

Suzi Quatro, Friday

(Quatro-Tuckey)

Friday gotta find a lover

Her evil eyes are on you, boy

It promises to be a nighttime

Of uninturrupted joy...joy...joy

What's she doing. Who's she screwing

Leave it up to Friday. She's anyone's wife

What's she doing. Who's she screwing

Gonna be a lover for the rest of her life

At fourteen you were such a sweet thing

You helped your mama with the chores

But now you find you're independence

And that's what you're looking for

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