(Looking For) The Heart Of Saturday Night

Holly Cole

You gassed her up behind the wheel
With your arm around your sweet one in your Oldsmobile
Barrelin' down the boulevard
Looking for the heart of Saturday night
Got paid on Friday and your pockets are jinglin'
And you see the lights, you get all tinglin'
'Cause you're cruisin' with a six
Looking for the heart of Saturday night
Comb your hair, pleads your face
Try to wipe out every trace
Of all the other days in the week
You know this'll be the Saturday reachin' your peak

Stop on the red, goin' on the green
Tonight'll be like nothin', you've ever seen
Barrelin' down the boulevard
Looking for the heart of Saturday night
Is it the crack of the poolballs, neon buzzin'?
Telephone's ringing, it's your second cousin
The barmaid that's smilin' from the corner of her eye
The magic of the melancholy tear in your eye
But that makes it kind of quiver down in the core
Dreamin' of them Saturdays that came before
And now you're stumblin', stumblin' onto the heart of Saturday night
Now you're stumbling, stumblin' onto the heart of Saturday night

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