

Saturday Night And Sunday Morning

Steve Earle

If I was Saturday night
And you were Sunday morning
For a fleeting moment we could touch at midnight
And in that moment, could you really know me?
But I am looking 'cross the river
Longing to be near
The water is too wide, I can not reach you
I'm as close as I can ever hope to be

And if I was Winter dying
And you the virgin Spring
Gladly to your warmth I would surrender
To melt the snows and set the rivers free
But I am standing on the mountain
Longing to be near
Heaven is too high, I can not reach you
I'm as close as I can ever hope to be

And if you were the water that He turned into wine
And you could satisfy a drunkard's thirst
Well, I'd surely drink until I could not see
But I am lost in the Devil's storm
Longing to be near
The wind, it blows too hard, I can not reach you
I'm as close as I can ever hope to be

And if I was Saturday night
And you were Sunday morning
For a fleeting moment we could touch at midnight
And in that moment, could you really know me?