

# Devendra Banhart, Saturday Night

It's every Saturday night  
And the time sure is wrong  
Time to get up, tight  
And Along, alone  
Ask every Saturday night while the time sure is wrong  
Having fun  
So get along, alone, now alone  
Alone now  
Alone

And the voice comes disembodied,  
nothing there you can hear it,  
you know how to numb the wound  
But you don't know how to heal it  
Try to wait for hours  
days and days  
You can keep waiting but no one's ever gonna show up here

Please don't love me because  
Don't love me because you're through hating you  
/2x

Why mourn the loss when life is letting go of us  
But not forgetting everything that made you stronger?  
Won't be around much longer  
You're the dream of love unspoken  
You're a flower that never opened,  
No exception will be made  
We'll get our own serenading

Ask every Saturday night,  
No, my nose is always bleeding  
I forgot what I was leaving  
And now everybody's leaving  
Can't keep your eyes from closing  
You look like the blue sky  
Decomposing as we all embrace what we've become  
And I always say: Merging to one

Please don't love me because  
Don't love me because you're through hating you  
/2x

You're through hating you /10x