

# Friday Night

Beth Orton

I've been dreaming of Proust all in my bed  
He speaks to me in my sleep  
And he takes me to the other side  
With his madeleine and friends  
When the sea comes in  
It's hard to believe  
It'll ever go out again  
Though we never do get too close  
I still hold you now and then

On a Friday night  
On a Friday night

There's a stillness left after you leave  
It'll speak of what has been  
When I'm laying in the dark awake  
And I'm listening to the rain  
Our sorrow made the city shine  
We never had to feel that pain  
Now those tears are prayers of empathy  
Gonna wash me clean again

On a Friday night  
On a Friday night

Forgot that we had bones  
Forgot that we could feel  
Forgot that we'd wake up  
And it'd all be real  
It'd still be real

We'd been waiting for the light to change  
We'd been waiting on a friend  
And the only choice that was left to us  
Was to bleed or rust in the rain  
Now the measure of your absence  
Is the presence that you leave  
And darling that's where we put all the love  
That we still have to give

On a Friday night  
On a Friday night  
On a Friday night

Forgot that I had bones  
Forgot thar I could feel  
Forgot that we'd wake up  
And it'd still be real

And it'd still be real  
It'd still be real