

Art Brut, Every Other Weekend

Lying on the dining room floor
Being warmed through the patio door
Just waiting, waiting for my dad

I found a note last night
From my brother down the back of the cupboard
Just saying "Dear God please, make him turn up"
And eventually he does
And we perhaps go to the cinema
Or visit our grandparents
But we're almost always home by six o'clock

And the strangest thing of all
The thing that felt the most wrong
Is that, in their separate cars,
They were both still playing the same song

Last night I heard you screaming
Loud voices beyond the wall
Another sleepless night for me
It does no good to call the police
Always come home if they come at all