

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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