

# Friday Night

## House Of Heroes

I don't want to spend this Friday night  
Like I had to spend last Friday night  
I don't want to spend this Friday night  
Dying by the record machine  
All day cigarettes, all day entertain the void  
There are so many things I should be doing  
But I don't, and I don't change  
All day kerosene, all day I play with matchbooks  
I push them all away or burn them alive in attempts to save me  
Regret would require less arrogance  
I don't want to spend this Friday night  
Like I had to spend last Friday night  
I don't want to spend this Friday night  
Dying by the record machine  
I like my self on the following conditions  
That I'm better than the next guy at everything I'm into  
And my looks are important if I'm less sophisticated  
And my girlfriend's a bombshell and I'm all she's ever dated  
And money's an object if it pays for my ego  
Power's the drug, and pride's the needle  
And it rips through my skin and goes into my blood stream  
Oh I feel like laughing, I feel like choking on it  
And I don't want to spend this Friday night  
Like I had to spend last Friday night  
I don't want to spend this Friday night  
Dying by the record machine  
And I don't want to spend this Friday night  
Like I had to spend last Friday night  
I don't want to spend this Friday night  
Picking fights by the record machine  
True, but not quite, that I'm tired of the fantasy  
And I see the light but the dark is so accommodating  
The worst mistake I could make is watch you walking away  
Not that I know how to change, I do it just the same  
I don't want to spend this Friday night  
Like I had to spend last Friday night  
I don't want to spend this Friday night  
Dying by the record machine  
And I don't want to spend this Friday night

Like I had to spend last Friday night  
I don't want to spend this Friday night  
Picking fights by the record machine

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