

## 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?