

Saturdays

Holly Brook

Saturday what a day what a silly little day
Time to kill take a pill as i sit and contemplate
How i'd like to be around all the people in the town with their
fancy cars and things
But i've got time

Stop pushin all your tragedies away
Each moment has got a lesson for the day
Take something with you if you drag your heels in yesterdays
Oh these saturdays

In the haste in the grace i've been up to my waist
It isn't real what you feel when you find love in a chase
I've been waiting for the day when someone takes me away and i
never get replaced
But i've got time

Stop pushin all your tragedies away
Each moment has got a lesson for the day
Take something with you if you drag your heels in yesterdays
Oh these saturdays

As i sink one more drink i am running out of ink
Feeling void paranoid about every little thing
And i wonder if i try to get up and say goodbye if i'll have th
e strength to leave
Cuz i don't have much time anymore