

Dirty Weekend

Rod Stewart

You book the hotel I'll pack the bags honey
You phone the airlines I'll call a cab
When will you return well that all depends
Just tell your mother that you're staying with friends
Cuz I know that you're my best friend's girl
But it's the weekend I don't give a hell

I'll bring the red wine you bring the ludes
Your mother's doctor must be quite a dude
We'll hang the 'Don't Disturb' outside our door
I'm gonna rock you till your pussy's sore

Oh my sweet Diana I can't wait for the manana
There's a hotel down in Mexico just made for two
But I don't think you trust me and I can't say I blame you
My reputation precedes me you ain't never gonna leave me

Soon as we get there I'll go check in
Mr and Mrs Smith of Abilene
You get naked honey I'll get down
I'm gonna chase you around
and 'round and 'round and 'round
You say you can't stand monotony
I say what happened to fidelity
Dirty weekend made for two
Just me and you honey
I wanna love that can last for ages
not the trash you've been giving to strangers

Don't want to make your two big brothers brothers annoyed
Do you think you'll get the polaroid?