

# The Cure, Saturday Night

10.15

Saturday night

And the tap drips

Under the strip light

And I'm sitting

In the kitchen sink

And the tap drips

Drip drip drip drip drip drip drip drip

Waiting

For the telephone to ring

And I'm wondering

Where she's been

And I'm crying

For yesterday

And the tap drips

Drip drip drip drip drip drip drip drip

It's always the same