

Specials

"Friday Night, Saturday Morning"

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Out of bed, at 8:00 am
Out my head by 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 go
I'm going to watch my money go at the Locarno, no
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 and
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 in 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 has saved the night, free 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 2 O'Clock has come again, it's time to leave this
paradise
Hope the chip shop isn't closed 'cause their pies are
really nice
I eat it in the taxi queue, stood 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

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