

# Saint Etienne, Saturday

Sunshine coming in through my window  
Painting patterns upon the pillow  
Draw the blind  
Just in time  
Try to wake up but mind's still foggy  
Someone pour me another coffee  
Strong and black  
Half a sack

Hey, every Saturday  
Get up late but it's okay  
Nothing changes, I'm afraid  
Nothing changes

Screw around town but my head's still aching  
Serves me right for the things I'm taking  
Chilean wine  
Suits me fine  
Later on bump into Paul and Bronwin  
Does anyone fancy a drink or something?  
Seven-ten  
Start again

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Rock your body to San Francisco  
Follow me into the Risco Disco  
Get along, we can find alfresco  
Dusty quilt and a dash of pesto