Saturday

Kids In Glass Houses

I wish I could sleep
But I'm tied down dirty in these borrowed sheets
It's been a week
And I've been singing to my feet, yeah
But I wont admit defeat til saturday, saturday, saturday
Will come my way
For your information I love my demons
Because they keep me company
I've learned to love my new routine,
But on my better days, better days, better days

Consider your self one of my best friends,
Consider your self one of my enemies

I wish I could speak
But we spent the last half hour in the back room
Celebrating me
And now I feel a little cheap, yeah
But I wont admit defeat til saturday, saturday, saturday
It's not one of my better days, better days, better days

Consider your self one of my best friends
Consider your self one of my enemies
Show a little skin and make a million
Bare a little soul you'll make a million more

When I grow up
Wanna be famous
When you grow up
Will you still blame us?

I wish I could sleep
I've been tied down dirty in these borrowed sheets,
It's been a bitch of a week, yeah
Saturday, saturday, saturday

Consider your self one of my best friends
Consider your self one of my enemies
Show a little skin and make a million
Bare a little soul you'll make a million more

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/