

Alanis Morissette, The Weekend Song (or "i Don't Know")

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Miscellaneous

The Weekend Song (or "i Don't Know")

Monday morning is not monday morning

'till taylor has his coffee

Friday night is not friday night

'till jesse leaves the room sweaty

Tuesday morning is not tuesday morning

'till nick has his talk with his son

Thursday night is not thursday night

'till chris has sex with his bass

Come on to the weekend

'cause the weekend i'll get high

Hold off 'till the weekend

'cause there's too much time to think

And there will be nice skies

Tuesday morning is wednesday afternoon

When you cry all night

Wednesday early we fall into work

All caught up in the day by day

Thursday morning is not thursday morning

'till (alanis???) says how's your life

How's your life?

Yeah how's your life

How's your life?

Come on to the weekend

'cause the weekend i'll get by

Hold off 'till the weekend

'cause there's too much time to think and not much time to cry

Hold off 'till the weekend

'cause the weekend we'll be high

Hold off 'till the weekend

'cause there'll be no time but we'll get by

What if there were no more mama's boys

What if no one shares their humble appearance

What there were no consequences

What if there were no more arguments

Well that'd be a shame

Wouldn't that be impossible

And you would be bored

'cause you wouldn't want it a little too late...

Hold on 'till the weekend

'cause the weekend i'll get by

Hold off 'till the weekend

'cause the man upstairs has the really nice skies

Hold off 'till the weekend

'cause the weekend i'll get high

Hold off 'till the weekend

'cause we may look strange but we surely will get by

What if there were no more mama's boys

What if we all had no thinking together

Wouldn't that be a shame...

Wouldn't that be impossible

And you would be bored

'cause you wouldn't want it any other way...