

Travis, Blue Flashing Light

Saturday evening...
Saturday evening
A quarter to five
Oh I would see him arrive at the door
Pushed you aside as he staggered inside
Spitting alcohol over the floor
A storm is a-brew
And it's sure to fall soon
As I look at you from the shore

So you'd better hold on
Cos it's Saturday night
And your friends are all out
And you feel like shit
Cos they never call you
No they never call you
No they never call, never call, never bloody ever ...

Call me a name and I'll hit you again
You're a slut, you're a bitch, you're a whore
Talk to your daddy in that tone of voice
There's a belt hanging over the door
So you run to your room and you hide in your room
Thinking how you can settle the score

But it's Saturday night and a quarter to six
And your friends are all out
But you live in the sticks
Still they never call you
No they never call you
No they never call, never call, never bloody ever call

Blue flashing light last Saturday night
Brought the neighbours all out on the street
Watched as the firemen carried you out
Then we stared at each other's feet
Now everyone sees and yet nobody says
Are we all just afraid of the heat?

But it's Saturday night and I'm lying alone
In the bed that I made, disconnected the phone
Still they never called you
No they never called you
No they never call, never call, never bloody ever call