

## Walter Becker "Somebody's Saturday Night"

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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  
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

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