

# Saturday Night

## The Wooden Sky

Well, all our little sweethearts  
On a Saturday night,  
They've got their heads  
On a surprise  
To make us just fine.  
And all the Queen Street cowboys  
Out there, standing in line,  
Just sticking out the mystery  
Of a Saturday night. Well, the cancer spreads so quickly,  
It left me wondering why  
I have a life that's for the living.  
Why do I even try?  
So I stretched from east to west  
And said, "I'm doing just fine."  
And I slipped into the shadows  
Of a Saturday night.  
White smoke rising up off the coast.  
Heaven surrounds me now.  
And it'll be no joke now that everyone knows  
You've got something to live for now. So I slipped in through your window,  
Hoping you wouldn't mind  
If I wanna lay with you, baby,  
Just for the night.  
Who don't love a little company,  
Even if it's a surprise?  
When I told you and your little lovers  
That you wanted to die. But I thought as I got older,  
I'd get on my feet again. And it's hard just staying sober.  
I get all mixed up again.  
And I woke up in the morning,  
Feeling barely alive,  
And I wanna say something  
That could make things all right.  
Said, "Baby, if you're listening,  
Won't you send me a sign?"  
I know you get so lonely.  
Ain't that just like her?

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

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