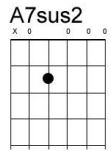
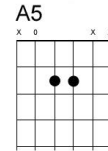
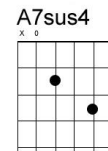


The Heart of Saturday Night by Tom Waits (1976)

Well you gassed her up, behind the wheel with your
 arm around your sweet one in your Oldsmobile
 Em7 A7sus4 D(½) A5(½) D(½) A5(½)
 barrelin' down the boulevard, you're lookin' for the heart of Saturday night. You got

paid on Friday, and your pockets are jinglin', and you
 see the lights of town, you get all tinglin' cause you're
 Em7 A7sus4 D(½) A5(½) D(½) A(¼) D/A(¼)
 cruisin' with a six, and you're looking for the heart of Saturday night.



comb your hair, shave your face, trying to wipe out every trace of
 all the other days in the week, you know that this'll be the Saturday you're reaching your peak
 G/B A7sus2 D A5(½) D(½) A5(½)
 G/B(½) G/A(½) G(½) G/F#(½) Em7 A7sus4 A7sus4

Stoppin' on the red, goin on the green cause the
 night'll be like nothin' you've ever seen, and you're
 barrelin' down the boulevard, looking for the heart of Saturday night. Tell me is the

crack of the pool balls, the neon buzzin'? Telephone's ringing, it's your second cousin. Is it the
 barmaid that smiles from the corner of her eye or the magic of the melancholy tear in your eye

Makes it kinda quiver, down in the core, cause you're
 dreaming of them Saturdays that came before, and now you're
 stumblin', SLOWLY stumblin' onto the heart of Saturday night. But when you've

gassed her up, and you're behind the wheel, with your
 arm around your sweet one in your Oldsmobile,
 barrelin' down the boulevard, you're looking for the heart of Saturday night

Mmmmmmm, mmmmmmm, mmmmmmm, mmm.
 Em7(½) A7sus4(½) D(½) A(½) D(½) A(½) D6(hold)