

## Book of Saturday

King Crimson

If I only could deceive you  
Forgetting the game  
Every time I try to leave you  
You laugh just the same

'Cause my wheels never touch the road  
And the jumble of lies we told  
Just returns to my back to weigh me down...

We lay cards upon the table  
The backs of our hands  
And I swear I like your people  
The boys in the band

Reminiscences gone astray  
Coming back to enjoy the fray  
In a tangle of night and daylight sounds...

All completeness in the morning  
Asleep on your side  
I'll be waking up the crewmen  
Banana-boat ride

She responds like a limousine  
Brought alive on the silent screen  
To the shuddering breath of yesterday...

There's the succour of the needy  
Incredible scenes  
I'll believe you in the future  
Your life and death dreams

As the cavalry of despair  
Takes a stand in the lady's hair  
For the favour of making sweet sixteen...

You make my life and times  
A book of bluesy Saturdays  
And I have to chose...