

Weekender Baby

Lou Doillon

One, two, three, four, five coffees...
No, no he still hasn't called me,
Six, seven, eight, nine, whiskies,
I know he won't...

I check my watch, my phone,
Why, why won't you prove me wrong?
I check my pulse, wondering
Which one has gone?

Cause I've got a weekender baby
Weekender baby
Weekender baby

One, two, three, four, five rings...
You used to be so quick to pick up
Six, seven, eight, nine knocks...
I know you're there.

It seems too easy, to trick me all week
And then comes Friday,
He's off to play,
"King of the streets"

Cause I've got a weekender baby
Who from Friday noon
Weekender baby
To Sunday Eve,
Weekender baby
Would rather roam
Than be at home with me

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Cause I've got a weekender baby
Who from Friday noon
Weekender baby
To Sunday Eve,
Weekender baby
Would rather roam
Than be alone with me