

Bright Eyes, Out On The Weekend

[Originally by Neil Young]

Think I'll pack it in and buy a pick-up
Take it down to L.A.
Find a place to call my own and try to fix up
Start a brand new day
The woman I'm thinking of, she loved me all up
But I'm so down today
She's so fine, she's in my mind
I hear her callin'
See the lonely boy, out on the weekend
Trying to make it pay
Can't relate to joy, he tries to speak and
Can't begin to say
She got pictures on the wall, they make me look up
>From her big brass bed
Now I'm running down the road trying to stay up
Somewhere in her head
The woman I'm thinking of, she loved me all up
But I'm so down today
She's so fine she's in my mind
I hear her callin'
See the lonely boy, out on the weekend
Trying to make it pay
Can't relate to joy, he tries to speak and
Can't begin to say