

# Saturday

## Fall Out Boy

I'm good to go  
And I'm going nowhere fast  
It could be worse  
I could be taking you there with me  
I'm good to go  
Though it looks like I'm still on my own I'm good to go for something golden  
Though the motions I've been going through have failed  
And I'm coasting on potential towards a wall  
At a hundred miles an hour When I say  
Two more weeks  
My foot is in the door, yeah  
I can't sleep in the wake of Saturday  
Saturday  
When these open doors were open-ended  
Saturday  
When these open doors were open-ended Pete and I attacked the laws of Astoria  
With promise and precision  
And a mess of youthful innocence  
And I read about the afterlife  
But I never really lived more than an hour (more than an hour) When I say  
Two more weeks  
My foot is in the door, yeah  
I can't sleep in the wake of Saturday  
Saturday  
When these open doors were open-ended  
Saturday  
When these open doors were open-ended And I read about the afterlife  
But I never really lived  
And I read about the afterlife  
But I never really lived Two more weeks  
My foot is in the door  
Me and Pete  
In the wake of Saturday  
Saturday  
When these open doors were open-ended  
Saturday  
When these open doors were open-ended  
Saturday, Saturday

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