

# The Cure, Saturday Night

10.15

Saturday night  
And the tap drips  
Under the strip light  
And I'm sitting  
In the kitchen sink  
And the tap drips  
Drip drip drip drip drip drip drip

Waiting  
For the telephone to ring  
And I'm wondering  
Where she's been  
And I'm crying  
For yesterday  
And the tap drips  
Drip drip drip drip drip drip drip

It's always the same