

# The Ordinary Boys, Weekend Revolution

The daily drudge deals a mean hand,  
Menial commerce makes a mean man,  
You're gonna, you're gonna have a fine time,  
Just, just not on my time.

If they could peer behind the screens,  
At all your sordid little schemes,  
You unleash the tension,  
Do things I wouldn't mention.

Your weekday demons take their toll on you,  
But your weekend revolution just won't do.  
Don't hang yourself with your Christmas tie,  
In your coffin flat, you sit and die.

Your weekend revolution.

Your Mother's proud of her only son,  
What if she'd seen the things he's done.  
Friday and your five day prison,  
Glazed eyes and double vision.

You loutish lads look not for love,  
You grab your loins and hunt for blood,  
You unleash the tension,  
Do things I wouldn't mention.

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