

Kaiser Chiefs, Saturday Night

Suddenly there's a knock at your head
Don't let them in because they're trying to take your TV set
Happiness is the ball in your hand
You've got to try and throw this party just as far as you can

Creosote is pouring out of my brain
I swear I heard the floorboards, they were creaking your name
Get a room, get ahead, get a hat
We're going to hell anyway, let's travel first class

Cut through the city on a Saturday night
Watching the boys on their motorbikes
I wanna be like those guys
I wanna wear my clothes tight
With Matching jackets and a fistful of notes
New sneakers and a fresh pack of smokes

Pneumothorax is a word that is long
They're just trying to put some punk back into punctured lung
Panic over, party off, party on
Cause we are birds of a feather and you can be the fat one

Cut through the city on a Saturday night
Over your heads like a satellite
I wanna see what they see
I wanna love you like crazy
Cause camera are pointing right at your face
Can see into your room from outer space

Cut through the city on a Saturday night
It's not the size of the man in the fight
I wanna know what that does
I wanna show what matters
Cause it's the size of the fight in the man
That makes the difference and decides who is champ

Cut through the city on a Saturday night
Cause you and me are we're on the edge of the knife

Cut through the city on a Saturday night
I asked your mother and she said it's alright
We're getting married when we're thirty
I wanna do it on your birthday
Cause I don't wanna waste a moment with you
I just wanna live the whole night through

Cut through the city on a Saturday night
Cause you and me we're on the edge of the knife