

# MGMT, Weekend Wars

Evil is I, Yes to find a shore,  
A beast that doesn't quiver anymore,  
And we could crush some plants to paint my walls,  
And I won't try to fight in the weekend wars  
Was I? I was too lazy to play  
Or paint, or write, or try to make a change.  
Now I can shoot a gun to kill my lunch  
And I don't have to love or think too much

Instant battle plans written on the sidewalk  
Mental mystics in a twisted metal car  
Tried to amplify the sound of light and love

Christ is cursed of fathers and mothers  
Might even take a knife to split a hair  
Or even scare the children off my lawn  
Giving us time to make the makeshift bombs  
Every mess invested was a score  
We couldn't use computers anymore  
But it's difficult to win unless you're bored,  
And you might have to plan for the weekend wars

Try to break my heart; I'll drive to Arizona.  
It might take 100 years to grow an arm  
I'll sit and listen to the sound of sand and cold  
Twisted diamond heart, I'm the weekend warrior  
My predictions are the only things I have  
I can amplify the sound of light and love

I'm a curse and i'm a sound,  
When I open up my mouth,  
There's a reason I don't win,  
I don't know how to begin