

Saturday

Marc Broussard

I gotta little thing comonna kaya
Cool sheets, real fine, lay me down in the hot july
I wish I may, I wish I might be next to you every night
No phone, no sir, don't wanna be disturbed
Just me, just her, speak without using words
Learning her every curve

There ain't nothing like sleepin late on a Saturday
Waking my to see my baby's face
You know I wouldn't wanna have it
Have it any other way
Cause it's my favorite, sleeping late on a Saturday
She's the kind of girl that any man would fancy
But she's mine all mine, one of a kind
Her beauty so devine

This chance, romance, baby I cancelled all my plans
Just me, just you, whatever we want to do
I'm so into you

Since Monday I ain't thought of nothing but
Being right there with you
(Ooh I just want to be with you my baby)
Come Friday I can't wait
You're my special one, make me come undone
It's so much fun