

# Saturday Night

## Lucky Boys Confusion

As usual I'm late, what's the difference I see the same faces  
My attitude is plain, just the same as the vibe in this place is  
I'm shaking hands and smiling, lying, about where I've been lately

The tensions multiplying and I'm dying to leave  
(chorus)

It's Saturday night and the party's crawling  
Did you hear the ringing it's the bottles calling  
Some guys are outside being loud and rumbling  
Week after week this is where I'm ending up  
Third weekend in a row that we've broken up

It's Saturday night I'm already stumbling  
I'm quickly losing interest

I really hope I find it  
This room is like a bottle it's never full enough  
These rumors start to fly, spreading lies which alcohol induces

Are you checking what you're starting, I beg your pardon  
I'm pushing off these walls, your out of beer and I'm out of excuses  
(chorus)

What do you got up your sleeve  
The queen of melodrama and I'm dying to leave  
I got a disease of overanylization  
It's making hard to hold a conversation  
People step, expecting proclamations

But I'm saying it, but I'm saying it with an exclamation

This ain't my scene and it's Saturday night  
I'm going to the reggae bar they got it going on  
Don't believe rumors you've heard  
Till you see me dropping the word, right  
(chorus)

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