

Rod Stewart, Tora, Tora, Tora

Pay-day Friday and the weekend's here,
I've been workin' all week tryin' to pay for this gear
gonna raise Hell on Union Street,
thirteen guys and a packet of three.
And if I don't get laid I'll sure die tryin',
tonight this city's gonna be all mine.

I wanna talk about motorbikes, cars and things,
no sophistication or designer jeans.
I'm no angel, but I know what I like,
a little rough and tumble on a Friday night.
I'm like a cornered rat, I gotta explode.
Goodbye baby don't know when I'll be home.

Tora, Tora, Tora, out with the boys,
Tora, Tora, Tora, out with the boys,
Tora, Tora, Tora, out with the boys tonight.

By eleven o'clock I'll be flyin' high,
ain't nothing in the world that I won't try.
Jimmy got smashed, took his trousers off,
Barman said, "You boys have had enough.
Join the army, get yourself a decent job."
Indecent exposure in a parking lot.

Tora, Tora, Tora, out with the boys,
Tora, Tora, Tora, out with the boys,
Tora, Tora, Tora, out with the boys tonight.

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Bundle on the dance floor, a jaw got bust.
Swear to God that it wasn't one of us.
A seven foot bouncer called the police,
we got pulled in for disturbing the peace.
Well if you can't take a joke
then there ain't no point in living,
Sunday morning I woke up laughin'.

Tora, Tora, Tora, out with the boys,
Tora, Tora, Tora, out with the boys,
Tora, Tora, Tora, out with the boys tonight.
What d' you say?
Tora, Tora, Tora, where's my old man?
Tora, Tora, Tora, where's my old man?
Tora, Tora, Tora, out with the boys.
Tora, Tora, Tora, out with the boys,
Tora, Tora, Tora, out with the boys,
Tora, Tora, Tora, out with the boys tonight.
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playing fast, ain't it