

# Weekend Warriors

Tankard

Another day spent in the treadmill  
Another day stuck in work 9 to 5  
Another day dreams fade away  
Another day wasted from my real life

I'm stirring, I'm moving  
I kindle the flame  
I'm waking from my sleep  
I feel my spirits rise again

I throw away my necktie  
Tear off my corporate suit  
I put on my old clobber  
I never felt so good

We all meet at the bunker  
We board our ragged, old bus  
We're heading for thrash-show  
Well blow the world to dust

We are the weekend warriors! The warriors!  
We are the weekend warriors!  
We're fighting for our lives  
We are the weekend warriors! The warriors!  
We are the weekend warriors!  
We're playing to survive

We jump into the battle  
Our hearts beat thundering drums  
Our veins pump heavy metal  
We'll thrash 'till kingdom come

We take with us this knowledge  
Wherever we may roam

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