

Cliff Martinez**"The Thirty-Third Of August"**

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Well, today there's no salvation,
The band's packed up and gone.
Left me standin' with my penny in my hand.
There's a big crowd at the station,
Where a blind man sings his songs.
He can see what I can't understand.

It's the thirty-third of August,
And I am finally touchin' down.
Eight days from Sunday, Lord.
Saturday bound.
Eight days from Sunday, Lord.
And I'm Saturday bound.

Once I stumbled through the darkness,
Tumbled to my knees,
A thousand voices screamin' through my brain.
Woke up in a squad car, busted down for vagrancy.
And outside my cell it sure as hell,
It looks like rain.

It's the thirty-third of August,
And I am finally touchin' down.
Eight days of Sunday,
Saturday bound.

[Vocal stylings.]

Now I've put my angry feelings,
Under lock and chain.
Hide my violent nature with a smile.
Though the demons dance and sing their songs,
Within my fevered brain,
Not all my God-like thoughts, Lord, are defiled.

And it's the thirty-third of August,
I am finally touching down.
Eight days from Sunday,
Saturday bound.

Eight days from Sunday, Lord.

And I'm Saturday bound.

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