

Tom Waits

"The Heart of Saturday Night"

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Well, you gassed her up behind the wheel
With your arm around your sweet one in your
Oldsmobile
Barrelin' down the boulevard
You're lookin' for the heart of Saturday night

You got paid on Friday
And your pockets are jinglin' and you see the lights
You get all tinglin' 'cause you're cruisin' with a 6
You're lookin' for the heart of Saturday night

Then you comb your hair, shave your face
Tryin' to wipe out every trace of all the other days
In the week you know that this'll be the Saturday
You're reachin' your peak

Stoppin' on the red, you're goin' on the green
'Cause tonight'll be like nothin', you've ever seen
And you're barrelin' down the boulevard
You're lookin' for the heart of Saturday night

Tell me, is it the crack of the pool balls, neon buzzin'?
Telephone's ringin', it's your second cousin
Is it the barmaid that's smilin' from the corner of her
eye?
Magic of the melancholy tear in your eye
Makes it kind of quiver down in the core
'Cause you're dreamin' of them Saturdays that came
before
And now you're stumblin'
You're stumblin' onto the heart of Saturday night

You gassed her up and you're behind the wheel
With your arm around your sweet one in your
Oldsmobile
Barrellin' down the boulevard
You're lookin' for the heart of Saturday night

Is it the crack of the pool balls, neon buzzin'?
Telephone's ringin', it's your second cousin
And the barmaid is smilin' from the corner of her eye
Magic of the melancholy tear in your eye

Makes it kind of special down in the core
And you're dreamin' of them Saturdays that came
before
It's found you're stumblin'
You're stumblin' onto the heart of Saturday night
And you're stumblin'
Stumblin' onto the heart of Saturday night

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