

# Sunless Saturday

## Fishbone

I see the pestilence outside my window  
I see the dung heaps piled at least a mile high  
I see the shards of shattered dreams in the street  
I face the morning with my customary sighI hear the sounds of children laughing aloud  
A stumbling wind has attracted quite a crowd  
My breakfast finished now I brave the outside  
But all the clouds have hidden all the warmth insideChase these clouds away  
I hate this sunless Saturday  
Chase these clouds away  
I hate this sunless SaturdayFreedom come  
For us now  
Light our sky  
Burn away these clouds, yeahPerhaps the charcoal gray and brown around me  
Is just the mirror image of my tainted soul  
I think the sun will never visit my sky  
Until the truth is seen by each and every eyeChase these clouds away  
I hate this sunless SaturdayFreedom come  
For us now  
Light our sky  
Burn away these cloudsI see the helpless and I see the insane  
I see a pauper singing in the pouring rain  
I see the means of help elude us again  
I think the sun will never visit me againChase these clouds away  
I hate this sunless SaturdaySaturday, Saturday  
Saturday, no more sunless Saturday  
Saturday, no more sunless Saturday, hey hey  
Yeah, [Incomprehensible] sunless Saturday  
Sunless Saturday, yeah

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