

Lucky Boys Confussion

"Saturday Night"

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As usual I'm late, what's the difference I see the same
faces
My attitude is plain, just the same as the vibe in this
place is
I'm shaking hands and smiling, lying, about where I've
been lately
The tensions multiplying and I'm dying to leave

It's Saturday night and the party's crawling
Did you hear the ringing the bottles calling
Week after week this is where I'm ending up
It's Saturday night I'm already stumbling
Some guys are outside being loud and rumbling
Third weekend in a row that we've broken up

I'm quickly loosing interest
I really hope I find it
This room is like a bottle it's never full enough

These rumors start to fly, spreading lies which alcohol
induces
I'm sick and tired of waiting, your out of beer and I'm
out of excuses
Are you checking what you're starting, I beg your
pardon
What you got up your sleeve
The queen of melodrama and I'm dying to leave

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I got dem disease of overanylization
It's making hard to hold a conversation

People step, expecting proclamations
But I'm saying it, but I'm saying it with an exclamation
This ain't my scene and it's Saturday night
I'm going to the reggae bar they got it going on
Don't believe rumors you've heard
Till you see me dropping the word, right

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