

Devendra Banhart - Saturday Night

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Tom: G
It's every Saturday night and the time sure is wrong
Time to get uptight and along, alone
Ask every Saturday night while the time sure is wrong
Having fun
So get along, alone, now alone
Alone now
Alone
And the voice comes disembodied. Nothing there but you can
You know how to numb the wound
But you don't know how to heal it
Tryin' waiting for hours, days and years
You keep waiting but no one's ever gonna show up here
Please don't love me because, don't love me because
You're through hating you
Please don't love me because, don't love me because
You're through hating you
Why mourn the loss when life is letting. Go of us but not
forgetting
Everything that made you stronger
Won't be around much longer
You're the dream of love unspoken. You're a flower that never
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Acordes

