

## Two Hours Traffic

### "Mr. Saturday"

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Hit the nail on the head,  
Follow up with a laugh,  
I need my faith in wood to pass,  
I'm living my life in glass.

Sit right down on the bed,  
And follow up with a cast,  
I need my faith in you to last,  
I'm living my life in glass.

I've got my head in the air,  
And you've got yours in the sand,  
I need my faith in you to land,  
It's getting me out of hand.

Well you could do no wrong,  
Mr. Saturday,  
We're all on board,  
Our way.

You're alone on the shore,  
And I'm out here on the land,  
But we should be driving in your car,  
We should be listening to my band.

Take a pen and a pad,  
And make a list of your wishes,  
One,  
We should be closer in the night,  
We should be closer in the night.

Well you could do no wrong,  
Mr. Saturday,  
We're all on board,  
Our way.

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