

# Saturday's Gone

Mark Lanegan

If you're kind for dusty highways and such  
Be alright to look her up  
The faded priestess of the highways and crutch  
Calling when you're down on luck  
By the disused railroad road station you go  
To the house of dirty pearl  
Her existential situation you know  
She is not like other girls

She may ask you, "Do you believe?"  
You can't stay, though you'll never leave

See the sapphire in the skylines so blue  
See the diamond in the dirt  
When you think the subject won't turn to you  
She got demons up her skirt  
It isn't sure of her reflection at all  
Is seduced by all things past  
A pleasure-seeker of dejection  
Gazing into her looking glass

She may ask you what you believe  
But the mirror doesn't see me

Saturday's gone, saturday's gone  
Saturday's gone, saturday's gone

She may ask you, "Do you believe?"  
You can't stay, though you'll never leave

Saturday's gone, saturday's gone  
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Now a sundown comes, a new day for her  
Tired of dress and leave the ground  
You'd be a fool to ask her to lift you up  
Why go up when you go down?  
If you should tire of ties that bind you  
Filmed on fever leaves so fast  
You got trouble far behind you  
Well knows nothing's made to last

Hear how God sees a lion roar  
Watch the serpent crossing the floor

Saturday's gone, saturday's gone