

Sunday Every Saturday Night

Aaron Lewis

I've seen drunk girls singin' karaoke
I've seen old timers bring their beer
And we all seem to have our sad stories to tell
That's how we all ended up here

Washin' away all our problems
Gettin' baptised in those neon lights
And the drunker I get, the more things I forget
And I just ain't got that kind of time

So that's why I like drinkin' whiskey
Because it fills up the cracks in my soul
And it helps me forget all the damage I've done
And all the time I've spent down in this hole

And for a moment I swear I hear Jesus
Sayin' "Son, it'll all be alright."
So I take one more shot of redemption, Lord
It's like Sunday every Saturday night

Now the gospel comes out of that jukebox
And an angel just walked through the door
And she pulled up a chair right beside me
She said, "You think misery's got room for one more?"

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Now the bar stools are lined up like church pews
And the preacher just yelled out "Last call!"
And confession is held belly-up to the bar
Hell even the best angels fall

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