

# Holly Brook, Saturdays

Saturday what a day what a silly little day  
Time to kill take a pill as I sit and contemplate  
How I'd like to be around all the people in the town with their fancy cars and things  
But I've got time

Stop pushin' all your tragedies away  
Each moment has got a lesson for the day  
Take something with you if you drag your heels in yesterdays  
Oh these Saturdays

In the haste in the grace I've been up to my waist  
It isn't real what you feel when you find love in a chase  
I've been waiting for the day when someone takes me away, and I never get replaced  
But I've got time

Stop pushin' all your tragedies away  
Each moment has got a lesson for the day  
Take something with you if you drag your heels in yesterdays  
Oh, these Saturdays  
These Saturdays now

Ooh

As I sink one more drink I am running out of ink  
Feeling void, paranoid about every little thing  
And I wonder if I try to get up and say goodbye if I'll have the strength to leave  
'Cause I don't have much time anymore

Stop pushin' all your tragedies away  
Each moment has got a lesson for the day  
Take something with you if you drag your heels in yesterdays  
Oh, these Saturdays  
These Saturdays now  
Saturdays now, baby