

Saturday Night, Sunday Morning

Thelma Houston

Were fooled by first impressions
They're not always true
You thought that I was made out of ice
But I caught on fire with you

I sparkled for a moment
Then I flickered out
I couldn't feel the flame any more
But darlin' I'm feelin' it no

Took such a long time to convince me
You could fill that empty space
But Saturday night is shining
On my Sunday morning face
Saturday night is shining
On my Sunday morning face

Sunlight is streaming
Through the open window
While you're dreaming in my arms
Took such a long time to convince me
You could fill that empty space
But Saturday night is shining
On my Sunday morning face
Saturday night is shining

This is the real thing
Look at me beaming with love
Saturday night is shining
On my Sunday morning face