

# Friday Afternoon

311

Friday afternoon and all the worries just float into the air  
We're going to our secret spot and no one else knows how to get there  
The words just poured out of you like a melody ah huh  
I just could not believe the things you're telling me ah huh Come closer, come closer, come closer, come  
closer Nothing could be half so compelling  
As you and me, our senses telling us where to go  
You give me quite a show  
We're stretched out horizontal throttle down  
Upon the ground and always taking it slow  
Here we go I taste the salt on your skin and then it's really beginning  
I got the message you're sending  
Go again and again 'til we're spent  
I hear somebody coming

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