

Bob Dylan, One More Weekend

Slipping and sliding like a weasel on the run
I'm looking good to see you, yeah, we could have some fun
One more weekend, one more weekend with you
One more weekend, one more weekend will do.

Come on down to my ship, honey, ride on deck
We'll fly over the ocean, just like you suspect
One more weekend, one more weekend with you
One more weekend, one more weekend will do.

We'll fly the night away
Hang up the whole next day
Things will be okay
You wait and see
We'll go to some place unknown
Leave all the children home
Honey, why not go alone
Just you and me.

Coming and going like a rabbit in the wood
I'm happy just to see you, yeah, looking so good
One more weekend, one more weekend with you
One more weekend, one more weekend will do, yes you will.

Like a needle in a haystack I'm gonna find you yet
You're the sweetest girl mama that this boy is ever gonna get
One more weekend, one more weekend with you
One more weekend, one more weekend will do.