

Shawn Colvin, (Looking For) The Heart Of Saturday

Well you gassed her up
Behind the wheel
With your arm around your sweet one
In your Oldsmobile
Barrelin' down the boulevard
You're looking for the heart of saturday night
And you got paid on Friday
And your pockets are jinglin'
And you see the lights
You get all a tinglin' cause
you're cruisin' with a 6
And you're looking for the heart of Saturday night
Then you comb your hair
Shave your face
Tryin' to wipe out ev'ry trace
All the other days
In the week you know that this'll be the Saturday
You're reachin' your peak
Stoppin' on the red
You're goin' to the green
'Cause tonight'll be like nothin'
You've ever seen
And you're barrelin' down the boulevard
Lookin' for the heart of saturday night
Tell me is the crack of the poolballs, neon buzzin?
Telephone's ringin'; it's your second cousin
Is it the barmaid that's smilin' from the corner of her eye?
Magic of the melacholy tear in your eye.
Makes it kind of quiver down in the core
'Cause you're dreamin' of them
Saturdays that came before
And now you're stumblin'
You're stumblin' onto the heart of Saturday night
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Is the crack of the poolballs, neon buzzin?
Telephone's ringin'; it's your second cousin
Is it the barmaid that's smilin' from the corner of her eye?
Magic of the melacholy tear in your eye.
Makes it kind of special down in the core
And you're dreamin' of them
Saturdays that came before
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You're stumblin' onto the heart of Saturday night
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