

## Saturday Night

### Lucky Boys Confusion

As usual I'm late, what's the difference I see the same faces  
My attitude is plain, just the same as the vibe in this place i  
s  
I'm shaking hands and smiling, lying, about where I've been lat  
ely  
The tensions multiplying and I'm dying to leave  
It's Saturday night and the party's crawling  
Did you hear the ringing the bottles calling  
Week after week this is where I'm ending up  
It's Saturday night I'm already stumbling  
Some guys are outside being loud and rumbling  
Third weekend in a row that we've broken up  
I'm quickly loosing interest  
I really hope I find it  
This room is like a bottle it's never full enough  
These rumors start to fly, spreading lies which alcohol induces  
I'm sick and tired of waiting, your out of beer and I'm out of  
excuses  
Are you checking what you're starting, I beg your pardon  
What to do you got up your sleeve  
The queen of melodrama and I'm dying to leave  
I got dem disease of overanylization  
It's making hard to hold a conversation  
People step, expecting proclamations  
But I'm saying it, but I'm saying it with an exclamation  
This ain't my scene and it's Saturday night  
I'm going to the reggae bar they got it going on  
Don't believe rumors you've heard  
Till you see me dropping the word, right  
It's Saturday night and the bottles calling