

Weekends

Freya Ridings

I don't really have friends
Don't go out on weekends
I don't have a lover left to hold
Friday night, I'm alone, sat at the piano
Thinking about the ex I shouldn't call

You say, "Now I see, you busy
Out and living my wildest of dreams
With new friends, new cities"
But now inside my heart wants to scream

Where is the love that I knew we ignited?
Darkness in me and I learned how to hide it
Made you believe that I'm happier like this
No, no

I don't really have friends
Don't go out on weekends
I don't have a lover left to hold
Friday night, I'm alone, sat at the piano
Thinking about the ex I shouldn't call
I'm sipping on storms in teacups
You're thinking I'm drunk in some pub
With people that I hardly know
But I'm so fucking lonely, no one really knows me
You are still a heart I want to hold

You turn, say to me
"You're happy and you're actually seeing somebody"
And you're both so proud of me
But now inside my heart starts to scream

Where is the love that I know we ignited?
Fire in me and I learned how to light it
Made you believe I was happier like this
No, no

I don't really have friends
Don't go out on weekends
I don't have a lover left to hold
Friday night, I'm alone, sat at the piano
Thinking about the ex I shouldn't call
I'm sipping on storms in teacups
You're thinking I'm drunk in some pub
With people that I hardly know
But I'm so fucking lonely, no one really knows me
You are still a heart I want to hold

We had a love that never died
You were my world and on my side
From bright as day to dark as night
You look at me and ask me why

I don't really have friends
Don't go out on weekends
I don't have a lover left to hold
Friday night, I'm alone, sat at the piano

Thinking about the love we used to know
I'm sipping on storms in teacups
You're thinking I'm drunk in some pub
With people that I hardly know
But I'm so fucking lonely, no one really knows me
You are still a heart I want, heart I want to hold