

Saturday Looks Good To Me "Make A Plan"

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Swimming through a situation
Overwrought with apple seeds and awful poems
And it's perpetual
Everybody everybody everybody everybody
Told you so
They say "I told you so."
Singing before seven and you're crying by eleven
And the bridges overflow
But everybody laughing at you
Is missing all the action that you buried there under the
snow
Jenny never worried about the future
When she used to have a chaperone
She wasn't happy though
She would lose her mind a sentence at a time
And call me on the telephone
It was uncomfortable
Singing before seven and you're crying by eleven
So the story goes
But god is always laughing every time you make a plan
So you can never really know
And everybody's gonna tell you something different,
anyway
They think they know but they don't
So if you're looking over the edge
Where the skyline extends
And you don't see your friends
(they were right behind youÂ...))
But now what did you learn
From those factory girls
And the rest of the world coming to find you?
Jenny Jenny Jenny Jenny Jenny Jenny Jenny
So theatrical
So theatrical
Keep it with your secrets
In the cabinet with epaulette's and birth control
And don't let no one know
Singing before seven you'll be crying by eleven
And your tears could float a boat
And god is always laughing every time you make a
plan
So you can bury your hands in the snow.

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