

Farrah, Living For The Weekend

Hes' not a guy that you'd call understanding
She sees him weekends just to keep her hand in
He's not affectionate and won't be kissed
He never cired when they saw Schindler's List
He never acted on some great ambition
His hair was ginger but he called it titian
When he admitted he still loved the mission
She had to go

She's living for the weekend
Going up the west end
Waiting for her two day paradise

He admitted he'd been scarred in childhood
Born in Poppleton then moved to Foxwood
The other children thought he talked funny
He bought their friendship wiht his pocket money
He always knew he had a head for business
Cos he bought multipacks of king size rizzlas
You couldn't blame a girl for feeling listless
She had to leave

She's living for the weekend
Going up the west end
Waiting for her two day paradise
Friday night is when she comes alive