

Everyone Knows the Weekend Has Ended

Everyone knows that the weekend has ended.
Everyone knows that it's Monday today.
Everyone knows that it's the start of a workweek.
Everyone knows but Dameon.

And Dameon thinks it's Sat.
Dameon has weekend plans.
He going on a weekend run.
Boy will he be mad
 Boy will he be mad
 Boy will he be sad

Most people know that the week has started.
Everyone's been to work that day.
Most people want to get home and cook dinner.
DJ buys a half-keg.

And DJ's already drunk.
And he smells like a skunk.
But he's here to pay.
Gonna turn him down
 Gonna turn him down
 Gonna throw him out.

Normal people gasp at the wretch that is Dameon.
Laugh in his face. Mock his boots.
He is unfazed, though, not down for a moment.
He'll just go to another Smiths.

Makes it there in nothing flat.
This time he wears a hat.
And Altoids to fix his breath.
He's gonna buy that booze.
 Gonna buy that booze.
 Like he's nothing to lose.

He goes to Yelp to write a review.
Gives Smiths for all, a losing grade.
Nobody gains, all could have been better.
All because of stupid laws.