

Saturday Looks Good To Me, Until The World Stops

There are secret cities buried
somewhere underground
But whether or not we find them
The world keeps spinning 'round

Everyone's pretending that there's nothing left to say
But no matter what you tell them
The truth shows anyway

But don't walk out that door
You know I need you here
So I won't disappear into myself
Like everybody else
Until the world stops spinning

You spent all your money
You got brainwashed life before
And you get so tired of sleeping on the filthy kitchen floor

You think you're something special now
But the girls know you're a joke
With your jacket from the thrift stor
And your little rum ' Coke

But don't walk out that door
You know I need you here
So I won't disappear into myself
Like everybody else
Until the world stops spinning

There are secret cities burning
somewhere underground
But whether or not we find them
they rise up somehow
Everybody's acting like there's nothing new to say
But no matter what you tell them all
The truth shows in your face.