

The Weekends

Motion City Soundtrack

Quicksand is a coat of arms,
Looseleaf and some liquid fiction.
Last Rites every Friday night,
Am I weaker with the lights on?

High tide tight around the neck,
The same song everybody's bleeding.
What makes me so different?
The insides work the same.

You ever fear the dark impressions of your future?
The slightest gravestone whisper?
The stillness of your heart?
I feel it growing dark.
A fever inching deeper,
A fever inching to the core.

I'll kick tomorrow,
Fight back at the pouring rain.
I'll send the weak ends down the drain, down the drain.
I'll kick tomorrow,
Fight back at the pouring rain.
I'll send the weak ends down the drain, down the drain.

Shorelines all around the world,
Bright lights and some heavy breathing.
Lipstick and the dagger's kiss-
Just a figment of a feeling.

Hands pressed up against the chest,
Holding out for the big connection.
Last lunge never looked so good,
It's a junk show all the way.

As years go crashing by,
I think of all I've pondered,
So many minutes squandered,
So many things undone.
I've tried to figure out
How many lives I've wasted waiting for the perfect time to start.

I'll kick tomorrow,
Fight back at the pouring rain.
I'll send the weak ends down the drain, down the drain.
I'll kick tomorrow,
Fight back at the pouring rain.
I'll send the weak ends down the drain, down the drain.

I'll kick tomorrow...
I'll send the weak ends...
I'll kick tomorrow...
I'll send the weak ends...
I'll kick tomorrow...
I'll send the weak ends...
I'll kick tomorrow... (fight back at the pouring rain)
I'll send the weak ends... (fight back at the pouring rain)

I'll kick tomorrow,
Fight back at the pouring rain.
I'll send the weak ends down the drain, down the drain.
I'll kick tomorrow,
Fight back at the pouring rain.
I'll send the weak ends down the drain, down the drain.