

Nields, Friday At The Circle K

Hold on, hold on
Hold on, hold on

Oh yeah, he's coming down the road
With his dad's guitar hanging over his shoulder
He takes that Woody Guthrie pose
And says, "I'll buy you cigarettes when you get older."
But that's not what we want anyway
We came out to hear him play
Our own curbside concert, Friday at the Circle K
Hey hey, hey hey, Friday at the Circle K

We gather every week
To hear our own rest stop poet, though he can't really sing on key
Who cares? There's music in the streets
And he plays his guitar as if she's a girl like me
And now he's looking my way
And I can't think of one thing to say
La da da dee da, Friday at the Circle K
Hey hey, hey hey, Friday at the Circle K

And when he touches me, it thrills me down to the curb
But if he saw my fantasies, he'd know how I am disturbed!
They go like this:

I follow where he goes
To Greenwich Village and San Francisco
He shows me everything he knows
And he will be a singer and I will be a singer too
And he will play guitar every day
And I will play guitar every day
We'll say, "What a long way we've come from Friday at the Circle K!"
Hey hey, hey hey, Friday at the Circle K