

# Strange Things

John Holt

Strange things happen on a friday night.  
Girls, beach boys, and lots of hugging and kissing.  
Under the golden moon, that shines a silver light.  
oooooooooh. I'd like to be one of them.  
But time like a wondering sheep, a wondering sheep  
on this island  
with no one to love me,  
with no one to kiss me  
Thats why i saaaaaay.  
Some one please take my hand  
and let us go.

I keep on thinking, I wish it was me.Strange things happen on a friday night.  
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mmmmmmmm

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

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