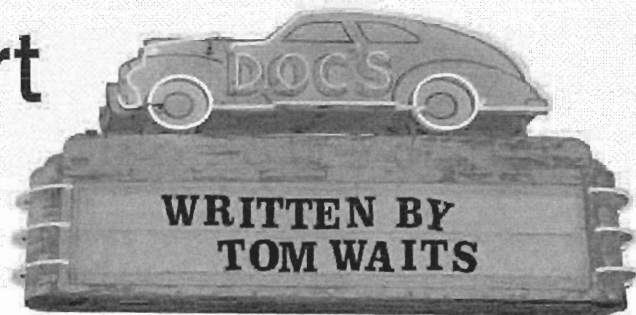


(Looking for) The Heart of Saturday Night



Intro (2x): C C/A C C/A

Well you gassed her up, behind the wheel, With your arm around your sweet one, in your Oldsmobile,
 Dm G C C/A C C/A
 Barrelin' down the boulevard, You're looking 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',
 Dm G C C/A C C/A
 'Cause you're cruisin' with a six, And you're looking for the heart of Saturday night.

Then you comb your hair, shave your face, Tryin' to wipe out every trace,
 F Dm F Dm G
 All the other days, in the week, You know that this'll be the Saturday 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,
 Dm G C C/A C C/A
 And you're barrelin' down the boulevard, Lookin' for the heart of Saturday night.

Tell me it's the crack of the pool balls, neon buzzin', Telephone's ringin', it's your second cousin,
 F Dm F Dm G
 Is it the barmaid that's smilin' from the corner of her eye? The magic of the melancholy tear in your eye.

Makes it kind of quiver, down in the core, 'Cause you're dreamin' of them Saturdays that came before,
 Dm G C C/A C C/A

And now you're stumblin', You're stumblin' onto the heart of Saturday night.

You're stumblin', stumblin' onto the heart of Saturday night.

Hm Hmm Hmm, Hmmm Hmmm, Hmmmmmm

