

Dirty fingernails, same as your mind  
But he can strum the guitar just fine  
Every now and then he'd think about his life  
Daydreamin' just to pass the time

Now the sun is closer than it was before  
Anyone who's anyone can feel it

Saturdays are not the same as they used to be  
Sadderdaze, why do they keep on using me?  
They keep on using me

Even as a child everyone would say  
"He was gonna be a star someday"  
Finally he found a way to reach the sky  
But he didn't know what he'd find

Now the sun is closer than it was before  
Anyone who's anyone can feel it, mm

Saturdays are not the same as they used to be  
Sadderdaze, why do they keep on using me?  
They keep on using me

He's got a big head full of trash that he talks down every chance he gets  
He's a grown man with committable mistakes

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