

Saturday's Gone

Mark Lanegan

If you're kind for dusty highways and such
Be alright to look her up
The faded priestess of the highways and crutch
Calling when you're down on luck
By the disused railroad road station you go
To the house of dirty pearl
Her existential situation you know
She is not like other girls

She may ask you, "Do you believe?"
You can't stay, though you'll never leave

See the sapphire in the skylines so blue
See the diamond in the dirt
When you think the subject won't turn to you
She got demons up her skirt
It isn't sure of her reflection at all
Is seduced by all things past
A pleasure-seeker of dejection
Gazing into her looking glass

She may ask you what you believe
But the mirror doesn't see me

Saturday's gone, saturday's gone
Saturday's gone, saturday's gone

She may ask you, "Do you believe?"
You can't stay, though you'll never leave

Saturday's gone, saturday's gone
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Now a sundown comes, a new day for her
Tired of dress and leave the ground
You'd be a fool to ask her to lift you up
Why go up when you go down?
If you should tire of ties that bind you
Filmed on fever leaves so fast
You got trouble far behind you
Well knows nothing's made to last

Hear how God sees a lion roar
Watch the serpent crossing the floor

Saturday's gone, saturday's gone