

The Heart Of Saturday Night
Tom Waits

A A9 Amaj7 A9 D/E D/D D D/B Bm7 E7 A E A E

A E A E

Well, you gassed her up, behind the wheel

A D/E D/D D D/B

With your arm around your sweet one in your Oldsmobile

Bm7 E7 A E

Barrellin down the boulevard, your lookin for the heart of Saturday Night.

And you got paid on Friday, and your pockets are jinglin

And you see the lights, you get all tinglin

Cause your cruisin with a 6,

And you re lookin for the heart of Saturday night.

D/E D E A

Then you comb your hair, shave your face, tryin to wipe out ev ry trace

D/E D Bm7

Of all the other days in the week, you know that this ll be the Saturday

E7

You re reachin your peak.

Stoppin on the red, you re goin on the green,

Cause tonight ll be like nothin you ve ever seen,

And you re barrellin down the boulevard,

Lookin for the heart of Saturday night.

And tell me is it the crack of the pool balls neon buzzin ?

Telephone ringin ; it s you re second cousin.

Is it the barmaid that s smilin from the corner of her eye?

Magic of the melancholy tear in your eye.

Makes it kind of quiver down in the core

Cause your dreamin of them Saturdays that came before

And now you re stumblin , you re stumblin on to the heart of Saturday night.

Well, you gassed her up, behind the wheel

With your arm around your sweet one in your Oldsmobile

Barrellin down the boulevard, your lookin for the heart of Saturday Night.

And tell me is it the crack of the pool balls neon buzzin ?

Telephone ringin ; it s you re second cousin.

Is it the barmaid that s smilin from the corner of her eye?

Magic of the melancholy tear in your eye.

Makes it kind of special down in the core

Cause your dreamin of them Saturdays that came before

it s found you stumblin , you re stumblin on to the heart of Saturday night.

And you re stumblin , you re stumblin on to the heart of Saturday night.