

Saturday

Fall Out Boy

I'm good to go
And I'm going nowhere fast
It could be worse
I could be taking you there with me
I'm good to go
Though it looks like I'm still on my own I'm good to go for something golden
Though the motions I've been going through have failed
And I'm coasting on potential towards a wall
At a hundred miles an hour When I say
Two more weeks
My foot is in the door, yeah
I can't sleep in the wake of Saturday
Saturday
When these open doors were open-ended
Saturday
When these open doors were open-ended
Pete and I attacked the laws of Astoria
With promise and precision
And a mess of youthful innocence
And I read about the afterlife
But I never really lived more than an hour (more than an hour) When I say
Two more weeks
My foot is in the door, yeah
I can't sleep in the wake of Saturday
Saturday
When these open doors were open-ended
Saturday
When these open doors were open-ended And I read about the afterlife
But I never really lived
And I read about the afterlife
But I never really lived
Two more weeks
My foot is in the door
Me and Pete
In the wake of Saturday
Saturday
When these open doors were open-ended
Saturday
When these open doors were open-ended
Saturday, Saturday

