The Weekend

David Rawlings

I hit the weekend just like a freight
I got there early, I couldn't wait
I made a friend or two along the way
You want the details, but what can I say?
There's the ballerina, the foreign cartel
The opera singer, the Southern belle
They've all got something strange and new
They've all got something, but not like you

Whoa whoa whoa whoaoo
Whoa whoa whoa whoaoo
Whoa whoa whoa whoaoo
Whoa whoa whoa whoaoo

It will take some time to to get back on course
I got to find my half-runaway horse
She was the best friend a man ever had
Now I'm going down the road feeling bad

Whoa whoa whoa whoaoo
Whoa whoa whoa whoaoo
Whoa whoa whoa whoaoo
Whoa whoa whoa whoaoo

Friday is forever
Saturday flies fast
Sunday, start comin' down
The good ones never last
The good ones never last

What became of the red rooster after the tragedy?
What became of you, girl? And what became of me?
And she said "I had good fortune - silver, silk and wool
I gave them all away and now my heart is full"

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