

# Saturday

## Josh Rouse

I would swim across the ocean  
I would lay down on a bed of nails  
But I'll spare you all the bull shit  
I will spare you all the desperate details Saturday I'm on the plane  
I'm flying home to you And when our time is lonely  
And when our time is hard to be away  
I'm playing my guitar in some basement club  
A thousand miles away, yeah yeah Saturday I'm on the stage  
I'm feeling dull and blue  
Saturday I'm on that plane  
I'm flying home to you Oh yeah  
Be home soon  
Oh yeah  
Be home soon I will treasure every moment  
I will lay down on the couch and watch TV  
And when you're done with working  
I will take you to see a matinee Saturday I'm on that stage  
I'm feeling dull and blue  
Saturday I'm on that plane  
I'm flying home to you  
To you Oh yeah  
Be home soon, oh yeah  
Be home soon, oh yeah  
Be home soon, oh yeah

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