

Sam Fender, Saturday

overtired
overworked
underpaid
under pressure
always tying up loose ends
the unchained melody out of tune
remedy on the weekend
to cure the weekday blues

raise my heart rate
inflate my pupils
give me something
just to smoothen off the edge

call my dumb
call me scum
call me plain and simple
as I am holding on for this

if Saturday don't come soon
I'm gonna lose my mind

inhabitable hole
skint living like an animal
how they try to make my dole
black mould on the walls must've made a thousand calls to get it sorted
but my landlord hates my soul

no power
working zero hour making some cunt rich
who will never understand what it's like down here
I raise my beer

if Saturday don't come soon
I'm gonna lose my mind
and if Saturday don't come soon
I'm gonna lose my mind

and if Saturday don't come soon
I'm gonna lose my mind
if Saturday don't come soon
Saturday

and if Saturday don't come soon
no, no!