

# 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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