

# Bluegrass Saturday Night

## Rhonda Vincent

Three hundred days of traveling  
Pickin' music from the soul  
It's a life that's not for all  
But it's the way we choose to go  
The rangers and the music  
Keep us runnin' to the stage  
And that blue moon keeps shinin' bright  
It's a bluegrass Saturday night That sweet fiddle keeps on playin'  
And the sound's intoxicatin'  
Banjo pickin' loud and clear  
It rings on through the night  
Load the bus with the band and biscuits  
Tell the folks about Martha White  
Everything's gonna be alright  
It's a bluegrass Saturday night A thousand miles of blacktop  
Many times just over night  
Writing songs and sharing stories  
It's a different way of life  
There's no other way of living  
We'll keep rolling through the land  
With a song upon our hearts  
Till we join Heaven's bluegrass band That sweet fiddle keeps on playin'  
And the sound's intoxicatin'  
Banjo pickin' loud and clear  
It rings on through the night  
Load the bus with the band and biscuits  
Tell the folks about Martha White  
Everything's gonna be alright  
It's a bluegrass Saturday night Hunter's fiddle keeps on playin'  
And the sound's intoxicatin'  
Big K pickin' loud and clear  
It rings on through the night  
Josh and Mickey keep on singin'  
Listen to them harmonize  
Special thanks to Martha White  
For a bluegrass Saturday night Hey Augie take me back to Nashville  
Time to hold my baby tight  
Everybody say goodbye  
To a bluegrass Saturday night

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