

Still Hanging 'Round

Hunters & Collectors

It's Friday night again
A week's worth of pride is in your pocket
Mixed feelings in your head
And a mixed drink in your hand

See the stale smoke come down
On the staircase we linger
Come hang around with me
Cause I've got nothing planned

And I'll still be hanging round
I'll still be hanging round
I'll still be hanging round
I'll still be hanging round

We'll go another round
As the grey morning leans against the window
Your head is in your hands
And yesterday's in pieces

Come drift with me
Through the empty nightclub doorway
We'll kick the can around
'Til all memory ceases

And I'll still be hanging round
I'll still be hanging round
I'll still be hanging round
I'll still be hanging round

Put your hands back in ya pocket
Ya got nothing left to fear
When the doorman says
"You don't have to go home
But you can't stay here!"

And I'll still be hanging round
I'll still be hanging round
I'll still be hanging round
I'll still be hanging round
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