

## **Ben Weasel**

# **"Happy Saturday"**

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Happy Saturday - I get shattered every time you leave  
and I'm left spinning all around. Happy Saturday -  
what's it matter if I'm all alone since you're not here to  
drag me down. When I'm left here to my own devices I  
struggle to get to my feet. I'm tired of all the surprises:  
All roads lead to tragedy. Happy Saturday - oh no can it  
be that finally you've gone away for good this time.  
Happy Saturday - at the count of three let go at last and  
let me have some peace of mind. It's all become very  
confusing; I'm trying to sort it all out. One thing that's  
clear is you're losing - is that what you're on about? In  
the Garden of Eden baby, don't you know that I'm  
changing all the locks. One is happy and two's a crowd.  
You don't know when opportunity might knock and rock  
your world in unimagined ways. I'm off the clock  
saluting those about to rock. It's not a lot but it ain't  
noise pollution baby. Now if you're finished confessing  
you can just turn it around. I'm silently counting my  
blessings. I think you know your way out.

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