

# Diana Krall, The Heart Of Saturday Night

Well you gassed her up  
Behind the wheel  
With your arm around your sweet one  
In your Oldsmobile  
Barrelin' down the boulevard  
You're looking for the heart of Saturday night

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

Then you comb your hair  
Shave your face  
Tryin' to wipe out ev'ry trace  
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  
Lookin' for the heart of Saturday night

Tell me is the crack of the poolballs, 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

Is the crack of the poolballs, 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 stumblin'  
Stumblin' onto the heart of Saturday night  
And you're stumblin'  
Stumblin onto the heart of Saturday night