

# Friday Night, Saturday Morning

## The Specials

Out of bed at eight am  
Out my head by half past ten  
Out with mates and dates and friends  
That's what I do at weekends  
I can't talk and I can't walk  
But I know where I'm going to go  
I'm going watch my money go  
At the Locarno, no  
When my feet go through the door  
I know what my right arm is for  
Buy a drink and pull a chair  
Up to the edge of the dance floor  
Bouncers bouncing through the night  
Trying to stop or start a fight  
I sit and watch the flashing lights  
Moving legs in footless tights

I go out on Friday night  
and I come home on Saturday morning

I like to venture into town  
I like to get a few drinks down  
The floor gets packed the bar gets full  
I don't like life when things get dull  
The hen party have saved the night  
And freed themselves from drunken stags  
Having fun and dancing in  
A circle round their leather bags

But two o'clock has come again  
It's time to leave this paradise  
Hope the chip shop isn't closed  
Cos' their pies are really nice  
I'll eat in the taxi queue  
Standing in someone else's spew  
Wish I had lipstick on my shirt  
Instead of piss stains on my shoes

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