

Wanda Jackson, Lost Weekend

LOST WEEKEND

(Wayne P. Walker)

'60 Cedarwood Publishing

Every day is a lost weekend
Every day since my baby said goodbye
Every day is a lost weekend
I feel just like crawling off somewhere to die
Just like a clown, I played around
Too many times I was untrue
I still remember, your parting words were
If you need me, I'll call you
Every day is a lost weekend
Every day since my baby said goodbye
Just like a clown, I played around
Too many times I was untrue
I still remember, your parting words were
If you need me, I'll call you
Every day is a lost weekend
Every day since my baby said goodbye
Well, I'm choking, choking on heartaches
I feel just like crawling off somewhere to die
I feel just like crawling off somewhere to die