

The Bangin' Man

Slade

When you wake up in the mornin'
And you can't remember much about the night before
Then the lady who's beside you gets up
She goes right out and locks the bathroom door
And your head won't stop singin'
The phone won't stop ringin'
Your plane is gonna leave at 12.15
It was close to 6 o'clock
Before you got to know a little dream

Look at the Bangin' Man
He says he can
Time after time
He'll get down, down, down
To bangin' back home
Oh look at the Bangin' Man
He says he can
Time after time
He'll get down, down, down
To bangin' back home

I been in fifty diff'rent towns
In fifty diff'rent days
They all got different names
I been in fifty limousines
In fifty hotel rooms
They all look the same
And your head won't stop crackin'
Your case needs unpackin'
The only sound is from the TV screen
Until a knock comes on the door
And standing there's another little dream

Oh look at the Bangin' Man
He says he can
Time after time
He'll get down, down, down
To bangin' back home
Oh look at the Bangin' Man
He says he can
Time after time
He'll get down, down, down
To bangin' back home

'cos he's a Banger

Oh when you wake up in the mornin'
And you can't remember much about the night before
A small reminder of the state you were in
Are all the tattered clothes across the floor
And your head still keeps singin'
The phone still keeps ringin'
Remember just exactly where you've been
'Cos there ain't no doubt about it
There's no better things to see
Then what you've seen

Oh look at the Bangin' Man
He says he can
Time after time
He'll get down, down, down
To bangin' back home
Oh look at the Bangin' Man
He says he can
Time after time
He'll get down, get down, get down
To bangin' back home
Look at the Bangin' Man
He says he can
Time after time
He'll get down, down, down, down, down
To bangin' back home