

Days Of Light

Roger Daltrey

Friday's waiting at the gates of heaven
The weekend starts at seven
We get forty-eight hours of fun

For five days working on the line
For five days
Time to change the look on my face
I'm waiting for the starter's gun

Maybe feeling tired
Maybe feeling empty
Maybe living on your own

You know 'round about seven on a Friday night
Forget about your worries, gonna be alright
Everybody's heading for those days of light

Hot and heavy night's of true love ways
Tomorrow these will be the good old days
Everybody's working for those days of light

Monday's waiting for the week to start up
Back to work and feeling hard up
Things gonna change some day

So dream on everybody's free to dream on
Work hard, love, well, live long
There's really not a better way

So live it all you can
Even when it hurts you
Got to give it all you're got
And know

Everybody's putting on a braver face
Everyone's running in the same race
Everybody's working for those days of light

Everyone's looking for the same release
Everybody's hoping for a mind of peace
Everyone's working for those days of light

'Round about seven on a Friday night
Forget about your worries, gonna be alright
Everybody's working for those days of light

Hot and heavy nights of true love ways
Tomorrow these will be the good old days
Everybody's heading for those days of light

Everybody's putting on a braver face
We're all running in the same race
Everybody's working got to keep on
Working for those days of light