

Seven Days Without You Makes One Weak

Victory

The ashtray's full and the bed's unmade
My room looks like a terrorist raid
Got dirty clothes all over the place
Why did you have to go away?

Got no place to go, got no reason to stay
All I can do is sit back and wait

'Cause seven days without you
Surely makes one weak
Seven days without you
Seems like an eternity

Through Monday would never get through
And Tuesday took a year or two
All Wednesday I spent in a dark saloon
The rest of the week I stayed in my room

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