

# The Carpenters, Saturday

Saturday began just the same as other days  
But ended up different in many ways  
Love is in my world since Saturday

Mornin' came but somehow it didn't seem the same  
The sadness of Friday had somehow changed  
To the happy sounds of Saturday  
Saturday, ever-loving Saturday

I whistle to bluebirds  
I tried to tell them how you brought me sunshine  
My heads filled with new words  
That sing to the sounds of happy day after Friday

(\* ) Come and see the flowers of love she gave to me  
The touches of laughter and harmony  
To the happy sounds of Saturday  
Saturday, ever-loving Saturday

My head's full of new words  
Sing to the sounds of the day after Friday  
Day after Friday

Repeat (\*)

Saturday, Saturday, ever-loving Saturday