

# Madeleine Peyroux, (Looking For) The Heart Of Saturday Night

Well you gassed her up  
Behind the wheel  
With your arm around your sweet one  
In your Oldsmobile  
Barrelin' down the boulevard  
You're looking for the heart of Saturday night

And you got paid on Friday  
And your pockets are jingling  
And you see the lights  
You get all tinglin' cause you're cruising with a six  
You're looking for the heart of Saturday night

Then you comb your hair  
Shave your face  
Trying to wipe out every trace  
All the other days  
In the week you know that this'll be the Saturday  
You're reachin' your peak

Stopping on the red  
You're going on the green  
Tonight'll be like nothing  
You've ever seen  
You're barreling down the boulevard  
Looking for the heart of Saturday night

Tell me is the crack of the poolballs, neon buzzin  
Telephone's ringing; it's your second cousin  
Is it the barmaid that's smiling from the corner of her eye  
Magic of the melancholy tear in your eye

Makes it kind of quiver down in the core  
You're dreaming of them Saturdays that came before  
Now you're stumbling  
You're stumbling onto the heart of Saturday night  
Now you're stumbling  
You're stumbling onto the heart of Saturday night