

Saturday

Madcap

Hey, listen friend, why don't you pull up a chair
I'll tell you a story about a boy in despair
It was a hot summer day, just like any in L.A. This boy went out with his friend
In search of a girlfriend It happens every Saturday
They meet, they talk, and have a shot
He takes her home, they fuck
They never speak to each other again
A typical one night stand
Such a waste, such a shame
This boy's got no bad intentions
Just looking for attention
In a world that's turned him down and down
And down and down he goes So many days had passed since I spoke to him
Picked up the phone, gave him a ring, he wasn't in
His roommate said he wasn't in
What a waste of a life
He drank and fucked until the day he took a dive I used to hang with my friend
In search of a girlfriend It happens every Saturday
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Songwriters

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