

For weeks it's been frustration
Resentful aggravation
So sad to say
That it all seems just like a nightmare
But maybe today I'm spared
The constant gnawing that we're stuck in this grind

Why don't we say fuck it all til tomorrow
And we can chase all the bad luck away
Why give it back?
If tonight's only borrowed it's alright

Could it be desperation took a holiday?
Or is it laughing in our face?
If that's so I'm on the take
And they can burn me at the stake come Monday morning
But at least I'll get a taste

Could it be desperation took a holiday?
Or will it be back to torture all of us on Monday?
If that's the case to play it safe tonight's a waste of time
Tonight might be the only thing we have