

Friday at the Dance

Well, I've been dancin' all my life, as long as I remember
My mum would teach us one by one, to learn to dance together
Well, we got no pay and we got no job and we got no money in the bank
But Friday night at the stroke of nine we'd all head to the dance

Chorus:

**With the one pound note that I got from my mother
And chatting up one girl, and eying up the other
Talking about nothing but the change in the weather
Friday at the dance**

8 BAR SOLO

With the boys on the left and girls on the right and mum there in the middle
She'd ask us if we'd had no drink and swear it on the bible
We'd stay all night to the cows came home, given half a chance
Nothing could compare to the people there, Friday at the dance

Chorus

16 BAR SOLO

Well how the time it passes by from one day to another
If I'd the chance to start again I'd do the same all over
Well, we got no gold, and we got no boats and we got no villa in France
But Friday night at the stroke of nine we'd still head to the dance

Chorus x2

16 BAR SOLO