

51 Weeks

Luke Deuce

The last 51 weeks
Just marked another year
With no expectations
I watched you grab a chair
Hoping you'd kill sometime
And hear me sing

The last 51 weeks
Have been like all the rest
Stick to my routine
Cause for me that's best
I tried to make look
Singing Cover Me Up

For 51 weeks
Life's been just the same
Not even sure
You'll remember my name
Jack said parties over
You gotta home

Two weeks later
I'm heads over heels
Still half drunk
On how our love feels
Nothing else matters
If this is how true love goes

Cause nothing else matter
Once you know how true love feels.