

Saturday Night And Sunday Morning

Paul Kelly

She's a screamer but no one knows
Just me and her old boyfriends I suppose
When I take her to see the folks they eat from her hand
On the way home I'm driving
I have to stop the car or crash it right there
She's my sticky treat, she's my bag o' sweets
She's my medicine
Oh she's Saturday night and Sunday morning

Like Princess Grace in Rear Window
She's a volcano under snow
Sometimes our action's all slo-mo in holy candlelight
I give her all my devotion
But sometimes she can't wait to be mashing on me
She's country soul, she's jelly roll
She's mountain high, she's valley low
Oh she's Saturday night and Sunday morning

She's heroin, she's amphetamine
She's mountain high, she's valley low
She's my sticky treat, she's my medicine
She's my medicine, she's my murder scene
She's Saturday night and Sunday morning