

Saturday Sunday

Kat Dahlia

Is it Saturday Sunday Saturday Sunday
Poppin shots down the same lips that I pray
Saturday Sunday Saturday Sunday
Maybe I'll get it right one dayGot my make up on my face
Who am I today
Is today a new day
Am I in a maze
With me knees to the ground, head facing down to pray
While I'm a thousand miles away
No time or spaceO preacher you're way too loud
My head's spinning round
Watch my gown
He's dressed in black
Don't let me drown
Oh preacher it's way too soon
It's Saturday night, a Sunday afternoon
Who do I tell my stories to
Is the DJ in the confession boothIs it Saturday Sunday Saturday Sunday
Poppin shots down the same lips that I pray
Saturday Sunday Saturday Sunday
Maybe I'll get it right one dayBodies all around hypnotized by the sound that surrounds
Don't count me out
Has a savior been found
Spirits in my system
Trying to resist them no
They will not go
Pour the wine slowO preacher you're way too loud
My head's spinning round
Watch my gown
He's dressed in black
Don't let me drown
Oh preacher it's way too soon
It's Saturday night, a Sunday afternoon
Who do I tell my stories to
Is the DJ in the confession boothSay nothing I been accused of my own use
I'm going I'm going I'm going so we can cure my abuse
Say nothing I hold this in for my own use
I'm going I'm going I'm going so we can cure my abuseSaturday Sunday Saturday Sunday
(Oh preacher my feet hurt)

Poppin shots down the same lips that I pray
Saturday Sunday Saturday Sunday
Maybe I'll get it right one day Take my sorrow
Sorrow away from me
Oh it' dark baby
Turn up the lights turn up the lights
It's dark baby
DJ turn up the lights turn up the lights
I'm fallin fallin fallin into my abuse
I've fallin fallin fallin again angel
Oh my feet hurt I won't make it to the alter
Oh preacher

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