

Roxette, Here Comes The Weekend

Every shape
of every word you say
that breaks the silence
of an ordinary day.
Every look
that seems to mystify,
every single smile
that spins me to the sky.
It makes me wanna run,
it makes me wanna hide.
Cos you're the only one
that makes me come alive.
It's getting closer now and darker by the hour.

It only goes to show
that here it comes,
here comes the weekend
and I'm on my own again
with a Saturday in the rain.
Here it comes,
here comes the weekend.
The fine line from pleasure to pain
is making me cry.
When will I see you again?

Every breath,
every vision you make.
Every chance in love
you love to take.
Every move
that seems to alter my world.
Every dream
I've had about this boy and this girl.
It makes me wanna run,
it makes me wanna hide
cos you're the only one
that makes my love alive
and time is running fast into a new goodbye.

It only goes to show
that here it comes,
here comes the weekend,
another walk down that lonely lane,
another Sunday that feels the same.
Here it comes,
here comes the weekend.
The fine line from pleasure to pain
is making me cry.
When will I see you again?