

# No Kids, I Love The Weekend

when the time comes  
to let you all in  
i won't need saxophones  
i won't need violins  
to plot the mood  
to play me out  
y'all know just what I'm talking about

and when the time comes  
you'll all gather 'round  
and i'll be so happy  
i'll be rockin' to and fro  
on the lip of a well  
telling all my stories

like at the end  
with no children, no partner and no friends  
oh i can still  
hear the sounds from the schoolyard 'round the bend

and i love the weekend  
and i love the creakin'  
this house makes when it buckles  
when a hailstorm breaks i say, "uncle"  
that's why i'm a believer

well thank you  
for making it known  
that my life's work  
means nothing to no one  
and so it goes so i'm walking home  
with a lighter step than ever

like at the end  
i realize how much easier this would have been  
oh, if i cared

and i love the weekend  
and i love the creakin'  
this house makes when it buckles  
when a hailstorm breaks i say, "uncle"  
that's why i'm a believer