

11 O'Clock Friday Night

Hamilton Leithauser

Some silent night you'll wander off
You'll wander off without a thought
A thousand miles of city life
Without a crowd, in a black out

You and me and everybody else
You and me and everybody else
You and me and everybody else
You and me and everybody else

Your private style leaves me no room
Your silent ways, I can't relate
It's getting dark between the frames
I lost my light, you're monday's child

You're monday's child
You're monday's child
You're monday's child
You're monday's child