

Harry Chapin, Saturday Morning

Saturday morning and it's growing light.
I look out my window and remember the night.
The story is starting or the story ends
And I feel like I need you again.
Time used to mose softly when I was at home.
It went on without me, and left me alone.
Now it's sits at my shoulder and claws at my hand
And I feel like I need you again.

Chorus:

A song needs a reason and rhyme.
My love needs a little more time.
Now I recall September, leaves turned brown
Remember October, left leaves on the ground.
And here comes December like an elderly fan.
And I feel like I need you again.

Chorus