

# Cold Chisel, Saturday Night

Saturday night  
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Saturday night's already old  
Walking into Sunday, and I find  
All desires are cold  
I could walk forever, I don't mind  
Show me a light, your company  
Goes a little way to help me see  
The path on which I'm bound  
Rather than the things I leave behind

I've got the keys to the city  
Baby  
I can feel my luck  
I got two days' money  
If you light me up  
This heart will shine on

"L'esclavage D'amour  
It will be ours forevermore"  
Words we both recall  
Either from a lover, or the law  
Saturday night, my steps have shown  
I can walk away from all I've know  
Goodnight, my friend, goodbye  
Remember what they say,  
When you're alone, laugh or die