

Steve Earle "Saturday Night & Sunday Morning"

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(david olney version - from eye of the storm)

If I was saturday night
And you were sunday morning
For a fleeting moment we could touch at midnight
And in that moment, could you really know me?
But I am looking ÃÃÃ cross the river
Longing to be near
The water is too wide, I can not reach you
I'm as close as I can ever hope to be

And if I was winter dying
And you the virgin spring
Gladly to your warmth I would surrender
To melt the snows and set the rivers free
But I am standing on the mountain
Longing to be near
Heaven is too high, I can not reach you
I'm as close as I can ever hope to be

And if you were the water that he turned into wine
And you could satisfy a drunkard's thirst
Well, I'd surely drink until I could not see
But I am lost in the devil's storm
Longing to be near
The wind, it blows too hard, I can not reach you
I'm as close as I can ever hope to be

And if I was saturday night
And you were sunday morning
For a fleeting moment we could touch at midnight
And in that moment, could you really know me?

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