

Tora, Tora, Tora (Out With the Boys)

Rod Stewart

Pay-day Friday and the weekend's here
I've been workin' all week tryin' to pay for this gear
Gonna raise Hell on Union Street
Thirteen guys and a packet of three
And if I don't get laid I'll sure die tryin'
Tonight this city's gonna be all mine I wanna talk about motorbikes, cars and things
No sophistication or designer jeans
I'm no angel, but I know what I like
A little rough and tumble on a Friday night
I'm like a cornered rat, I gotta explode
Goodbye baby don't know when I'll be home Tora, Tora, Tora, out with the boys
Tora, Tora, Tora, out with the boys
Tora, Tora, Tora, out with the boys tonight By eleven o'clock I'll be flyin' high
Ain't nothing in the world that I won't try
Jimmy got smashed, took his trousers off
Barman said, " You boys have had enough
Join the army, get yourself a decent job"
Indecent exposure in a parking lot Tora, Tora, Tora, out with the boys
Tora, Tora, Tora, out with the boys
Tora, Tora, Tora, out with the boys tonight Tora, Tora, Tora, out with the boys
Tora, Tora, Tora, out with the boys
Tora, Tora, Tora, out with the boys tonight Bundle on the dance floor, a jaw got bust
Swear to God that it wasn't one of us
A seven foot bouncer called the police
We got pulled in for disturbing the peace
Well if you can't take a joke
Then there ain't no point in living
Sunday morning I woke up laughin' Tora, Tora, Tora, out with the boys
Tora, Tora, Tora, out with the boys
Tora, Tora, Tora, out with the boys tonight
What d' you say? Tora, Tora, Tora, where's my old man?
Tora, Tora, Tora, where's my old man?
Tora, Tora, Tora, out with the boys
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Songwriters

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