

Clark Gene

"Lonely Saturday"

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Thursday evening six o' clock
I stepped into a world
Of living all alone
Just a simple note that read
I cannot explain why this must be
But now I've gone.
Friday all day long
I could tell myself
That's what I wanted anyway
But friday night has left me
Left me comin' down with only Lonely Saturday.
I could take a walk uptown
I could have a drink or two
With some old friends of mine
But they'd ask me how she's been
I don't think that I could take it
I would die inside.
I can live without a lot
But living without her
Has something new to say.
Cause Friday night has left me
Left me coming down with only Lonely Saturday.
Time on my hands
Hope the Lord understands
A man shouldn't feel this way.
Time and time again
Wish that clock would spend
This Lonely Saturday.

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