

Carly Rae Jepsen, Weekend Love

Weekend love
Eyes like invitations
One seat left, and you moved over
And it was on
Conversation was
More than ordinary
Young girl bought the things you sold her
And on and on

Summertime flies and
We got a little bit older
Got me so high but
Everybody comes down
Working it out, working it out

Alright, guess it was a past life
I haven't seen you around
But it's alright, I'm alright
Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah

Soft light hits me on the high line
So go on fooling around
I'll be alright, I'm alright
Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah

Life goes on
New York, new arrangements
No more sleeping on your shoulder
I'm moving on

In the park, there's a
Violin beginning
Like a movie kind of closure
And on and on

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