

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