

Travie McCoy

"Blue Flashing Light"

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Saturday evening
Saturday evening at a quarter to five
I would see him arrive at the door
Pushed you aside as he staggered inside
Spilling alcohol over the floor
A storm is abrewin' and it's sure to fall soon
As I look at you from the shore
So
You better hold on
Cause it's Saturday night
And your friends are all out
And you feel like shit
Cause they never call you
No they never call you
No they never call
Never call
Never bloody ever
Call me a name and I'll hit you again
You're a slut, you're a bitch, you're a whore
Talked to your daddy in that tone of voice
There's a belt hanging over the door
So you run to your room
And you hide in your room
Thinking how you could settle the score
But
Saturday night at a quarter to six
And your friends are all out
And you're live in the sticks
Still they never call you
No they never call you
No they never call
Never call
Never bloody ever call
Blue flashing light last Saturday night
Brought the neighbours all out on the street
They watched as the firemen carried you out
And they stared at each other's feet
Now everyone sees and yet nobody says
How we're all just afraid of the heat
But
It's Saturday night

And I'm lying alone in the bed that I made
Disconnected the phone
Still they never call you
No they never call you
No they never call
Never call
Never bloody ever call
Never bloody ever
Never
Never do
Never do

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