

# 911, Party People...Friday Night

Party, people, hey, it's Friday night  
We're gonna rock this joint until the morning light  
Crowd is jumping, hey, it feels all right  
Forget Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, hey, it's Friday night  
Just another day, sitting watching the clock  
Tick tock, tick tock, but it feels like it's stopped  
Wishing time away, pushing Monday through to Friday  
I'm dreaming of the crowd; everybody's hanging out  
Soft top's down, and we're pumping the sounds  
I can feel the vibe as we're cruising the town  
I can't wait 'til Friday comes around  
When the working week is done, got my money, and now, I'm gonna get some  
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Do what I gotta do, I'll do what they say,  
But I swear that ship is coming my way  
I'm gonna kiss this place goodbye  
I'm gonna chase my destiny  
I'm gonna make it Friday every day  
When the working week is done, got my money, and now, I'm gonna get some  
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Bring, bring, telephone rings; tell me, baby, what you're saying  
I know, sometimes, it's hard to take it; trust me, baby, just believe it  
Monday, I know it goes so slow; Tuesday, oh, I just don't know  
Wednesday drives you crazy; Thursday's over, man, it's Friday  
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