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.
oooooooh. 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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Under the golden moon, that shines a silver light.
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I keep on thinking, I wish it was me.
mmmmmmmm
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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