

Lousy Weekend

Daniel Johnston

Talk about a lousy weekend
Couldn't find a single friend friend
Had my heart set on disappointment
Up walks a super Joe Joe
Asks me how my day go go
Tells me good luck and spits on my shoe

But oh, oh, oh, the telephone rings
And oh, oh, oh there's nobody there

Saw a girl on the street corner
Say, "Hey I'm a lonely loner"
She looks at me like I'm some sort of crud
Fast cars pass me by
Everybody curse me why
Find a donut in the sewer

Doesn't matter what you eat
I think you're all a bunch of creeps
And I would like to see you all gone
Stop comin' round my door
I don't care for you no more
Wish you would all just go away

Oh, oh, oh the telephone rings
Oh, oh, oh, there's nobody there
Talk about a lousy weekend