

Gene Clark, Lonely Saturday

Thursday evening six o'clock

I stepped into a world of living all alone

Just a simple note that read

I cannot explain why this must be but now I've gone

Friday all day long I could tell myself that's what I wanted anyway

But Friday night has left me

Left me coming down with only lonely Saturday

I could take a walk uptown

I could have a drink or two with some old friends of mine

But they'd ask me how she's been

I don't think that I could take it I would die inside

I can live without a lot but living without her has something new to say

Cause Friday night has left me

Left me coming down with only lonely Saturday

Time on my hands hope the lord understands a man shouldn't feel this way

Time and time again wish that clock would spend this lonely Saturday

Time and time again wish that clock would spend this lonely Saturday.