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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