

Endless Weekend

The Trews

She don't speak your name when we're alone
She deleted your number from her telephone
You're the demon I've been exorcising
I met her sister, her best friend too
They both said I was better looking than you
And we all stayed up until the sun was rising

We don't give a shit, we're getting over the top
We're not waiting for the other shoe drop
We could be lovers, we could be friends
Moving through the rhythm of an endless weekend

Go
Get it any way that we can
Then we're gonna get it again
It's looking like we're in it to win
And it tastes like sweet revenge

You went dark I don't know why
Six months waiting for a spark to fly
Six months waiting around for nothing
No more tears and no more lies
Just airport beers and tumbling dice
Me and her, we keep the metre running

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