Me and Jiggs staring at the ceiling the stars above the radar range

Song from a station wagon laying foundations on the shadows of overpassing planes

I'm feeling good, at seven o'clock we're gonna drive across the county line

And find Saturday night like an orphan child that the good days left behind

And I'm not sure we can make it stay
Sun's going down and its the end of the day

Me and my friends in the park drinking beer underneath the tree

Lying on your back as the sun goes down, you know it's perfect cause you've got to leave

On a Saturday night in a town like this I forget all my songs a bout trains

A bar with a jukebox and you on my arm heaven and earth are pre tty much the same

And I'm not sure I can make you stay Sun's going down and its the end of the day

Later on sitting on the roof talking like the night could last all night

Like we are all half crazy and all at least half alright Sitting on the porch playing Townes Van Zandt play guitar to bu rn off the hours

'Til we climb the fences at the edge of town and paint our name s on the water towers

And I'm not sure we can make them stay Sun's going down at the end of the day