

The Heart of Saturday Night

Jonathan Richman

Well, you gassed her up, behind the wheel
With your arm around your sweet one in your Oldsmobile
Barrelin' down the boulevard
You're lookin' for the heart of Saturday night

And you got paid on Friday, your pockets are jinglin'
Then you see the lights and you get all tinglin'
Cause you're cruisin' with a six(2)
You're lookin' for the heart of Saturday night

Then you comb your hair, you shave your face
Tryin' to wipe out every trace
Of 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' on the green
Cause tonight'll be like nothin' you've ever seen
And you're barrelin' down the boulevard
You're lookin' for the heart of Saturday night

Tell me, is it 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 melancholy 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

You gassed her up and you're behind the wheel

With your arm around your sweet one in your Oldsmobile

Barrelin' down the boulevard

You're lookin' for the heart of Saturday night

Is it the crack of the poolballs, neon buzzin'

Telephone's ringin', it's your second cousin

And the barmaid is smilin' from the corner of her eye

Magic of the melancholy tear in your eye

Makes it kind of special down in the core

And you're dreamin' of them Saturdays that came before

It's found you stumblin'

Stumblin' onto the heart of Saturday night

And you're stumblin'

Stumblin' onto the heart of Saturday night