

Where Did Saturday Go?

Jethro Tull

Where did Saturday go?
Lost in a whirlwind, heady passion
Long faces hang so low
High-flying dreams to Earth fell crashing

Deeply regrettable
Somewhat predictable
Faintly implausible
Quite unmissable
But where did Saturday go?

Friday felt so alive
Savagely, wickedly entertaining
Watching comeuppance arrive
The howl of the pneuma, the last breath remaining

For bucking the system
Ascending the rostrum
Occasional tantrum
Offering nostrum
But where did Saturday go?

Empty sun on an empty hill
Suffering simply, set aside
Silent screams, a silence shrill
On a one-way donkey ride

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Sunday started so slow
Empty beds in emptier places
How were we meant to know?
Ghostly soul amongst crazy faces

Striking ascendance
In due accordance
Ultimate prescience
What a performance
But where did Saturday go?
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Go