

Neil Young, Saturday Night

How can I tell her that I love her,
When windy week-end warnings
tell me summer teases?
When I first saw her with another,
My world fell,
and I stumbled for a while.
I stumbled for a while.

Whatever happened to Saturday night?

Don't know what I'm going through,
Look everything is new,
Each time I turn around,
Feels like I'm falling down.

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tell me summer teases?
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Back home, look around,
Leaves falling on the ground,
Changes since I've been gone,
Don't know if I belong.

Spoke to her yesterday,
Couldn't think of much to say,
She said that by the winter...
She'd be gone...