

## Saturday Night

Pale Young Gentlemen

Cold black tires chase telephone wires  
And oh, I drive to work  
I trust my best years  
To the fits and fires of warring gears  
And oh, I drive to work  
Follow the road and do what you're told  
Sing us a song and then run along  
I'm happy where I am

Oh, Saturday night  
Take me in your arms  
I flash a smile to my friends in the car  
Oh, Saturday night

Oh, Saturday night  
What a friend you are  
I'm falling prey to your drink and your charms  
Oh, Saturday night

Life begs money  
So does my honey  
So I drive to work  
I'm happy where I am

Oh, Saturday night  
Take me in your arms  
I flash a smile to my friends in the car  
Oh, Saturday night

Oh, Saturday night  
What a friend you are  
I'm falling prey to your drink and your charms  
Oh, Saturday night  
Oh, Saturday night  
Oh, Saturday night