

It's Saturday

Marcy Playground

Mom, I'm dyin'
I'm dizzy and fryin'
My throat hurts
I think I should stay in bed
'Cause I got some kind of disease
And there are no remedies
Think I should stay in bed today
Maybe, tomorrow go out and play
It's Saturday
With ginseng and fresh squeezed juice
Of wheat grass oh, some hot chicken soup
That just might keep me alive a couple days

But I've got some kind of disease
And there are no remedies
Think I'll join Timothy Leary
In a cryogenic freeze
Next Saturday
Yeah, I've got some kind of disease
And there are no remedies
Shoulda listened when you said, "Beware
Of horny girls with New Jersey hair"
Last Saturday

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