

## **Martina Sorbara**

### **"Claudia"**

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'Who likes Wednesdays, anyway,'  
She says, 'there's not enough ends in the week  
Wouldn't you say,  
If I had my way,'  
She says, 'it would be Friday  
And we'd stay and dance till after  
The band packed their stuff away'

Claudia, wish I danced like you  
Danced like I had nothing to worry 'bout  
Except Rock & Roll

Look ain't she cool  
Aren't I a right fool  
I spill my guts like she cares what  
I'm going through  
I'm sure she don't like me  
Well really how could she  
I live by Derby  
I come from the country  
I'm a nobody

Claudia wish I was cool as you girl  
Wish I had nothing better  
To worry 'bout  
Except Rock & Roll

One day I'll be just as wild  
If she's no shame then why should I  
Claudia, wish I was like you

She got it all man  
She got everything  
Wish I was half as glamorous  
And out of hand  
So help me Claudia, huh,  
Be more just like ya  
'Cause I'm scared stiff  
Scared half to death  
Oh help me shake this pettiness

Claudia, there's no one

Quite like you girl  
Don't you got something better  
To worry 'bout  
Except Rock & Roll  
Music and lyrics by martina sorbara  
Martina sorbara - vocals/piano  
Adam hay - drums  
Murray foster - bass  
Jian ghomeshi - percussion/acoustic guitar

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