

Status Quo, Oh' What A Night

Walking the tightrope and losing my pole
I hang on by my teeth
One of those nights, it didn't feel too right
Gonna cry myself to sleep

Oh! What a night
Oh! What a flight it was
Oh! Oh! What a night

No telephone news and I'm missing you
I can't afford to phone
There's a thousand people using my room
But I never felt so alone

Oh! What a night
Oh! What a flight it was
Oh! Oh! What a night

I picture your face, I keep on hearing your voice
I'm dying in the sheets
I can't think too much, so I drink too much
I still can't get to sleep

Oh! What a night
Oh! What a flight it was
Oh! Oh! What a night