

Kind Of Like Spitting, Catch The Redeye Out Of C

On Saturday

I can hand you your Saturday

I can send you a Saturday

I can be true to Saturday

I can walk out the side

I can fly up towards those clouds

Raised up in air

raised up I am there

see you there

i know what i shouldn't do but still

i want to

fall away

i'll just fall away

readjust and fall away

readjust and fall away

read books don't fall away

i have seen picture shows without you before

i have seen picture shows without you before

i know what i shouldn't do but still

i want to

as tried as the ocean

as tried as the minute night stroll

as tried as the ci on an orangely lit ride

i find that heaven knows

here comes the rain not the snow when you call

i've seen train pass by without you before

i have bought groceries without you before

i know what i can do

without you