

Saturday Night

Lucky Boys Confusion

As usual I'm late, what's the difference I see the same faces
My attitude is plain, just the same as the vibe in this place i
s
I'm shaking hands and smiling, lying, about where I've been lat
ely
The tensions multiplying and I'm dying to leave
It's Saturday night and the party's crawling
Did you hear the ringing the bottles calling
Week after week this is where I'm ending up
It's Saturday night I'm already stumbling
Some guys are outside being loud and rumbling
Third weekend in a row that we've broken up
I'm quickly loosing interest
I really hope I find it
This room is like a bottle it's never full enough
These rumors start to fly, spreading lies which alcohol induces
I'm sick and tired of waiting, your out of beer and I'm out of
excuses
Are you checking what you're starting, I beg your pardon
What to do you got up your sleeve
The queen of melodrama and I'm dying to leave
I got dem disease of overanylization
It's making hard to hold a conversation
People step, expecting proclamations
But I'm saying it, but I'm saying it with an exclamation
This ain't my scene and it's Saturday night
I'm going to the reggae bar they got it going on
Don't believe rumors you've heard
Till you see me dropping the word, right
It's Saturday night and the bottles calling