

# Saturdays

## Nelly Furtado

Hot motel  
Stuffy inside  
I know well  
These eleven walls  
Hot black tar  
I tan my legs  
Rest my heart  
And dream of the city  
Magazine  
And diet Coke  
I'm not a joke  
This is me  
Damaged leg  
Heavy cart  
Plastic cups  
Linen mart  
Rock garden  
Where I used to play  
People stare  
Part of their day  
Coffee break  
Lunch at noon  
Pumpernickel steak

Green and orange room  
Done my list  
I make my way  
To help my mother  
End her day  
Fresh cut grass  
Parking lot  
We roll on out  
We got a lot  
We're on our way  
Roll the windows down  
And scream out loud  
Oh we're tired now  
Take it home  
Stop on the way

To the bakery  
For some fruit and cake  
And home I lay  
After a shower clean  
I hit my head  
And I dream

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