

GLASGOW FRIDAY NIGHT

(G) **(F)** **(G)** **(F)** **(G)**
 11 hours into a seven hour day, third double shift in a row
 (F) **(G)** **(F)** **(G)**
 It's ten o'clock Friday and Monday morning seems like a lifetime ago
 (F) **(G)** **(F)** **C**
 There's a hush like before a performance as we wait for the rush to begin
(G) **(F)** **(G)**
 And there's little doubt when the pubs chuck 'em out
 (F) **(G)**
 The lads'll start wheeling them in

Chorus:

G **F** **Dm**
 Who ever said thank God it's friday ?
F **G** **Am**
 has never spent Friday night here
Bb **Am**
 Hasn't seen all the sites the results of the fight s
(G) **Dm** **Am**
 Or the muggings the drugs and the beer
Dm **C** **Dm**
 If it's you said thank God for the weekend
F **G** **Am**
 you've not seen the heartache and pain
Bb **F**
 so come on roll on Monday morning
C **(G)**
 cause it's Friday night Glasgow again

Days noons and nights through a life long week it's eat work and sleep work and curse
 with the boss on your back, you try not to crack, but you, ll have to do something or burst
 So you pick up your pay on a Friday and head straight for a place you know well
 sell your soul to the devil for two days of heaven the price is five more days of hell

The lads they are all out on the razzle slotting a few bevvies back
 and the girls cruise around they're out on the town just for the laughs and the crack
 but the smiles are too bright the laughter too loud there's barely a hint of the pain
 then out of the blue the anger leaks through and then all hell breaks loose again

so we set the breaks and the fractures strap up the twists and the sprains
 stitch up the cuts and the and pump out the stuff they pumped into their stomachs and veins and as
 for the bits that the beer couldnt reach well we do our best with those parts
 but to tell you the truth there's not much you can do with broken up spirits and hearts