

Diana Krall

"The Heart Of Saturday Night"

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Well, you gassed her up, behind the wheel
With your arm around your sweet one in your
Oldsmobile
Barrelin' down the boulevard
Lookin' for the heart of Saturday night

You got paid on Friday, your pockets are jinglin'
And you see the lights, you get all tinglin'
'Cause you're cruisin' with a six
And you're looking for the heart of Saturday night

Then you comb your hair, shave your face
Tryin' to wipe out every trace
All the other days in the week
You know that this'll be the Saturday, you're reachin'
your peak

Stoppin' on the red, you're goin' on the green
'Cause tonight'll be like nothin'
You've ever seen and you're barrelin' down the
boulevard
Lookin' for the heart of Saturday night

Tell me is it the crack of the pool balls, neon buzzin'?
Telephone's ringin', it's your second cousin
Is it the barmaid that's smilin' from the corner of her
eye?

Magic of the melancholy tear in your eye

Makes it kind of quiver down in the core
'Cause you're dreamin' of them Saturdays that came
before
And now you're stumblin'
You're stumblin' onto the heart of Saturday night

Is it the crack of the pool balls, neon buzzin'?
Telephone's ringin', it's your second cousin
And the barmaid is smilin' from the corner of her eye
Magic of the melancholy tear in your eye

Makes it kind of special down in the core

And you're dreamin' of them Saturdays that came
before
It's found you stumblin', stumblin' onto the heart of
Saturday night
And you're stumblin', stumblin' onto the heart of
Saturday night

And you're stumblin', stumblin' onto the heart of
Saturday night
And you're stumblin', stumblin' onto the heart of
Saturday night
And you're stumblin', stumblin' onto the heart of
Saturday night

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