Carpenters, The "Saturday"

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Saturday began just the same as other days But ended up different in many ways Love is in my world since Saturday

Mornin' came but somehow it didn't seem the same The sadness of Friday had somehow changed To the happy sounds of Saturday Saturday, ever-loving Saturday

I whistle to bluebirds
I tried to tell them how you brought me sunshine
My heads filled with new words
That sing to the sounds of happy day after Friday

(*) Come and see the flowers of love she gave to me The touches of laughter and harmony To the happy sounds of Saturday Saturday, ever-loving Saturday

My head's full of new words Sing to the sounds of the day after Friday Day after Friday

Repeat (*)

Saturday, Saturday, ever-loving Saturday

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