

## **Nouvelle Vague**

# **"Friday Night, Saturday Morning"**

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(The Specials)

Out of bed at eight AM

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 going 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 a 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 like to venture into town

I like to get a few drinks down

The floor gets packed 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

Hope the chip shop isn't closed

Cos' 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

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