

Heart of Saturday Night

Words & Music by James C. Burns

Well, You gassed her up, you're behind the wheel.
Your arm around your sweet one, in your Oldsmobile.
Barrelin' Down the Boulevard,
You're lookin for the heart of Saturday night.

You get paid on Friday, and your pockets are jinglin.
and you see the lights, you get all tinglin.
Cause you're cruising with a six.
You're lookin for the heart of Saturday night.

Then you Comb your hair. Shave your face.
Tryin to wipe out every trace.
Of all the other days in the week.
You know that this'll be the Saturday.
You're reachin your peak.

Stoppin on the red, You're goin on the green.
Cause tonight'll be like nothin you've ever seen.
And you're barrelin' down the Boulevard.
Lookin for the heart of Saturday night.

Tell me is it the crack of the pool balls, the neon buzzin?
Telephone ringin its your second cousin.
Is it the barmaid thats smilin from the corner of her eye?
The magic of the melancholy tear in your eye.

Makes ya kind of quiver down in the core.
Cause you're dreamin of them Saturdays that came before.
And now you're stumblin.
Stumblin for the heart of Saturday night