OUR SATURDAY NIGHT OPENING

It's our Saturday night
It's our town to do right
White tie, Got our soup and fish out
We're taking a swell little dish out
Thank you sir,
It's quite all right,
It's a bright Saturday night
When we can dine slowly with wine
Your hand covering mine
In some place where the Maitre D.
Will give some special nook to me
A larger tip means much less light (And tho' you cannot eat a bite)
It's a chance at romance Saturday night.
We'll talk mostly about you, dear
What you do, Dear
While we wished that you looked more like Errol Flynn
We might touch upon the weather
The price of leather
And the Dodgers
Who think the Dodgers still can't win
Then what do you say to seeing a play
How about a high brow Soiree
No thanks, you can keep Stravinsky
Ho Hum and a that for Minsky
O.K. darling let's not fight
It's our bright Saturday night.
All week long is so prosaic
Home in Flatbush or Passaic
All the day at Sten and Typing
Listen to the boss's griping
Out to lunch rush back at two
Jammed in subways when you're through
M. T. W. Th. F. - Each a gray day
Then at last its's Saturday - It's pay day - Play day
See the Hudson under the stars
See old friends under the bars
We'll take the town in - It's so extensive
The town takes us in it's so expensive
But what the Hell we might as well
Have a swell time
A magic spell time
A who can tell time
On a bright Saturday night.