

A Short Weekend Begins With Longing

The Leisure Society

Fine for a while
We were happy 'til it died
Fate shook the reins
From the hands of my accomplice
Seven storey signs
Written in a simple language

Turned into stone
All the people they had known
Lost on their way
Through a world of blank expression
No one made a sign
Everybody had their reasons

So now another weekend
Starts with that longing feeling
I hope that you might feel it too

Winding my way
Through the plans I never made
Don't step aside
I was hoping you might help me
Save me once again
From this dreadful sinking feeling

So now another weekend
Starts with that longing feeling
I hope that you might feel it too
Feel it too