

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