Where Did Robinson Crusoe Go With Friday On Saturday Night?

Lyric by
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Music by
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Allegro Moderato

Thousands of years ago or maybe more,
Robinson Crusoe was a good old scout.

Out on an island on a lonely shore,
Robinson Crusoe landed.

He’d go out hunting chickens one fine day,
No rent to pay, and no wife to obey.

Now and then, but he knew when
He was chasing a hen;

His good man Friday was his only friend,
He didn’t borrow or lend;

“Day you must stay at home, I’ve got to go out alone!”

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They built a little hut, Lived there till Friday, But Saturday night it was shut.

Friday felt very blue, He said it's wrong of you, Couldn't you fix it for two?

CHORUS

Where did Robinson Crusoe go, with Friday on Saturday night?

Every Saturday night they would start into roam, And on Sunday morning they'd come staggering home. On this island lived wild men in cannibal trimmin'; And where there are wild men there must be wild women, So where did Robinson Crusoe go, with Friday on Saturday night?

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