

# Saturdays

## Holly Brook

Saturday what a day, what a silly little day  
Time to kill, take a pill as I sit and contemplate  
How I'd like to be around all the people in the town  
With their fancy cars and things and I have got time  
Stop pushin' all your tragedies away  
Each moment has got a lesson for the day  
Take something with you, we can't drag our heels in yesterdays  
Oh, these Saturdays, ooh  
In the haste, in the grace I've had up to my waist  
It isn't real what you feel when you find love in a chase  
I've been waiting for the day when someone takes me away  
And I'd never get replaced but I have got time  
Stop pushin' all your tragedies away  
  
Each moment has got a lesson for the day  
Take something with you, we can't drag our heels in yesterdays  
Oh, these Saturdays, these Saturdays, now  
As I sink one more drink I am running out of ink  
I'm feeling void, paranoid about every little thing  
And I wonder if I tried to give up and say goodbye  
If I'll have the strength to leave  
'Cause I, I don't have much time anymore  
Stop pushin' all your tragedies away  
Each moment has got a lesson for the day  
Take something with you, we can't drag our heels in yesterdays  
Oh, these Saturdays, these Saturdays, now, Saturdays now, baby

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