

# It's Saturday

## Marcy Playground

Mom, I'm dyin'  
I'm dizzy and fryin'  
My throat hurts  
I think I should stay in bed'Cause I got some kind of disease  
And there are no remedies  
Think I should stay in bed today  
Maybe, tomorrow go out and play  
It's Saturday With ginseng and fresh squeezed juice  
Of wheat grass oh, some hot chicken soup  
That just might keep me alive a couple days But I've got some kind of disease  
And there are no remedies  
Think I'll join Timothy Leary  
In a cryogenic freeze  
Next Saturday

Lyrics provided by

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