

Lucky Boys Confusion "Saturday Night"

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As usual I'm late, what's the difference I see the same
faces
My attitude is plain, just the same as the vibe in this
place is
I'm shaking hands and smiling, lying, about where I've
been lately
The tensions multiplying and I'm dying to leave

(chorus)

It's Saturday night and the party's crawling
Did you hear the ringing it's the bottles calling
Some guys are outside being loud and rumbling
Week after week this is where I'm ending up
Third weekend in a row that we've broken up
It's Saturday night I'm already stumbling
I'm quickly losing interest
I really hope I find it
This room is like a bottle it's never full enough

These rumors start to fly, spreading lies which alcohol
induces
Are you checking what you're starting, I beg your
pardon
I'm pushing off these walls, your out of beer and I'm
out of excuses

(chorus)

What do you got up your sleeve
The queen of melodrama and I'm dying to leave

I got a disease of overanylization
It's making hard to hold a conversation
People step, expecting proclamations
But I'm saying it, but I'm saying it with an exclamation
This ain't my scene and it's Saturday night
I'm going to the reggae bar they got it going on
Don't believe rumors you've heard
Till you see me dropping the word, right

(chorus)

