

Saturday Night

Eve 6

Saturday night burns a redness on my face
I tasted you, you tasted me, you were never my taste
Now left alone with precious thoughts
Of half past half an hour stops
And talk so small I can't remember ever saying a word
Laced with thick naivette
Firm delusions can't be swayed
Tell yourself you're happy
We both know the truth
It's false behind the dirty talk, the dirty sheets, the sexy walk
Your eyes are closed, your heart is open wide and that's no good
There is somethin' up my sleeve
There is nothin' in between
You and me that you can't see
So beg my pardon
Honesty's a virtue that can hurt you let it be
The thought that counts is countin' down the minutes till I leave
When I do you'll be lookin' for security in words
Though you know that you won't get it for the better, for the worse
There is somethin' up my sleeve
There is nothin' in between
You and me that you can't see
So beg my pardon
I apologize for me
Then I'm back in a couple weeks
I'm too weak to help it
Don't know how to end it
Yea, I apologize for me
Yea, yea, yea
There is somethin' up my sleeve
There is nothin' in between
You and me that you can't see
Don't beg my pardon
There is somethin' up my sleeve
There is nothin' in between
You and me that you can't see
So beg my pardon

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