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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