

Art Brut

"Saturday Suit"

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All week long we've been looking at
Horizons and it's hard on the brain
Sometimes I wonder is it the car or the
Highway that rolls through the rain.
This day has no number
This day has no name
But it's time for the weekend all the same

Why don't you put on your Saturday Suit,
Let's fly away,
We can find ourselves a little cafe
Where the street people come to play
And let the wine and the sunshine
Blow our minds away
Saturday Suit me fine... today

All week long we've been sitting on our
Islands looking within
Sometimes I know it must seem like
We'll never be happy again
Put on your makeup
And I'll shine my shoes
I know that it's Monday, but I'm
Bored with the blues

Why don't you put on your Saturday Suit,
Let's fly away,
We can find ourselves a little cafe
Where the street people come to play
And let the wine and the sunshine
Blow our minds away
Saturday Suit me fine today

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