

Saturday

Saint Etienne

Sunshine coming in through my window, painting patterns upon the pillow.
Draw the blind, just in time.
Trying to wake up but minds still foggy, someone pour me another coffee.
Strong and black, half a sack.
Chorus:
Hey!, every Saturday.
Get up late but it's okay.
Nothing changes on her face, nothing changes.
Screw around town but my heads still aching, serves me right for the things I'm taking.
Chilean wine, suits me fine.
Later on bump into Paul and Bronwin, does anyone fancy a drink or something.
Seven ten, start again.
Chorus.
Hey !, every Saturday.
Get up late but it's okay.
Nothing changes on her fate, nothing changes.
Chorus and verses to fade :
Get your body to San Francisco, (?) and a must go Tesco, (?) al fresco,
pasta queck (?) and a dash of pesto.