The Bangin' Man

Slade

When you wake up in the mornin'
And you can't remember much about the night before
Then the lady who's beside you gets up
She goes right out and locks the bathroom door.
And your head won't stop singin'
The phone won't stop ringin'
Your plane is gonna leave at twelve fifteen
It was close to six o'clock
Before you got to know a little dream.
Look at the bangin' man he says
He can time after time
He'll get down
down
down
To bangin' back home.
Oh
look at the Bangin' Man
He says he can time after time
He'll get down
down
down

To bangin' back home.
I been in fifty diff'rent towns
In fifty diff'rent days
They all got diff'rent names.
I been in fifty limousines
In fifty hotel rooms
They all look the same.
And your head won't stop crackin'
Your case needs unpackin'
The only sound is from the T.V. screen
Until a knock comes on the door
And standing there's another little dream.
When you wake up in the mornin'
And you can't remember much about the night before.
A small reminder of the state you were in
Are all the tattered clothes across the floor.
And your head still keeps singin'

The phone still keeps ringin'
Remember just exactly where you've been.
'Cos there ain't no doubt about it
There's no better things to see
Then what you've seen.

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