

# Kids In Glass Houses, Saturday

And I wish I could sleep  
But I'm tired, down, dirty in these borrowed sheets  
It's been a week  
And I've been singing to my feet, yeah  
But I won't admit defeat til  
Saturday, Saturday, Saturday

(When you come by)  
For your information  
I love my demons  
Cause they keep me company, yeah  
I've grown to love my new routine  
But on my better days, better days, better days

Consider yourself one of my best friends  
Consider yourself one of my enemies  
Oh enemies

And I wish I could speak  
We spend the last half hour in the back room  
Celebrating me  
And now I feel a little cheap, yeah  
But I won't admit defeat til  
Saturday, Saturday, Saturday  
And it's not one of my better days, better days, better days

Consider yourself one of my best friends  
Consider yourself one of my enemies  
Oh enemies  
Show a little skin and make a million  
For a little soul and make a million more  
A million more

When I grow up, woah  
I wanna be famous, woah  
And when you grow up, woah  
Will you still blame us

And I wish I could see that  
But I'm tired, down, dirty in these borrowed sheets  
It's been a bitch of a week, yeah

Saturday, Saturday, Saturday

Consider yourself one of my best friends  
Consider yourself one of my enemies  
Oh enemies  
Show a little skin and make a million  
For a little soul and make a million more  
Show a little skin and make a million  
For a little soul and make a million more