

Thursday

Peach Pit

Coming up in the radio silence happened to hear, how you've done
nothing this year
But the same old boyfriend

At the ball game look at that tall thing up and then down, what
a heavenly sound
As you cuss him out

Keep it up as if I would ever have a place for you, kickin round
in my room
Hold my hand as if I would ever let you be my man, catch on up
if you can
Leave you beaming with every second just a walk away, fuckin up
a Thursday
Fuckin up a Thursday

When I was looking at you I never saw another thing that I could
need
Pictured all the fakes I'd have to be
Heavens up and go

When I was looking at you one morning I was on the fence to make
a run
Fixed on all the things that made you fun
That've now grown old
Evened up before selling it
While away
I'm too shackled up for to say
I'm a damn fool

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in my room
Hold my hand as if I would ever let you be my man, catch on up
if you can
Leave you beaming with every second just a walk away, fuckin up
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Fuckin up a Thursday