

Saturday Looks Good To Me, Empty Room

Scream your complaints
Slam the doors and break all of the plates
But you give more away
Than anyone could ever steal

You feel erased
I can tell by the look on your face
You don't have to say a word
I know just how you feel

You feel like a paper heart coming unglued
You feel like the ceiling of an empty room
You'd better do everything you want to do
'Cause there's no pill or promise
That can do those things for you
And when you do
Do it exactly the way you wanted to
'Cause there's no going back to fix it

After you're through
While you wait for something to say
Children in the balcony smile and sing along
You'd better do everything you want to do
'Cause there's nobody else who's gonna
Do those things for you