Last Friday Night (T.G.I.F.)

Woe Is Me

There's a stranger in my bed
There's a pounding in my head
Glitter all over the room
Pink flamingos in the pool
I smell like a minibar
DJ's passed out in the yard
Barbies on the barbeque
Is this a hickey or a bruise
Pictures of last night
Ended up online
I'm screwed
Oh well
It's a blacked-out blur
But I'm pretty sure it ruled
Damn
Last Friday night
Yeah we danced on tabletops
And we took too many shots
Think we kissed but I forgot
Last Friday night
Yeah we maxed our credit cards
And got kicked out of the bar
So we hit the boulevard
Last Friday night
We went streaking in the park
Skinny dipping in the dark
Then had a m

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