Friday

The Subways

Friday's got her mind on lovin'
Her evil eyes are on you, boy
It promises to be a nightime
Of uninterrupted joy...joy...joy

What's she doin'? Who's she screwin'?
Leave it up to Friday, She's anyone's wife
What's she doin'? Who's she screwin'?
Gonna be a lover for the rest of her life

At fourteen you were such a sweet thing
You helped your mama with the chores
But now you find you're independence
And got what you're looking for

What's she doin'? Who's she screwin'?
Leave it up to Friday. She's anyone's wife
What's she doin'? Who's she screwin'?
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