

Saturday Night In Toledo, Ohio

John Denver

Saturday night in Toledo, Ohio is like being nowhere at all.
All through the day how the hours rush by, you sit in the park
and you watch the grass die.

Ah, but after the sunset, the dusk and the twilight, when shadows of night start to fall.
They roll back the sidewalk precisely at ten and people who live there are not seen again.

Just two lonely truckers from Great Falls, Montana and a salesman from places unknown
all huddled together in downtown, Toledo to spend their big night all alone.

You ask how I know of Toledo, Ohio? Well I spent a week there one day.
They've got entertainment to dazzle your eyes: go visit the bakery and watch the buns rise.

Ah, but let's not forget that the folks of Toledo unselfishly gave us the scale.
No springs, honest weight, that's the promise they made,
so smile and be thankful next time you get weighed.

And "wive and wet wive", let this be our motto, let's let the sleeping dogs lie.
And here's to the dogs of Toledo, Ohio, ladies, we bid you good bye.