

# Days Of Light

Roger Daltrey

Friday's waiting at the gates of heaven  
The weekend starts at seven  
We get forty-eight hours of fun

For five days working on the line  
For five days  
Time to change the look on my face  
I'm waiting for the starter's gun

Maybe feeling tired  
Maybe feeling empty  
Maybe living on your own

You know 'round about seven on a Friday night  
Forget about your worries, gonna be alright  
Everybody's heading for those days of light

Hot and heavy night's of true love ways  
Tomorrow these will be the good old days  
Everybody's working for those days of light

Monday's waiting for the week to start up  
Back to work and feeling hard up  
Things gonna change some day

So dream on everybody's free to dream on  
Work hard, love, well, live long  
There's really not a better way

So live it all you can  
Even when it hurts you  
Got to give it all you're got  
And know

Everybody's putting on a braver face  
Everyone's running in the same race  
Everybody's working for those days of light

Everyone's looking for the same release  
Everybody's hoping for a mind of peace  
Everyone's working for those days of light

'Round about seven on a Friday night  
Forget about your worries, gonna be alright  
Everybody's working for those days of light

Hot and heavy nights of true love ways  
Tomorrow these will be the good old days  
Everybody's heading for those days of light

Everybody's putting on a braver face  
We're all running in the same race  
Everybody's working got to keep on  
Working for those days of light