

## Specials

### "Friday Night Saturday Morning 334"

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Out of bed, it's 8:00am

Out my head, at half past 10

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 dance

I'm going to watch my money go

And the look I know, know

As my feet go through the door

I know what my right time is for

Buy a drink and pull a chair

Up to the edge of the dance floor

Bouncers bouncing through the night

Trying to start or stop a fight

I sit and watch the flashing lights

Moving left and footless tides

I go out on Friday night and I come home on Saturday  
morning (x2)

I like to venture in to to town

I like to get a few drinks then

The floor gets packed the bar gets full

I don't like life when things get dull

The hen party to save the night

Free themselves from drunken stacks

Having fun and dancing in

Circle 'round the leather bags

I go out on Friday night and I come home on Saturday  
morning (x2)

But 2 O Clock has come again

It's time to leave this paradise

But the chip shop isn't closed

'Cause their pies are really nice

I get in the taxi cue

Sitting in someone else's spew

With lipstick on my shirt

Instead of piss stains on my shoes

I go out on Friday night and I come home on Saturday  
morning

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