

Friday Night Killed Saturday Fun

The Apers

It was Friday, somewhere in September
what a nightmare, I can still remember
Yeah we down to the club to see the punkrockshow

And when we got there, there was nothing else to do
But just start drinking, cause the bands were pretty bad
Just stop the thinking, have another beer let's go

This is the story of a good time going bad
The next day I woke up with steamtrains in my head

Friday night killed Saturday fun
Friday night killed Saturday fun
As far as I'm concerned it had only just begun
But Friday night killed Saturday fun

You should've seen us, sitting there the morning after
In the backseat, of the van, what a disaster
We were heading to the south to play a punkrockshow

Let me rephrase that,
we were heading south to play some stupid party
For a bunch of trendy kids that looked retarded they didn't like us much

This is the story of a bad time going worse
I think we're losing him, somebody call a nurse

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Yeah, we all swore we'd never drink again
We all gave up smoking that day
We all agreed we needed change and harmony in life
No one deserves to live this way
No one deserves to live this way

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