

## 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