

Friday Night

Secret Service

Friday night
When we say goodbye
Oh Friday night
Then summer will die
Just one look in your eyes
When you go
And summer will die
Oh what a Friday night

When I wake up early tomorrow
And I walk down in the morning dew
I turn my head when the sparrow
Sings a song to you

There're the flowers that grow in my garden
Stand in season - blue, white and red
But without you here I won't see them
To me summer's dead

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When we say goodbye
Oh Friday night
Then summer will die
Just one look in your eyes
When you go
And summer will die
Oh what a Friday night

For a moment a breeze on the terrace
Sounds like your voice, so gentle and mild
An illusion that will surface
All from time to time

Like a child who is chasing the rainbow
I'll try to trust in days ahead
Until the day in my sorrow
To me summer's dead

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Oh Friday night
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When you go
And summer will die
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