

Book of Saturday

King Crimson

If I only could deceive you forgetting the game
Every time I try to leave you, you laugh just the same
'Cause my wheels never touch the road and the jumble of lies we told
Just returns to my back to weigh me down We lay cards upon the table, the backs of our hands
And I swear I like your people, the boys in the band
Reminiscences gone astray, coming back to enjoy the fray
In a tangle of night and daylight sounds All completeness in the morning asleep on your side
I'll be waking up the crewmen, banana boat ride
She responds like a limousine, brought alive on the silent screen
To the shuddering breath of yesterday There's the succor of the needy, incredible scenes
I'll believe you in the future, your life and death dreams
As the cavalry of despair takes a stand in the lady's hair
For the favor of making sweet sixteen You make my life and times a book of bluesy Saturdays
And I have to chose

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