

# Friday Night

Secret Service

Friday night  
When we say goodbye  
Oh Friday night  
Then summer will die  
Just one look in your eyes  
When you go  
And summer will die  
Oh what a Friday night

When I wake up early tomorrow  
And I walk down in the morning dew  
I turn my head when the sparrow  
Sings a song to you

There're the flowers that grow in my garden  
Stand in season - blue, white and red  
But without you here I won't see them  
To me summer's dead

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For a moment a breeze on the terrace  
Sounds like your voice, so gentle and mild  
An illusion that will surface  
All from time to time

Like a child who is chasing the rainbow  
I'll try to trust in days ahead  
Until the day in my sorrow  
To me summer's dead

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