

Happy Saturday

Ben Weasel

Happy Saturday - I get shattered every time you leave and I'm left spinning all around. Happy Saturday - what's it matter if I'm all alone since you're not here to drag me down. When I'm left here to my own devices I struggle to get to my feet. I'm tired of all the surprises: All roads lead to tragedy. Happy Saturday - oh no can it be that finally you've gone away for good this time. Happy Saturday - at the count of three let go at last and let me have some peace of mind. It's all become very confusing; I'm trying to sort it all out. One thing that's clear is you're losing - is that what you're on about? In the Garden of Eden baby, don't you know that I'm changing all the locks. One is happy and two's a crowd. You don't know when opportunity might knock and rock your world in unimagined ways. I'm off the clock saluting those about to rock. It's not a lot but it ain't noise pollution baby. Now if you're finished confessing you can just turn it around. I'm silently counting my blessings. I think you know your way out.