

David Wilcox

"Saturday They'll All Be Back Again"

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Johnny's out, cruising down the fast food strip
He rides the high-wheeler Ford
He's down here every evening since the school let out
An ordinary man would be bored

Johnny's got the hunger of a high school heart
And a tank full of minimum-wage
So it's six lights down, six lights back
Pacing like a lion in a cage

He's running on a tether
Tearing at the ground
Trying to find a way to break the chain

This howling in the distance
It's a captivating sound
Can't tell if it's ecstasy or pain
Saturday they'll all be back again

All those engines pulling all night long
Still makes a slow moving train
They can scream out their freedom
When the light turns green
But they're bound to come 'round again

Standing at a distance there's the dark haired girl
Johnny doesn't know her name
He howls his engine like a big, black dog
Choking on his collar by his chain

It's lonely, like hunger
Driven to the same old place
Rumble like thunder
Don't you think that Angels hear
The passion of this human race?

Running on a tether, tearing at the ground
Trying to find a way to break the chain
This howling in the distance
It's a captivating sound

Can't tell if it's ecstasy or pain

Saturday they'll all be back again
Saturday they'll all be back again

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