

The Incredible String Band, Saturday Maybe

factory chimney cough yellow smoke
trucks and trains go rumbling
throw down your key from your window high
your man's out drinking
neighbours thinking evil
lead by the the lights of your electric fire
your grey slips falls around your feet
and across the sheet your nut brown curls go tumbling

we don't have long before he comes home from the bar
I'll be gone a week of sundays
meet me by the bronze horse or the clock tower
try to come Friday, Saturday maybe
don't cry now you'll freak the baby