

The Professionals "Friday Night Square"

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Friday night, so let's go less a square
But don't let go of money on the stairs
Some black dude, he said, "Come along
with me,
I think I know the type of thing you need."

I will wait, I will get anew
I hope she comes and gets me pretty soon
Feeling hard, trying to feel so mean
I always hate these type of scenes

Friday night, so let's go less a square
But don't let go of money on the stairs
I saw-jumped all the second on the wall
Staring down, praise me to a song

Sorry son, you're waiting till
I'm through
Don't pretend you
don't know what to do
I've seen your face in many times
before
When you leave, don't forget the door

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