

Expats of the Blue Mountain Symphony Orchestra

Matthew Good

Saturdays
Saturdays I'm reminded of
Bombs away
Over our house when it could have been, should have been, doves
A mind to waste
Out on the street ya they'll sign you up
Get a taste
Beat you down when it could have been, should have been, love
Ex-pats of the Blue Mountain symphony orchestra
If heaven's above me
Then those starry skies they know me
And if it can't get the blood off our hands
Then you and I we'll get it off ourselves
So another day
Pissed away down the bar
Ain't it a shame
Turned your head off when it could have been, should have been, on
Ex-pats of the Blue Mountain symphony orchestra

Songwriters

Good, MatthewPublished by

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