

76% Uncertain "Saturdays"

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Got a reason to go on, even as we speak
Stretching out like a safety net, while I fall off the cliff
of the week
Thirty six hundred of them, if you're lucky, womb to
tomb
Still, I've never seen a Saturday that ever came too
soon

Saturday, I got up just in time to hit the sack
I've thrown away some hours that I wouldn't want back
Waste not want not, will I ever see the light
Or is it haste makes waste, which one is right

Old enough now to see how time can fly
Lost too many days in the blink of a tired eye
Mention Monday morning and I'm overcome with gloom
Can't remember a Saturday that ever came too soon

Drained out hours of effort in a week that wouldn't stop
Splashed around like a foolish kid in a day filled to the
top
I have known some moments to last a thousand years
Tried to think fast as a week blew past and dusted me
with fear

Time expands, time contracts, it drags until it flies
Hours last minutes then last hours, no time to wonder
why
If I could grab hold of the hands of time, if I could steer
my fate
I'd fix it so Saturday would never come too late

Throw the clock out the window again, I know time will
fly
Keep thinking my watch has stopped, Friday night's on
my mind
Somehow while the hours drag on, years go blurring
past
???Cause I've never known a Saturday to last

