

Watchmen

"Heart of Saturday Night by Tom Waits"

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Looking For) The Heart of Saturday Night

by Tom Waits

Well you gassed her up

Behind the wheel

With your arm around your sweet one

In your Oldsmobile

Barrelin' down the boulevard

You're looking for the heart of Saturday night

And you got paid on Friday

And your pockets are jinglin'

And you see the lights

You get all tinglin' cause you're cruisin' with a 6

And you're looking for the heart of Saturday night

Then you comb your hair

Shave your face

Tryin' to wipe out ev'ry trace

All the other days

In the week you know that this'll be the Saturday

You're reachin' your peak

Stoppin' on the red

You're goin' on the green

'Cause tonight'll be like nothin'

You've ever seen

And you're barrelin' down the boulevard

Lookin' for the heart of Saturday night

Tell me is the crack of the poolballs, neon buzzin'?

Telephone's ringin'; it's your second cousin

Is it the barmaid that's smilin' from the corner of her
eye?

Magic of the melancholy tear in your eye.

Makes it kind of quiver down in the core

'Cause you're dreamin' of them Saturdays that came
before

And now you're stumblin' Well you gassed her up

And you're behind the wheel

With your arm around your sweet one

In your Oldsmobile,

Barrellin' down the boulevard,

You're lookin' for the heart of Saturday night

Is the crack of the poolballs, neon buzzin'?

Telephone's ringin'; it's your second cousin

And the barmaid is smilin' from the corner of her eye

Magic of the melancholy tear in your eye.

Makes it kind of special down in the core

And you're dreamin' of them Saturdays that came
before

It's found you stumblin'

Stumblin' onto the heart of Saturday night

And you're stumblin'

Stumblin onto the heart of Saturday night

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