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*Michale Graves skrev denna text, men jag vill dela den med er!*

*Graves skriver oftast ur ett monsters synvinkel vilket gör hans texter (Tycker jag) mer intressanta.*

### **Cryin' On Saturday Night.**

There's 52 ways to murder anyone

One or two are the same,

And they both work as well

I'm coming clean for Amy,

Julie doesn't scream as well

And the cops won't listen all night

And so maybe, maybe I'll be over

Just as soon as I fill them all in

And I can remember when I saw her last

We were running all around and having a blast

But the back seat of the drive-in

Is so lonely without you

I know when you're home

I was thinking about you,

There was something I forgot to say

I was crying on a Saturday night

I was out cruising without you,

They were playing our song

Crying on Saturday night

As the moon becomes the night time

You go viciously, quietly away

I'm sitting in the bedroom,

Where we used to sit and smoke cigarettes

Now I'm watching, watching you die

I can remember when I saw her last

We were running all around and having a blast

But the back seat of the drive-in

Is so lonely without you

I know when you're home

I was thinking about you,

There was something I forgot to say

I was crying on a Saturday night

I was out cruising without you,

They were playing our song  
Crying on Saturday night.

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