

## Christian Walz

# "Midday Friday Payday"

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Midday, Friday, Payday, Damn!  
I should have been up by eleven  
What's the man to do,  
no dough,  
no money  
What's the man to do..  
Oh! Breezin', Squeezin',  
Sun's going down  
I got to get cash now by seven  
What's the man to you no dough  
wanna know, wanna really know  
Sittin' here all alone  
Melancholy like a saxophone  
When the nights  
passing by..

Chorus:  
Oh, I'll survive  
Spend my weekend on my back  
that's all right  
Oh, I'll survive  
Spend my time on my own  
that's all right

Saturday's a pain for poor  
and I got all my friends hang up the  
phone so,  
What's the man to do,  
no dough,  
no money  
On a Saturday, no funny  
Only place where breakfast's served  
is McDiddelidonkadonkaDonalds  
What's the man to you, gotta go  
wanna know, wanna really know  
Sitting here all alone  
Melancholy like a saxophone  
Where the lights  
turning low..

Chorus

Now we're here, Sunday's long  
Where the sun's shining strong  
Turn my mind to a smile  
Have to stay here for a while

Chorus

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I should have been up by eleven

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