

# The Bangin'™ Man

## Slade

When you wake up in the mornin'  
And you can't remember much about the night before  
Then the lady who's beside you gets up  
She goes right out and locks the bathroom door.  
And your head won't stop singin'  
The phone won't stop ringin'  
Your plane is gonna leave at twelve fifteen  
It was close to six o'clock  
Before you got to know a little dream.  
Look at the bangin' man he says  
He can time after time  
He'll get down  
down  
down  
To bangin' back home.  
Oh  
look at the Bangin' Man  
He says he can time after time  
He'll get down  
down  
down  
To bangin' back home.  
I been in fifty diff'rent towns  
In fifty diff'rent days  
They all got diff'rent names.  
I been in fifty limousines  
In fifty hotel rooms  
They all look the same.  
And your head won't stop crackin'  
Your case needs unpackin'  
The only sound is from the T.V. screen  
Until a knock comes on the door  
And standing there's another little dream.  
When you wake up in the mornin'  
And you can't remember much about the night before.  
A small reminder of the state you were in  
Are all the tattered clothes across the floor.  
And your head still keeps singin'  
The phone still keeps ringin'

Remember just exactly where you've been.  
'Cos there ain't no doubt about it  
There's no better things to see  
Then what you've seen.

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