

(Looking For) The Heart Of Saturday Night

Madeleine Peyroux

Well you gassed her up
Behind the wheel
With your arm around your sweet one
In your Oldsmobile
Barrelin' down the boulevard
You're looking for the heart of Saturday night

And you got paid on Friday
And your pockets are jingling
And you see the lights
You get all tinglin' cause you're cruising with a six
You're looking for the heart of Saturday night

Then you comb your hair
Shave your face
Trying to wipe out every trace
All the other days
In the week you know that this'll be the Saturday
You're reachin' your peak

Stopping on the red
You're going on the green
Tonight'll be like nothing
You've ever seen
You're barreling down the boulevard
Looking for the heart of Saturday night

Tell me is the crack of the poolballs, neon buzzin
Telephone's ringing; it's your second cousin
Is it the barmaid that's smiling from the corner of her eye
Magic of the melancholy tear in your eye

Makes it kind of quiver down in the core
You're dreaming of them Saturdays that came before
Now you're stumbling
You're stumbling onto the heart of Saturday night
Now you're stumbling
You're stumbling onto the heart of Saturday night