

Saturday

The Essex Green

If you want to see the sun, then son you better get up
And daughter, if you've never lived, then now's the time to start
Put a ribbon in your hair to save yourself from harm

Saturday, Saturday, never a moment of rest
The wolves are howling at the door, would you kindly look your best?

Children, take your mother's hand and meet me at the gate
Your father's packing up our things, he does the best he can, but
winning all the best in life can leave a broken man

Oh Sunday, Sunday, never a moment of peace
The neighbors, they are laughing now, another stalking street