

# (looking For) The Heart Of Saturday Night

[Madeleine Peyroux](#)

You gassed her up behind the wheel  
With your arm around your sweet one in your Oldsmobile  
Barrelin' down the boulevard  
Looking for the heart of Saturday night  
Got paid on Friday and your pockets are jinglin'  
And you see the lights, you get all tinglin'  
'Cause you're cruisin' with a six  
Looking for the heart of Saturday night  
Comb your hair, pleads your face  
Try to wipe out every trace  
Of all the other days in the week  
You know this'll be the Saturday reachin' your peak

Stop on the red, goin' on the green  
Tonight'll be like nothin', you've ever seen  
Barrelin' down the boulevard  
Looking for the heart of Saturday night  
Is it the crack of the poolballs, neon buzzin'?  
Telephone's ringing, it's your second cousin  
The barmaid that's smilin' from the corner of her eye  
The magic of the melancholy tear in your eye  
But that makes it kind of quiver down in the core  
Dreamin' of them Saturdays that came before  
And now you're stumblin', stumblin' onto the heart of Saturday night  
Now you're stumbling, stumblin' onto the heart of Saturday night

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