

Saturday

Smile Empty Soul

Another Saturday night
Don't remind me that there's nothing to do
What do we expect from life?
So fucking play or tea for two What if I sail and I don't wanna come out
So fucking busy getting fucked up at my house
What would you think of me then?
Since you're doing the same, I know you'd understand And there's nothing that I won't do
To feel the blood run through my veins
And there's nothing I have to prove
Just another Saturday Grown and pretending to care
I should listen to you because you're trying to help
Who are you to say what's fair
If you're so fucking smart why can't you figure it out? I'm out of control, sitting at home
I guess because there's nothing else to do
So come and arrest me now
Wanna be like you, please show me how And there's nothing that I won't do
To feel the blood run through my veins
And there's nothing I have to prove
Just another Saturday Saturday, bored out of my mind
I need to breathe, I need to fly
Wanna live, I wanna die
If being alone, I wanna fly And then, then there's nothing that I won't do
To feel the blood run through my veins
And there's nothing I have to prove
Anyone would do the same And there's nothing that I won't do
To feel the blood run through my veins
And there's nothing I have to prove
Just another Saturday

Songwriters

MARTIN Published by

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