

Ready for the Weekend

Calvin Harris

Counterfeit, counterfeit
That's what you're... shouting at me
I could run but I'd sooner have this
And amicably
Lick the blood stain from your finger
Say what do you see
Remind you that whatever you get is
What you want it to be

You get a feeling, that's what you choose
And I was told there was not a minute to lose
So if you're waiting, jump out your skin
To find a cure for whatever state your in
I tell my good friends 'get out the way'
Of all the lightning hitting the trees today
We get a thrill from clapping our hands
We find the nearest girl and ask her to dance

Ooh, I put on my shoes and I'm ready for the weekend

Coming back, coming back
To a place where... I never knew
Pushing knobs pushing faders but I
Don't know what they do
This reflection in my mirror
Reminds me of you
When I tilt it towards the sunlight
You fall out of view

You get a feeling, that's what you choose
And I was told there was not a minute to lose
So if you're waiting, jump out your skin
To find a cure for whatever state your in
I tell my good friends 'get out the way'
Of all the lightning hitting the trees today
We get a thrill from clapping our hands
We find the nearest girl and ask her to dance

Ooh, I put on my shoes and I'm ready for the weekend