall toward the end  
And I can fly  
And I'll be fine  
I'm only sleeping in my head  
And I can fly  
I close my eyes and I can fly