

Saturday (Live From UCF Arena)

Fall Out Boy

I'm good to go and I'm going nowhere fast
It could be worse, I could be taking you there with me
I'm good to go, but it looks like I'm still on my own I'm good to go for something golden
Though the motions I've been going through have failed
I'm coasting on potential towards a wall at a hundred miles an hour When I say Two more weeks, my foot is in
the door
I can't sleep in the wake of Saturday
Saturday, when these open doors were open ended Pete and I attacked the Lost Astoria
With promise and precision and mess of youthful innocence
I read about the afterlife, but I never really lived more than an hour When I say Two more weeks, my foot is in
the door
I can't sleep in the wake of Saturday
Saturday, when these open doors were open ended Saturday, when these open doors were open ended I read
about the afterlife, but I never really lived
I read about the afterlife, but I never really lived Two more weeks, my foot is in the door
Me and Pete in the wake of Saturday
Saturday, when these open doors were open ended
Saturday, when these open doors were open ended Saturday
Saturday

Songwriters

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