## **Friday Night**

## **Andrew Maxwell Morris**

Friday night, in the middle of nowhere

And outside, thereâ€<sup>TM</sup>s panic on the streets

Itâ€<sup>TM</sup>s too far home, but I know Iâ€<sup>TM</sup>ll get there

Anyway, Iâ€<sup>TM</sup>ve got no one to meet.

You step outside, and all you see is people
Just killing time, for another week.
Maybe now, you might see through them
Different shades but they never meet.

You look around and thereâ€<sup>TM</sup>s those that know you
Think youâ€<sup>TM</sup>re happy, they donâ€<sup>TM</sup>t know youâ€<sup>TM</sup>re weak
Friday night and in the middle of nowhere
And outside thereâ€<sup>TM</sup>s panic on the streets
And outside thereâ€<sup>TM</sup>s panic on the streets.

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