

# Blue Cheer, Saturday Freedom

(Bruce Stephens)

All those weekend images tuggin' in the fog  
Midnight flood your eyes off just to buy me a jug  
Weekend soon behind me telling me to explore  
Come on Saturday freedom open up your door.  
(One day a week just isn't enough.)

Evening's at the bus stop  
With the traffic lights so red  
While the day's ships hunger  
Faces filled with dread  
At tomorrow's sunrise  
Each must resume his task  
Do they break my soul Medusa  
I just gotta ask.  
(One day a week just isn't enough.)

Saturday Freedom always soon fades  
Do me a favor, Please stay away  
Saturday freedom, six days to behold  
Don't leave so quickly, You never grow old.

Wooo-wooo Ahh, Wooo-wooo Ahh  
Wooo-wooo Ahh, Wooo-wooo Ahh  
Wooo-wooo Ahh, Wooo-wooo Ahh  
Wooo-wooo Ahh, Wooo-wooo Ahh!

I think that it's mistaken to say freedom's unsold  
And if you feel the same way too, Truth is never told  
I can't wait, We just gotta have it  
Hey, but it's free  
Come on Saturday freedom  
Give my girl to me.  
(One day a week just isn't enough.)

Saturday Freedom always soon fades  
Do me a favor, Please stay away  
Joys of the kill are ours to hold  
Saturday freedom, mine to behold  
Saturday freedom, six days to behold  
Don't leave so quickly, Never grow old  
Saturday freedom seven days a week  
Saturday freedom seven days a week  
I want it, Saturday freedom seven days a week  
Saturday freedom seven days a week  
Saturday freedom seven days a week  
Saturday freedom seven days a week  
Gimme Saturday freedom seven days a week  
Saturday freedom seven days a week  
Saturday freedom seven days a week.