

JUST ANOTHER SATURDAY

LYRICS — paste into Suno

[Verse 1]

Saturday morning, we were already gone,
Four kids moving with the breaking dawn.
Fishing rods, bicycles, nowhere to be,
Whole wide world and the whole day free.

Green Island calling from across the way,
Nobody asking where we'd been all day.
Swimming and laughing, nothing in our way,
Man, we were living on another Saturday.

[Chorus]

Just another Saturday!
Running like the world was ours.
Just another Saturday!
Bikes and trains and borrowed hours.

Caddied all morning, danced all night,
Somehow we always made it home all right.
My grandkids laugh when they hear me say,
“That wasn't adventure—
It was just another Saturday!”

[Verse 2]

Train whistle blowing, everybody knew,
Bobby, Mike and Tommy coming through.
Montreal waiting at the end of the line,
No grand plan and no sense of time.

Then came the conductor,
And a CNR cop.
Four boys running,
And nobody would stop.

The other boys were yelling,
“Bobby, come on!”
Then I felt that policeman's hand—
He had me!

But the sweater came off,
And Bobby was gone!

[Chorus]

Just another Saturday!
Running like the world was ours.
Just another Saturday!
Bikes and trains and borrowed hours.

Caddied all morning, danced all night,
Somehow we always made it home all right.
My grandkids laugh when they hear me say,
"You really did that?"
Yeah!
Just another Saturday!

[Verse 3]

Friday night Cedarview,
Saturday Gyro,
Rock and roll playing on the radio.
Green Island swimming,
Valerie by my side,
Young boys and girls just enjoying the ride.

Spin that bottle,
Steal a little kiss,
Funny how an old man remembers all this.
One old song and I'm thirteen again,
Running through St-Eustache with all my friends.

[Bridge]

Green Island!
Cedarview!
Gyro!
Let's go!

Mike!
Bobby!
Tommy!
Here we go!

No cellphones ringing,
No one keeping score,
Every Saturday morning
We went looking for more!

[Final Chorus]

Just another Saturday!
Running like the world was ours.
Just another Saturday!
Those were golden hours.

Caddied all morning, danced all night,
Somehow we always made it home all right.
Sixty years later I can still hear them say—

“COME ON, BOBBY!”

Just another Saturday!

[Outro]
Turn that piano up!
Let that saxophone go!

Just another—
Just another—
Just another Saturday!