

# Slade, Bangin' Man

When you wake up in the morning  
You can't remember much about the night before  
Then the lady who's beside you gets up  
She goes right out and locks the bathroom door  
And your head won't stop singing, the phone won't stop ringing  
Your plane is goin' to leave at 12:15  
It was close to 6 o'clock before you got to know a little dream

Look at the bangin' man, he says he can  
Time after time  
He'll get down, down, down  
To bang him back home  
Look at the bangin' man, he says he can  
Time after time  
He'll get down, down, down  
To bang him back home

I've been in fifty different towns in fifty different days  
They all got different names  
I've been in fifty limousines and fifty hotel rooms  
They all look the same  
And your head won't stop cracking, your case she's unpacking  
The only sound is from the TV screen  
Until a knock comes on the door and standing there's another little dream

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Time after time  
He'll get down, down, down  
To bang him back home  
Look at the bangin' man, he says he can  
Time after time  
He'll get down, down, down  
To bang him back home'

Cause he's a banger

Oh when you wake up in the morning  
You can't remember much about the night before  
A small reminder of the state you were in  
Are all the tattered clothes across the floor  
And your head it still keeps singing, the phone it still keeps ringing  
Remember just exactly where you've been  
'Cause there ain't no doubt about it  
There's no better things to see than what you've seen

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