

Weekend Wars

MGMT

Evil SIS to find a shore
A beast that doesn't quiver anymore
And we could crush some plants to paint my walls
And I won't try to fight in the weekend wars
Was I was too lazy to bathe
Or paint, or write, or try to make a change.
Now I can shoot a gun to kill my lunch
And I don't have to love or think too much
Instant battle plans written on the sidewalk
Mental mystics in a twisted metal car
Tried to amplify the sound of light and love
Christ is cursed of fathers and mothers
Might even take a knife to split a hair
Or even scare the children off my lawn
Giving us time to make the makeshift bombs
Every mess invested was a score
We couldn't use computers anymore
But it's difficult to win unless you're bored
And you might have to plan for the weekend wars
Try to break my heart; I'll drive to Arizona.
It might take a hundred years to grow an arm
I'll sit and listen to the sound of sand and cold
Twisted diamond heart, I'm the weekend warrior
My predictions are the only things I have
I can amplify the sound of light and love
I'm a curse and i'm a sound
When I open up my mouth
There's a reason I don't win
I don't know how to begin.
I'm a curse and i'm a sound
When I open up my mouth
There's a reason I don't win
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