

Hot Hot Heat, Harmonicas & Tambourines

Saturday night the cigarettes come crawling out
with the boys who crave regrets
Bandana hanging around her neck
A checkered flag in a crowd who's singing
"Save us from this life of nine to five"
Four, three, two
One night left for us to feel alive

Harmonicas and tambourines
They're living in her head but dying in her magazines
Her Chelsea clothes and Brooklyn dreams
They're living in her head but dying in her magazines

Say maybe yes, say maybe no
A bit too loud and the lights a bit too low
She never needed a cameo until the chain gang started to sing
"Save us from this life of nine to five"
Four, three, two
One night left for us to feel alive

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