

## weekends

Field Medic

Weekends are the hardest part  
Always feel like I've gotta see someone  
But what if I ain't got no one to see?  
What if ain't no one wanna see me  
Yeah weekends are the hardest way to be...

4 pm start the whiskey sweat  
Make use my hands roll a cigarette  
Step outside to light a match  
Smoke my stoge no time has passed  
Weekends seem to last and last and last

I see what everyone's up to  
But who feels the same way that I do?  
All alone in my room  
Just waiting for sleep to come?

Cuz being is the hardest part  
Always feel like I gotta be someone  
What if I don't like the way I look  
Since time crept up on me like a crook  
Being is so lonely what the fuck

What if I don't like the way I feel  
Since my luck ran cold and I can't shake the chill?  
Being is too heavy after all these years  
When your spirit's broke you can't even buy a spark  
And weekends are the hardest part