

Saturday

Sam Fender

Overtired, overworked, underpaid, under pressure
Always tying up loose ends
The unchained melody out of tune, remedy for the weekend
To cure the weekday blues
Raise my heart rate, inflate my pupils, give me something
Just to smoothen off the edge
Call me dumb, call me scum, call me plain and simple
As I'm holding on for this

And if Saturday don't come soon, I'm gonna lose my mind
And if Saturday don't come soon, I'm gonna lose my mind

Inhabitable hole, skint, living like an animal
While they try to take my dole
Black mould on the wall
Must've made a thousand calls to get it sorted
But my landlord hates my soul

No power, working zero hour, making some cunt rich
Who will never understand what it's like down here
I raise my beer

If Saturday don't come soon, I'm gonna lose my mind
And if Saturday don't come soon, I'm gonna lose my mind
Oh, and if Saturday don't come soon, I'm gonna lose my mind

And if Saturday don't come soon
Oh, oh, Saturday
And if Saturday don't come soon
No, no, oh yeah