

(I Left on) Friday

(Tune: [I Did It] My Way)

Revised lyrics © Paul Finkleman

And now it's 5 p.m. it's Friday night of that I'm certain
My friend, the weekend's here. Soon down the highway I'll be hurtlin'.
On down the road out to the mountains to the blue refreshing skyway,
Except the traffic's jammed up on the high - way.

Regrets, I've got a few, you see I don't like being in line-ups.
Do line-ups get your back up? Well, for me they sure get mine up!
I planned a chartered course, but I forgot that it was Friday....
'cause now ten thousand cars are blocking my - way.

For what is a man without a big car?
But it won't get you very far
The highway don't mean diddly squat
When it becomes a parking lot.
Some folks have brains
but no, not me,
I left on Fri - day.

And now I will be Frank. 'ts not raw sin to sit here cursin'
The guy whose car spun out and ruined my week - end long excursion.
I should have left on Thursday to enjoy the open highway,
Instead, I was brain-dead and I chose Fri - day.

'Cause now I'm steamed my collar's hot
My mountain week - ends almost shot.
I won't arrive 'til 5 a.m.,
Wish I could start this trip again.
but I can't go far,
'cause ten thousand cars
are blocking My Way.