

Part One: Friday

My backburner baby
how's it going lately

Amidst the marble stares
to show you don't care,
I get hallway smiles
every once in awhile

Under glow of headlights
your eyes are like friday nights,
filled with puffs of smoke
and inside jokes
in crowded rooms
that I always leave too soon
(sorry about that)

I never quite know
all the right things to say,

besides,

I'm not looking for someplace to go
I'm looking for someplace to stay

Part Two: Saturday

Why hello again, honey,
finest thing i've ever seen
You sure know how to make me forget
about absolutely everything

(like what I was doing
this time yesterday)

I'm starstruck every moment
I'm walking on a dream
when you hand me another drink
and call me your tequila queen

I see you when I see you
and you go when you go
You're bad news, trust me
Everybody knows

You're saturday nights
when drinks are pouring
But personally, I prefer
sunday mornings

Part Three: Sunday

Pardon the cliches,
but you're color
in a world of gray
You're soft music
in dimly lit cafes
You're sunrays,
snowdays,
hot chocolate
fresh out of the microwave

Hard to find
someone like you
nowadays

You're stubborn
but in all the rights ways
Not like me, who'd rather
pull the pin out of the grenade
then back away

And I'm not sure exactly what it is
but something about you
made me love Sundays