

Walter Egan, Where's The Party?

Mmm, yeah
Tell me, what's the good of a Saturday night
When there's no one to hold you, treat you right?
Tell me, what's the use of a Saturday night
When you're left all alone by the TV light?
There's nothing to do but just hang around
An empty apartment's such a lonely sound

So tell me, where's the party?
Yeah, where's the party?
Mmm, yeah, where's the party?
Tell me, where's the party?

Lately I've been thinking 'bout yesterday
And all of the good times that went away
It must be a month of Saturday nights
Since we all got together and danced all night
I sure never thought it would ever end
I'll get on the phone and call up my friends

And say, where's the party?
Where's the party?
Tell me, where's the party?
Mmm, where's the party?
Tell me!

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There's nothing to do but just hang around
An empty apartment's such a lonely sound

Tell me, where's the party?
Where's the party?
Mmm, yeah, where's the party?
Oh, yeah, where's the party?
Mmm, yeah