Saturday Looks Good To Me, You Work All Week

When you work all weekend
you can't help but feel strange
by the time Monday shows up
everything has changed

Out behind the schoolyard
to the sound of passing trains
when you found out about him
he's already too late

You see them muttering secrets to each other in crow
but they're not saying nothing you don't already know
the only thing that you can't stop thinking about
is how everybody knew
before you

When you smash the window in
the glass rolls off the car
when the next weekend washed up
you were still at the bar

You've been such a basket case
the drat boy broke your heart
and if he finds out you miss her
he'll tear you apart

Now I'm not saying you can't think for yourself
or even that you should go find somebody else
but whether you ever get over them or not
they're still going on
without you