

Fishbone

"Sunless Saturday"

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I see the pestilence outside my window
I see the dung heaps piled at least a mile high
I see the shards of shattered dreams in the street
I face the morning with my customary sigh

I hear the sounds of children laughing aloud
A stumbling wind has attracted quite a crowd
My breakfast finished now I brave the outside
But all the clouds have hidden all the warmth inside

Chase these clouds away
I hate this sunless Saturday
Chase these clouds away
I hate this sunless Saturday

Freedom come
For us now
Light our sky
Burn away these clouds, yeah

Perhaps the charcoal gray and brown around me
Is just the mirror image of my tainted soul
I think the sun will never visit my sky
Until the truth is seen by each and every eye

Chase these clouds away
I hate this sunless Saturday

Freedom come
For us now
Light our sky
Burn away these clouds

I see the helpless and I see the insane
I see a pauper singing in the pouring rain
I see the means of help elude us again
I think the sun will never visit me again

Chase these clouds away
I hate this sunless Saturday

Saturday, Saturday

Saturday, no more sunless Saturday
Saturday, no more sunless Saturday, hey hey
Yeah, [Incomprehensible] sunless Saturday
Sunless Saturday, yeah

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