

Saturday Night

Fischer-Z

When all your dreams come true
The dice roll out for you
And what you say is true
Everyone agrees
When all your nights are days
And all you hear is praise
And you can get away
With anything you chose
That's my sell-date, sell by
Saturday
That's my sell-date, Sat Sat
Saturday night
When all your words are cruel
You treat me like a fool
I won't be there for you
To soak up all the blame
That's my sell-date, sell by
Saturday
That's my sell-date, Sat Sat
Saturday night
You keep on rocking me
You keep on knocking me down
You keep on rocking me
That's my sell-date, sell by
Saturday
That's my sell-date, Sat Sat
Saturday night