

Another Friday Night

Ben Howard

They found him in the gutter of the business end of another friday night
Someone had clearly been there before I didn't feel I had to ask him why
I have never understood why we need to know the reasons for everyone else's strides
Sometimes you don't need sympathy to get the words right
Caught in anguish
He was
Sometimes that's enough
For he was singing

Oh looks like the end again
Her body bleaching out into the waves
It's still the loudest thing
Oh I wish I had all my friends somewhere drinking
The sunny afternoon into oblivion
But that's not your fault
How could that be my fault?

So we walked into a house party of someone, someone somehow knew all about
And all the young girls turned up late and drank us all to some kind of stand still
With looks averted all before and distant ideas of death and thrills
And in absence asks the host if he had any left
And somehow I did feel like yesterday was ours
But it's gone
Yesterday was ours
All along
And they were singing

Oh looks like the end again
Her body bleaching out into the waves
It's still the loudest thing
Oh I wish I had all my friends
Out there drinking the sunny afternoon into oblivion
But that's not your fault
How could that be your fault?