

# Jerry Jeff Walker

## "The Heart Of Saturday Night"

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Tom Waits

Yeah, you gassed her up,  
You're behind the wheel  
Arm around your sweet one,  
In your Oldsmobile  
Barrelin' down the Boulevard,  
Looking for the heart of Saturday night.

You got paid on Friday,  
Pockets a jinglin'.  
See the lights of town,  
You get all tinglin'  
As you cruisin' with a six pack,  
Just lookin' for the heart of Saturday night.

Comb your hair, shave your face,  
Tryin' to wipe out every trace  
Of all the other days in the week.  
This will be the Saturday  
You're reachin' your peak.

Stoppin' on red, goin' on green,  
Tonight will be like nuthin'  
That you've ever seen,  
As you're barrelin' down the boulevard,  
Looking for the heart of Saturday night.

Is it the crack of the pool balls, (same as "comb your hair...")  
The neon buzzin'.  
The telephone's ringin',  
It's your second cousin.  
The barmaid's smilin'  
In the corner of her eye,  
The magic of that melancholy tear in your eye.

Gotcha kinda quiverin'  
Down in the core;  
Dreamin' of them Saturdays  
That came before,  
That's found you stumblin',

Stumblin' under the heart of Saturday night.  
Just stumblin' under the heart of Saturday night.

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