

Saturday Nights

American Aquarium

We've got part time jobs and full time addictions
Talking about God and his best works of fiction
A Pabst Blue Ribbon in a can kind of Saturday night

See this girl walks in with her high heeled shoes
Short little skirt and her daddy issues
Orders a drink and waits for me to take her home
She ain't looking for love, she's just scared to death of being
alone

So come on baby, let's burn it down
Strike a match, sit back
And watch the whole thing come tumbling down
Follow me, I can see it's what you want to do
'Cause tonight you're wanting from me what I want from you

Bars filling up with the jean jacket hipsters
American Spirits and the house brown liquor
They may drink cheap because it costs a lot to look so cool
You see I'm the kind of boy your momma warned you about
Only thing I do well is running my mouth
It's getting kinda late and these bands all sound the same
So finish your drink babe, before I forget your name

So come on baby, let's burn it down
Strike a match, sit back
And watch the whole thing come tumbling down
Follow me, I see it's what you want to do
'Cause tonight you're wanting from me what I want from you
I said you're wanting from me, just what I want from you
And if you give it to me, baby, I'm gonna give it to you

I'm gonna give it to you, baby
I'm gonna give it to you
So won't you give it me, darling
Before I give it to you