

Lost Weekend

Godley & Creme

A lost weekend, no beginning, no end
Were you walking, was I running
Is it here, or is it coming soon
Thanks a lot
Oh, I wish you well
Friends or lovers, who can tell
When the dust finally has settled
Will I be left with roses or with nettles
Oh, whatever happened on that lost weekend
A lost weekend, no beginning, no end
Are we the rust upon the metal
Or the ghosts of folks who never settled down
Thanks a lot
Lost in heaven, lost in hell
Only time will tell
When the book finally is written
Just our luck, the last page will be missing
Oh, whatever happened on that lost weekend