

Somebody's Saturday Night

Walter Becker

Somebody's Saturday night seems pleased to meet you
Slouched in a booth at Pamela's Pistol Dawn
Drink, drink cigarette, talkie talk
Drink, drink, smoke, smoke cigarette
Up to the room with the beddie-bye goin' on
Somebody's Saturday night says, oh, I get it
You want to go where no man's ever been
Down in the coal mine, goin' down
Turn around, push, push, turn around
Digging up the gold and carrying it back again
She looked good in the available light
She was somebody's Saturday night
She said it ain't wrong but it's not quite right
I guess it's somebody's Saturday night
Somebody's Saturday night says, hey, it's raining
You wouldn't kick a good girl out on a night like this
He says, she says the demon in me says just you watch me
Pucker up, darling, for my legendary good night kiss
She's no fool but she's none too bright
She's just somebody's Saturday night
She stays cool if not watertight
Such is somebody's Saturday night
Only a girl, one more is up and gone
Leaving nobody to blame the whole thing on, baby
Somebody's Saturday night is walking in the moonlight
Playing on the beads of her beatnik Rosary
Thinking nobody gives it exactly the way that you want it
No one ever gets it with a money-back guarantee
But I've been born with the second sight
Now I'm looking in the mirror at somebody's Saturday night
I get along, in fact I do all right
Being somebody's Saturday night
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