

Well I'm here,  
But where are you?  
You're inside with better things to do.

With better things to do,  
Like sitting in a room,  
And staring at computer screens,  
And fax machines.

Not gonna wait, gonna wait for the weekend,  
To step outside.  
Hurry up, hurry up put your shoes on,  
We're stepping out tonight.

The seaside needs us more than ever.

The man says,  
You've gone and spent,  
The money,  
He ever so kindly lent.

Enjoy your pretty things,  
The things you'll never use,  
You're overdrawn and underpaid and overweight.

Not gonna wait, gonna wait for the weekend,  
To step outside.  
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We're stepping out tonight.

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