

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
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