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 nightThat 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 nightA 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 bandThat 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 nightHunter'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 nightHey Augie take me back to Nashville
Time to hold my baby tight
Everybody say goodbye
To a bluegrass Saturday night

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