

# Saturday Night Me

Elvie Shane

I can be a Wild West dust wind blowing through the weekend  
Get a little hell-bent, going off the deep end  
Baby, you're a godsend when you calm the storm  
A rowdy out-all-nighter, running through the fire  
Gas in a shot glass, sparking up a lighter  
But you fight through the flames and love me more

Girl, your angels and my demons, they just seem to get along  
We found something to believe in where my darkness meets your dawn  
Thank God your stained glass and my neon go together like they do  
When Saturday night me runs into Sunday morning you

You dig your heels in deep when you stand your ground  
You can take the heat, girl, you don't back down  
You could snatch my soul right out the devil's hands

Girl, your angels and my demons, they just seem to get along  
We found something to believe in where my darkness meets your dawn  
Thank God your stained glass and my neon go together like they do  
When Saturday night me runs into Sunday morning you, yeah

Singing, "Oh, I find my peace somewhere in the space between  
Saturday night me and Sunday morning you"  
Singing, "Oh, I find my peace somewhere in the space between  
Saturday night me and Sunday morning you"

Yeah, your angels and my demons, they just seem to get along  
We found something to believe in where my darkness meets your dawn  
Thank God your stained glass and my neon go together like they do  
When Saturday night me runs into Sunday morning you  
Yeah, when Saturday night me runs into Sunday morning you  
Yeah, Saturday night me runs into Sunday morning you