

Night Shift

Sting & Shaggy

I'll have to work another night shift,
I won't be coming home tonight,
You don't have to worry where the time slips,
Only by the night I come to life. Working weekends and the weekday,
Working in the darkest of the hours,
I'll take the bus, I'll take the subway,
Whatever gets me to my destination. Fast falls the eventide, it's Friday night,
And I've only got to work until the day.
I've got a message to send back home,
Saying that I'll be working in the nighttime, hey. I'll have to work another night shift,
No chance of coming home at all,
3 o'clock has always been a sweet spot,
That's what they call the witching hour.
Fast falls the eventide, it's Friday night,
And I've only got to work until the day.
I've got a message to send back home,
Saying, Mama, I just had to be away. Fast falls the eventide, it's Friday night,
And I've only got to work until the day.
I've got a message to send back home,
Saying, Mama, sorry I had to leave.
Mama, sorry I had to leave. So babygirl, I got to leave,
Mek sure go straight to your bed nuh badda wait up fi me,
Not getting a break until 'bout quarter to 3,
Before me reach home is the sun you gwain see. So tonight, you gonna sleep alone,
Cause if you're lookin' for me in the middle ah night I won't be home,
Don't badda send no text, don't try fi call me pon di phone,
Working late inna di office mi nuh deh out a street a roam, LORD!
Fast falls the eventide, it's Friday night,
And I've only got to work until the day.
I've got a message to send back home,
Saying, Mama, I just had to be away. Fast falls the eventide, it's Friday night,
And I've only got to work until the day.
I've got a message to send back home,
Saying, Mama, sorry I had to leave.
Mama, sorry I had to leave...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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