

Saturday Looks Good To Me, We Can't Work It Out

After the alcohol and the anniversary
You'll still be happier with a memory
And all of the taxicabs that were fit to drive
Pointed in a line and never did arrive

How many episodes will you put us through
Before you realize there's better things to do?
How many autographs can anybody sign
Before the people get tired
Of standing in line?

And I gotta let you know
I gotta let you know
I gotta let you know
That we can't work it out
I gotta let you know
I gotta let you know
I gotta let you know
That we can't work it out
That we can't be helped now
You and me can't work it out

You drove down the Brooklyn Bridge
In your expensive car
You lost all your magic when
You left it at the bar
How many accidents can a single person have
Before they can't go back?