

Ordinary Weekend

Words & Music:
John Wesley Harding

I lost my job on Friday, I went drinking to forget.
My luck, it had been down so long, but I could change it yet.
Sat down and started talking with some guy sitting there.
He bought me drinks all afternoon until I didn't care.
He said was I in need of work? Some money could be found.
I said "Is it above the law?" He said, "It's underground."
I said "I need the paycheck, now. I got debts here and there."
He smiled and asked if I could drive and I said "Anywhere"
Anywhere...

CHORUS:

In this weekend of ordinary dreams, everything was not just as it seems.
Take a look around at the faces in the crowd, and you'll see where I've been.

We met up on the Saturday, I thought it was us two.
But I had not asked questions; not knowing what to do.
Twelve of them were in the van (thirteen, including me).
Twelve pairs of eyes were staring back at me, suspiciously.
And so I just sat down and drove, took them to some track.
And drove past the security guard while they hid in the back.
They made me stop, and got out there, and I heard a couple of shots.
I hoped they were in self-defense but I knew that they were not.
They were not...

CHORUS: *[new words, first line: Not in this weekend...]*

I drummed my fingers on the wheel and waited for the boys.
Had a smoke, I had a few, I got very paranoid.
And still they hadn't come back there, so I just drove away.
Deciding to play safe and get my share another day.
On Sunday, he came 'round my place, I asked him where they'd been.
He said they'd left another way and only I was seen.
He said that we should cache the van and did I want my share?
I didn't like the way they'd left; but, by now, I didn't care.
Didn't care...

CHORUS: *[new words, first line: Didn't care for this weekend...]*

He drove me to a back room with a single swinging light.
Someone said, "The fish are starving, ain't it time they had a bite?"
And I felt sick and stupid and damned my own brown hair.
Forgetting that the price you pay must far exceed the share.
Someone pulled a knife out and they stabbed me in the back.
They tied my hands and bound my feet and threw me in a sack.
They took me to a lakeside and they threw my body in.
I could hear them laughing, they said, "You can sink or swim."
Sink or swim...

So, hear you, desperate women and hear you, desperate men.
Don't take your life for granted, don't live your life in vain.
But if you think that you can change it, hope you know you can't go back
Just go down to the lakeside, watch me floating in a sack.
In this sack...

