

Friday Night Saturday Morning (specials)

Nouvelle Vague

Out of bed at eight A.M.
Out my head by half past ten
Out with mates and dates and friends
That's what I do at weekends I can't talk and I can't walk
But I know where I'm going to go
I'm gonna watch my money go
At the Locarno When my feet go through the door
I know what my right arm is for
Buy a drink and pull the chair
Up to the edge of the dance floor Bouncers bouncing through the night
Trying to stop or start a fight
I sit and watch the flashing lights
Moving legs in footless tights
I go out on Friday night
And I come home on Saturday morning
I go out on Friday night
And I come home on Saturday morning I love to venture into town
I love to get a few drinks down
The floor gets packed and the bar gets full
I don't like life when things get dull The hen party have saved the night
And freed themselves from drunken stags
Having fun and dancing
In a circle round their leather bags I go out on Friday night
And I come home on Saturday morning
I go out on Friday night
And I come home on Saturday morning
But two o'clock has come again
It's time to leave this paradise
But the chip shop isn't closed
'Cause their pies are really nice I'll eat in the taxi queue
Standing in someone else's spew
Wish I had lipstick on my shirt
Instead of piss stains on my shoes I go out on Friday night
And I come home on Saturday morning
I go out on Friday night
And I come home on Saturday morning I go out on Friday night
And I come home on Saturday morning
I go out on Friday night
And I come home on Saturday morning I go out on Friday night

And I come home

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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