

Saturday Night

Kaiser Chiefs

Suddenly there's a knock at your head
Don't let them in because they'll try to take your TV set
Ha-ha-ha-happiness is a ball in your hand
You've got to try and throw this party just as far as you can

Cre-cre-cre-creosote is pouring out of my brain
I swear I heard the floor boards they were creaking your name.
Get a room, get a head, get a hat
We're going to hell anyway lets travel first class

Come to the city on a Saturday night
Watching the boys on their motorbikes
I wanna be like those guys
I wanna wear my clothes tight
Matching jackets and a fistful of notes
New sneakers and a fresh pack of smokes

Ppp-pneumothorax is a word that is long.
They're just trying to put the pun back into punctured lung
Pe-pe-pe-panic over party off party on
'Cause we are birds of a feather and you can be the fat one

Come to the city on a Saturday night
Open your heads like a satellite
I wanna see what they see
I wanna love you like crazy
When cameras are pointing right in your face
Can see into your room from outer space

Cut through the city on a Saturday night
It's not the size of the man in the fight
I wanna know what that does
I wanna show what matters
Cause it's the size of the fight in the man
That makes the difference and decides who is champ

Cut through the city on a Saturday night
Cause you and me are we're on the edge of the night
Come to the city on a Saturday night
I asked your mother and she said it's alright
We're getting married when we're thirty
I want to do it on your birthday

'Cause I don't wanna waste a moment with you
I just wanna dance the whole night through
Cut through the city on a Saturday night
Cause you and me, we're on the edge of a knife