

# Saturday Looks Good To Me, Diary

I don't know what you've heard  
But I'm sure that you've heard it all your life  
And it's not nice to mix secrets up with lies  
In your car, double-parked  
Full of rusting valves that fell out of your heart  
Try again but the goddamned thing won't start  
And now I don't think you even care at all  
Somehow I know you won't be there if I fall  
But write it all down in your diary  
And get back to me someday  
I'm amazed at all the stupid, broken things that people say  
To each other when they think no one can hear  
But baby, it's a fact  
That when you laugh  
I feel like the sky is opening in half  
To take me back to some place I understand  
And now I don't think you even care at all  
Somehow I know you won't catch me if I fall  
But write it all down in your diary  
And get back to me someday.