

Arab Strap, The Week Never Starts Round Here

Easy come, easy gone,
we knew they'd leave us all along.
Now we cook our own tea and we don't sign on.

And the week never starts round here,
raise your cider, and I'll raise my beer.

Easy come, easy gone,
kiss a girl then write a song.
Enjoy it while you can
'cause it won't last long.

And the week never starts round here,
raise your cider, and I'll raise my beer.

Easy come, easy gone,
simple as this stupid song.
Now your cupboard's clean
you can carry on.

And the week never starts round here,
raise your cider, and I'll raise my beer.