# Friday Night

## The Last Royals

Awake, no confidence.
Expect, cold sweats again.
My earplugs hem me in,
As playground voices wear me thin.
Alive, I suppose so.
My mind, will overflow.
With doubts, as the crow flies.
About two across and thirteen high.Dooo, Dooo, Dooo, Dooo, Dooo, DoooOoooo, my baby says she wants to fall in love. (Yeah-yeah)
Ooooo, I hope that I can deal with what may come. (Whoa..)
Ahhhhh, Its Friday night, I'm feeling like a star. (Yeah-yeah)
Oooooo, The light of day has never felt so far, away baby.Oh boy, she loves me so.
And I want, her too and fro.
This means that I am free.
My soul, my masculinity.
Oh please come closer now.
We'll make a life somehow.
Your looks, and my good nature.
Don't even think, just sign the papers.Come on big shot, show us what you got.
She'll be calling after you if you're ready or not.
Better tidy up yourself, better unlock the lock.
Time to make the ends meet, its about to drop.
You've put your foot in your mouth a thousand times.
And the possibilities? If you only had a dime.
Your only tactic: Forget yourself.
You can never let her down,
'Cause you know that'd be a crime.

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