

# Saturday Night

John Waite

Workin' overtime  
Just to keep myself from getting sacked  
Well I don't like my job  
Tell the boss to shove it  
I ain't goin' back  
Just like Gene Vincent  
I'm longing to prove  
I know what I need this time  
Me and my girl together  
Yeah  
Saturday night  
Oh yeah  
Saturday night  
Lookin' at my watch  
Tappin' my fingers  
Wishin' time would fly  
Gonna look so sharp  
She and I will turn some heads as we walk by  
And just like Vermeer  
I wait for still life to move out of my mind  
Tonight  
I might suddenly all feel better  
Saturday night  
Oh yeah  
Saturday night  
Ow  
And I feel like the rain on the edge of a rhyme  
On the streets I'll shine  
Forever in an instant  
Saturday night  
Oh yeah  
Saturday night  
Monday Tuesday Wednesday Thursday Friday night  
Crossin' off the days in my brain  
Gonna get it good  
Gonna get it right  
Ain't it just like Verlaine  
To be dancin' in the streets  
I know what I need this time  
Me and my girl together  
Oh yeah Saturday night  
Oh yeah Saturday night  
Saturday night  
Oh yeah  
Alright  
Alright  
Oh yeah  
Alright  
Alright  
Saturday night