

# Saturday Looks Good To Me, Ambulance

I don't know if I can find a way to keep  
All the secrets that you told me in your sleep  
And I'm amazed that you still find the space to dream  
In the shadows of a town made out of thieves

Who would drown the sound of history repeating  
With the ambulances screaming up the street

So sing to me  
Don't let me fall asleep to the sound of cold machines  
Or the smell of gasoline  
Or the weight of destiny

Don't make me wait  
I've been waiting here all night  
I've been waiting my whole life

Somewhere the ghosts of factory workers dance  
With the ghosts of kids who never had a chance  
And we still hear it out our window every night