

# No Use For A Name, 3 Month Weekend

It's a Thursday morning, four a.m.  
and you won't let me go  
if tomorrow comes I guess I'll never know  
even in the darkest hour it's the brightest  
time of day  
even when I go to bed I'm still awake

Eyes held up with toothpicks  
and my jaw is going off  
I will never leave you or  
admit that I was wrong

There's so many things I'd like to say,  
I'm foaming at the mouth  
maybe I could write,  
my pen is hollowed out  
I've got ideas and inventions  
and I'd use them if I could

Stop waking up the next day  
when they're all no good

Please don't say another word  
I know your story well  
conversations take two  
but I'm talking to myself

Now I need an alibi and everything I did was true  
but every word I said was just a lie