

# Come Saturday Morning

Liza Minnelli

Come Saturday morning  
I'm goin' away with my friend  
We'll Saturday-spend till the end of the day  
Just I and my friendWe'll travel for miles in our Saturday smiles  
And then we'll move on  
But we will remember long after Saturday's goneYou know what the trouble is?  
Trouble is that probably all the good things in life  
Take place in no more than a minuteI mean all I did, I, I bet you  
At the end of seventy years should you lose someone  
You can sit down, you can figure the whole thing outYou spent nineteen years sleepin'  
You spent five years goin' to the bathroom  
You spent thirty-five years doin'  
Some kinda work you absolutely hatedSpent seven thousand eight hundred and  
Fifty-three minutes blinkin' your eyes  
And added to that, you got that one minute of good things  
Then one day you wonder whether you're minute's upAnd then we'll move on  
But we will remember long after Saturday's gone

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