

Saturday

Kids in Glass Houses

I wish I could sleep
But I'm tied down
Dirty in these borrowed sheets
It's been a week
And I've singing to my feet, yeah
But I won't admit defeat 'til
Saturday, Saturday, Saturday
Well, come my way
For your information
I love my demons
'Cause they keep me company, yeah
I've grown to love my new routine
But on my better days
Better days, better days

Consider yourself one of my best friends
Consider yourself one of my enemies, enemies

I wish I could speak
We spend the last half hour in the back room
Celebrating me
And now I feel a little cheap, yeah
But I won't admit defeat 'til
Saturday, Saturday, Saturday
It's not one of my better days
Better days, better days

Consider yourself one of my best friends
Consider yourself one of my enemies, enemies
So show a little skin and make a million
Bare a little soul and make a million more
Show a little skin and make a million
Bare a little soul and make a million more

When I grow up, woah
I wanna be famous, woah
And when you grow up, woah
Will you still blame us?

I wish I could sleep
I've been tied down
Dirty in these borrowed sheets
It's been a bitch of a week, yeah

Saturday, Saturday, Saturday

Consider yourself one of my best friends
Consider yourself one of my enemies, enemies
So show a little skin and make a million
Bare a little soul and make a million more
Show a little skin and make a million
Bare a little soul and make a million more