

Sparklehorse, Saturday

you are a car
you are a hospital
I'd walk to hell and back
to see you smile
on Saturday
you are a star
you are a sea of air
I play great keyboards
of horses' teeth
on Saturday
on Saturday
I'd like to tell you
how I feel
I'll probably keep it
'til Saturday
Oh Saturday, Saturday
Oh Saturday, Saturday
Oh Saturday, Saturday
Oh Saturday, Saturday
Oh Saturday, Saturday