

One More Saturday Night

Grateful Dead

Went down to the mountain, I was drinking some wine
Looked up in the Heaven, Lord, I saw a mighty sign
Written fire across the heaven, plain as black and white
'Get prepared, there's gonna be a party tonight' Uh uh hey, Saturday night
Hey uh uh, one more Saturday night
Hey, Saturday night Now everybody's dancin' down the local armory
With a basement full of dynamite and live artillery
Temperature keeps risin', everybody gettin' high
Come the rockin' stroke of midnight, the place is gonna fly Uh uh hey, Saturday night
Hey uh uh, one more Saturday night
Hey, Saturday night Turn on channel six, the President comes on the news
Says, "I get no satisfaction, that's why I sing the blues"
His wife say, "Don't get crazy, Lord, you know just what to do
Crank up that old Victrola, put on your rockin' shoes" Uh uh hey, Saturday night
Hey uh uh, one more Saturday night
Hey, Saturday night Then God way up in Heaven, for whatever it was worth
Thought He'd have a big old party, thought He'd call it Planet Earth
Don't worry about tomorrow, Lord, you'll know it when it comes
When the rock and roll music meets the risin' Planet Sun Uh uh hey, Saturday night
Hey uh uh, one more Saturday night
Ohh, Saturday night Hey, another Saturday night
Hey, another Saturday night
Everybody's get high
Hey, another Saturday night
One more Saturday, one more Saturday night

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Songwriters

WEIR, BOB Published by

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