

Saturdays

Nelly Furtado

Hot motel
Stuffy inside
I know well
These eleven walls
Hot black tar
I tan my legs
Rest my heart
And dream of the city Magazine
And diet Coke
I'm not a joke
This is me
Damaged leg
Heavy cart
Plastic cups
Linen mart Rock garden
Where I used to play
People stare
Part of their day
Coffee break
Lunch at noon
Pumpnickel steak
Green and orange room Done my list
I make my way
To help my mother
End her day
Fresh cut grass
Parking lot
We roll on out
We got a lot We're on our way
Roll the windows down
And scream out loud
Oh we're tired now Take it home
Stop on the way
To the bakery
For some fruit and cake
And home I lay
After a shower clean
I hit my head
And I dream

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