Queen, In Only Seven Days

(Deacon)

Monday the start of my holiday Freedom for just one week Feels good to get away ooh

Tuesday I saw here down on the beach I stood and watched a while And she looked and smiled at me

Wednesday I didn't see her
I hoped that she'd be back tomorrow
And then on Thursday my luck had changed
She stood there all alone
I went and asked her name
I never thought that this could happen to me
In only seven days
It would take a hundred or more
For memories to fade

I wish Friday could last forever I held her close to me I couldn't bear to leave her there

Saturday just twenty four hours Oh no I'm going back home on Sunday Ooh so sad alone