

Pretty Things, Baron Saturday

Oh! baron saturday
Sorrow, he'll show you games to play
He bends his mouth up to your ear
The words won't disappear
He'll take your eyes out for a ride
Through an eyeglass of tears it's not clear.

Oh! baron saturday
White visions black, mister malady
'neath a sky of milk
You're drinking silk
You've fast the runcible spoon
On satin plates
Young maidens wait
To be devoured in the glare of the moon.

Except for baron saturday

Your life was cool
Good senses rule
Throw your life away.

Oh! baron saturday
Let him steal your mind away
He'll show you the grave
Of someone who was saved
From living their life in a year
He'll show you the grave.
Of someone who was saved
From taking his life with a knife.

Except for baron saturday
Your life was cool
Good senses rule
Throw your life away.