

## **Ready Or Not**

(Broenner/Hoare)

Roll down a bright avenue  
Your were in the passing lane  
Taking a deep breath you knew  
Where you were and what remains  
Driving right through a red light  
Ready or not, it's Friday night

Skipping a heartbeat or two  
In a circus pantomime  
Waiting for one perfect cue  
Going into overtime  
But you've arranged it all right  
Ready or not, it's friday night

It really is such a pity  
A flash within the pan  
Like the ghost in a bottle  
You just washed up with the sand  
Are you wishful thinking?  
Or simply out of reach  
But that's how it goes  
Friday night belongs to you

Close up you hide what you seek  
Your face is a disguise  
Up front there's someone to meet  
As you open up your eyes