

Hot Saturday Night

So did the stranger come and steal your drums?
And left you there with nothing to play.
And now you're searching on the ground
For some change to help you through your day.

The laughter from the room it echos loud.
It leaves you with nowhere to lay.

Chorus

Is the echo from the amplifiers still ringing in your head
Is the smell of stale perfume still lingering in your bed
Did miss hot Saturday night leave you Sundays plight
Still searching for what's missing from that land of delight.

Repeat verse 2 and Chorus

Repeat 1st verse

Don't you know the price that you pay
Your living day to day
Dancing with the living and the dead

Lost in the ruins of love's debris
A taste of honey could set you free
You're but a mouthful from being fed
You're but a mouthful from being fed

STEVE RICE