

Saturday Looks Good To Me, Alcohol

When they started counting down
I could not believe that you were fast asleep
And I felt like those flashing lights
On the ocean floor, at the liquor store
It's not the type of secret that you want to keep too long
Look for me but I'll be gone
Take your love and step it down
Spin around the room 'til you have to choose
Maybe I'll pick both of them
Maybe neither one
Maybe Emerson
Every time the phone rings it sounds like a song
Look for me and I'll be gone
You can't sing to save your life
Through the alcohol
Drinking champagne off the walls
It looks like after all
They still talk about us like they've got nothing else to do
It could have been lines
And after all this time
They'll still talk about us like we're not even in the room
Outside the birds sing
Louder than the phone rings
Every night you fall asleep with your headphones on
Look for me and I'll be gone