

# 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  
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  
I don't know how to begin...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>