

# One More Saturday Night

Weir, Bob

Went down to the mountain, I was drinking some wine  
Looked up in the Heaven, Lord, I saw a mighty sign  
Written fire across the heaven, plain as black and white  
'Get prepared, there's gonna be a party tonight'  
Uh uh hey, Saturday night  
Hey uh uh, one more Saturday night  
Hey, Saturday night  
Now everybody's dancin' down the local armory  
With a basement full of dynamite and live artillery  
Temperature keeps risin', everybody gettin' high  
Come the rockin' stroke of midnight, the place is gonna fly  
Uh uh hey, Saturday night  
Hey uh uh, one more Saturday night  
Hey, Saturday night  
Turn on channel six, the President comes on the news  
Says, "I get no satisfaction, that's why I sing the blues"  
His wife say, "Don't get crazy, Lord, you know just what to do  
Crank up that old Victrola, put on your rockin' shoes"

Uh uh hey, Saturday night  
Hey uh uh, one more Saturday night  
Hey, Saturday night  
Then God way up in Heaven, for whatever it was worth  
Thought He'd have a big old party, thought He'd call it Planet Earth  
Don't worry about tomorrow, Lord, you'll know it when it comes  
When the rock and roll music meets the risin' Planet Sun  
Uh uh hey, Saturday night  
Hey uh uh, one more Saturday night  
Ohh, Saturday night  
Hey, another Saturday night  
Hey, another Saturday night  
Everybody's get high  
Hey, another Saturday night  
One more Saturday, one more Saturday night

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