

## Angels and Airwaves "Saturday Love"

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Know that I can't tell you this light has slowly faded.  
Like mail that's never dated from towns still burned  
and raided.  
And lost without a soul, with you forever more.  
I'm sorry but I can't tell you I feel like a pattern  
Of shapes that will never matter, a color that will never  
flatter.  
It's all gonna' come around. It's all gonna' make your  
eyes burn.  
I really wanna' tell you that love is like a furnace,  
It burns in and out of purpose, so hot that it makes me  
nervous.  
So large that it won't cool out. So big that it can't burn  
out.

I wait sixteen, a Saturday, love.  
My heart beats fast and faraway, love.  
Your eyes so pure, they never grow up.  
You stay with me, we'll never grow up, my love.

I know that I can't tell you my mind is running circles.  
My eyes have begun to swirl, like death, but it's not as  
sterile.  
I ain't gonna' let you down. I ain't gonna' let you leave  
me.  
I'm sorry but I can't tell you about life, but it makes me  
crazy,  
So I just like to daydream, 'cause dreams only make  
me happy.  
Will you come along my love? Will you come along here  
with me?

I wait, sixteen, a Saturday, love.  
My heart beats fast and faraway, love.  
Your eyes so pure, they never grow up.  
You stay with me, we'll never grow up, my love

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