

# Stacey Earle, Weekend Runaways

We packed up for the weekend  
One change, t-shirts to sleep in  
Anything you left behind  
Exactly now what's on your mind  
But anything you forgot really couldn't cost a lot  
Everything now has its place  
Even the tension on your face

All wound up now ready to go  
We are winding down but it's coming slow  
Sitting on the edge of our seats  
Smooth pavement of the city streets  
Disappear beneath the hood  
And how about the weather, looks perty good  
Perty good for an opening line  
Why I didn't even have to use my mind

Prepared with dedication  
Beware is our destination  
We are free, we are wild  
For we are our only child  
Acting out from our hearts  
Backing out not from the start  
Seeking out the good old days  
We are weekend runaways

Heading down the interstate  
We're achieving the great escape  
Of the same ol' me the same ol' you  
Same ol' same ol' nothing new

Why shame on me, shame on you  
Why shame on anything we may do  
But we won't blame me  
No, we won't blame you  
We will blame it on the man in the moon

Prepared with dedication  
Beware is our destination  
We are free, we are wild  
Why, we are our only child

Acting out from our hearts  
Backing out not from the start  
Just seeking out the good old days  
We are weekend runaways

We laughed until we cried  
We stayed up half the night  
Told all there was to know  
Leaving nowhere else to go

We said little all the way home  
I guess we just need a little time alone  
It's the art of women that can close her mind  
The heart of of a women that finds the time

To put every thing right back in its place  
Always leaving an open space  
Just making room for a little bit more  
When I get home, I gotta run to the store, yeah

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