

King Crimosn

"BOOK OF SATURDAY"

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If I only could deceive you
Forgetting the game
Every time I try to leave you
You laugh just the same
'Cause my wheels never touch the road
And the jumble of lies we told
Just returns to my back to weigh me down...
We lay cards upon the table
The backs of our hands
And I swear I like your people
The boys in the band
Reminiscences gone astray
Coming back to enjoy the fray
In a tangle of night and daylight sounds...
All completeness in the morning
Asleep on your side
I'll be waking up the crewmen
Banana-boat ride
She responds like a limousine
Brought alive on the silent screen
To the shuddering breath of yesterday...

There's the succour of the needy

Incredible scenes

I'll believe you in the future

Your life and death dreams

As the cavalry of despair

Takes a stand in the lady's hair

For the favour of making sweet sixteen...

You make my life and times

A book of bluesy Saturdays

And I have to chose

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