

## Somebody's Saturday Night

Walter Becker

Somebody's Saturday night seems pleased to meet you  
Slouched in a booth at Pamela's Pistol Dawn  
Drink, drink cigarette, talkie talk  
Drink, drink, smoke, smoke cigarette  
Up to the room with the beddie-bye goin' on  
Somebody's Saturday night says, oh, I get it  
You want to go where no man's ever been  
Down in the coal mine, goin' down  
Turn around, push, push, turn around  
Digging up the gold and carrying it back again  
She looked good in the available light  
She was somebody's Saturday night  
She said it ain't wrong but it's not quite right  
I guess it's somebody's Saturday night  
Somebody's Saturday night says, hey, it's raining  
You wouldn't kick a good girl out on a night like this  
He says, she says the demon in me says just you watch me  
Pucker up, darling, for my legendary good night kiss  
She's no fool but she's none too bright  
She's just somebody's Saturday night  
She stays cool if not watertight  
Such is somebody's Saturday night  
Only a girl, one more is up and gone  
Leaving nobody to blame the whole thing on, baby  
Somebody's Saturday night is walking in the moonlight  
Playing on the beads of her beatnik Rosary  
Thinking nobody gives it exactly the way that you want it  
No one ever gets it with a money-back guarantee  
But I've been born with the second sight  
Now I'm looking in the mirror at somebody's Saturday night  
I get along, in fact I do all right  
Being somebody's Saturday night  
But I've been born with the second sight  
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