Four on the Floor

Philmore

Four on the floor, knock on the door
It's finally a quarter to eight and
Looks like everybody's ready and waitingOne of the guys, little beady eyes
I guess he's feeling bad 'cause he can't go
I said "I'm sorry bud, you've gotta stay home"Friday's gone and I'm feeling fine
Saturday's been on my mind
Sun comes up on yellow lines
Through the gears and the road unwinds
Friday night's been left behind me, don't remind me
'Cause I never really wanted to be there
It didn't matter that I was living for free thereSeventy-five, down Skelly Drive
I got a funny feeling I'm falling and
I think that mother nature is callingBike's running fine, since 1969
I'd run it wide open but I'd hit a rail
I don't really want to spend another night in jailFour on the floor, half dozen more
Everybody stayed until morning
Someone in the back room is snoringDownstairs outside, still black as night
Sun is coming up in an hour or two
I'm wide awake and wondering what to do

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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