

Saturdays Only

Bobby Goldsboro

Saturday morning, she comes at ten,
And I play the father-role again --
And I buy my precious joy a toy balloon.
Her mother smiles a cold "goodbye",
Says, "I'll pick her up at five."
And we cram a week into an afternoon.

Saturdays only, she comes to ease the lonely,
The loneliness I'm feelin' deep inside.
Saturdays only, she comes to ease the lonely,
And remind me that what once was mine --
Cannot completely be denied.

We walk, and as the time goes by,
We talk, and she begins to cry,
And she says she prays each night that I'll come home.
And though I know it makes no sense,
I say to her in self-defense,
"Well, it's better you and Mommy live alone."

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The loneliness I'm feelin' deep inside.
Saturdays only, she comes to ease the lonely,
And remind me that what once was mine,
Cannot completely be denied.

Her mother comes on time at five,
And she's gone -- we had so little time,
And I wonder, as I watch her walk away:
If what she gets on Saturday,
Makes up for what she's lost,
Or does she really need a Daddy every day.

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The loneliness I'm feelin' deep inside.
Saturdays only, she comes to ease the lonely,
And remind me that what once was mine. ..