

Saturday

Fall Out Boy

I'm good to go and I'm going nowhere fast
It could be worse
I could be taking you there with me
I'm good to go even though it's like I'm still on my own

I'm good to go for something golden
Though the motions I've been going through have failed
And I'm coasting on potential towards the wall
At a hundred miles an hour

When I say
Two more weeks
My foot is in the door, yeah
I can't sleep in the wake of Saturday

Saturday
When these open doors were open-ended
Saturday
When these open doors were open-ended

Pete and I attacked and lost the story
Oh, we promised them decisions
The mass of youthful innocence and I read about the afterlife
But I never really lived more than an hour

When I say
Two more weeks
My foot is in the door, yeah
I can't sleep in the wake of Saturday

Saturday
When these open doors were open-ended
Saturday
When these open doors were open-ended

And I read about the afterlife
But I never really lived
And I read about the afterlife
But I never really lived

Two more weeks
My foot is in the door
Me and Pete
In the wake of Saturday

Saturday
When these open doors were open-ended
Saturday
When these open doors were open-ended
Saturday, Saturday