

48 Hours

Pretty Boy Floyd

It's Friday night and I wanna rock.
I got 48 hours on the clock. Were runnin now 'til 6 A.M.
When Monday starts that grind again.
I spend five days waiting for two.
We'll do the things that we wanna do.
We'll tell the boss goodbye, the teachers too.
The next two days belong to you.
Rock. Rock.
48 hours. 48 hours.
To rock. To rock.
We got 48 hours. 48 hours to rock.

The weekend world is another place.
We put on a different face.
We live it hard and play it fast.
'Cause Monday rolls around to fast.
It's like money to burn. No time to spare.
We both go fast on a wild weekend.
Don't wanna sleep. Don't wanna stop.
There ain't much time on the clock.
Rock. Rock. 48 hours. 48 hours to rock. To rock.
We got 48 hours. 48 hours to rock. To rock.

Oh yeah.

Ready boys? Yeah. We're ready. Well, lets go.

We're gonna rock. Rock. 48 hours. 48 hours. To rock. To rock. 48 hours. 48 hours to rock. Oh. To rock.

Rock. Rock. 48 hours. 48 hours to rock. To rock. 48 hours. 48 hours to rock. To rock.

We got 48 hours. 48 hours to rock. To rock.