

# 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?