## Rod Stewart "Tora, Tora, Tora"

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Pay-day Friday and the weekend's here
I've been workin' all week tryin' to pay for this gear
Gonna raise Hell on Union Street
Thirteen guys and a packet of three
And if I don't get laid I'll sure die tryin'
Tonight this city's gonna be all mine

I wanna talk about motorbikes, cars and things
No sophistication or designer jeans
I'm no angel, but I know what I like
A little rough and tumble on a Friday night
I'm like a cornered rat, I gotta explode
Goodbye baby don't know when I'll be home

Tora, Tora, Tora, out with the boys Tora, Tora, Tora, out with the boys Tora, Tora, Tora, out with the boys tonight

By eleven o'clock I'll be flyin' high Ain't nothing in the world that I won't try Jimmy got smashed, took his trousers off Barman said, " You boys have had enough Join the army, get yourself a decent job" Indecent exposure in a parking lot

Tora, Tora, Tora, out with the boys
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Bundle on the dance floor, a jaw got bust Swear to God that it wasn't one of us A seven foot bouncer called the police We got pulled in for disturbing the peace Well if you can't take a joke Then there ain't no point in living Sunday morning I woke up laughin'

Tora, Tora, Tora, out with the boys

Tora, Tora, Tora, out with the boys Tora, Tora, Tora, out with the boys tonight What d' you say?

Tora, Tora, Tora, where's my old man?
Tora, Tora, Tora, where's my old man?
Tora, Tora, Tora, out with the boys
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