

The Pains Of Being Pure At Heart "Come Saturday"

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I can't stand to see your picture
On the dresser where I left you
Another sunny day, and you're
80 miles away, Tuesday

But come Saturday, you'll come to stay
You'll come to sway in my arms
Who cares if there's a party somewhere
We're going to stay in
Come Saturday, you'll come to stay
Maybe there's no harm
In a wasted summer, with no drummer
We're going to stay in

Now I could stand to be a fixture
In your faded family pictures
But I can't see into the sunset
All I know is that you're perfect right now

But come Saturday, you'll come to stay
You'll come to sway in my arms
Who cares if there's a party somewhere
We're going to stay in
Come Saturday, you'll come to stay
Maybe there's no harm
In a wasted summer, with no drummer
We're going to stay in

You don't have to write at all
You don't have to make a call
I know that you will come
Again and again and again
You don't have to dress to please
Perhaps undress for me
I know that when you come we'll be staying in

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