

# Saturday

Fall Out Boy

I'm good to go and I'm going nowhere fast  
It could be worse  
I could be taking you there with me  
I'm good to go even though it's like I'm still on my own

I'm good to go for something golden  
Though the motions I've been going through have failed  
And I'm coasting on potential towards the wall  
At a hundred miles an hour

When I say  
Two more weeks  
My foot is in the door, yeah  
I can't sleep in the wake of Saturday

Saturday  
When these open doors were open-ended  
Saturday  
When these open doors were open-ended

Pete and I attacked and lost the story  
Oh, we promised them decisions  
The mass of youthful innocence and I read about the afterlife  
But I never really lived more than an hour

When I say  
Two more weeks  
My foot is in the door, yeah  
I can't sleep in the wake of Saturday

Saturday  
When these open doors were open-ended  
Saturday  
When these open doors were open-ended

And I read about the afterlife  
But I never really lived  
And I read about the afterlife  
But I never really lived

Two more weeks  
My foot is in the door  
Me and Pete  
In the wake of Saturday

Saturday  
When these open doors were open-ended  
Saturday  
When these open doors were open-ended  
Saturday, Saturday