

# Saturday Night Special

## Lynyrd Skynyrd

Two feet they come a creepin' like a black cat do  
And two bodies are lyin' naked creeper think he got nothin' to lose  
So he creeps into this house, oh, unlocks the door  
An' out the man reachin' for his trousers, shoots him full of 38 holes  
It's a Saturday night special, got a barrel that's blue an' cold  
Ain't no good for nothin' but put a man six feet in a hole  
Big Jim's been drinkin' whiskey and playin' poker on a losin' night  
An' pretty soon, Big Jim starts a thinkin' somebody been cheatin' and lyin'  
So Big Jim commences to fightin', I wouldn't tell you lie, no, no, no  
Big Jim gonna put his pistol, shot his friend right between the eyes  
It's a Saturday night special, got a barrel that's blue an' cold  
Ain't good for nothin' but put a man six feet in a hole  
A hand guns was made for killin' it ain't no good for nothin' else  
And if you like to drink your whiskey, you might even shoot yourself  
So why don't we dump 'em people to the bottom of the sea  
Before some of you come around here wanna shoot either you or me  
It's a Saturday night special, got a barrel that's blue an' cold  
Ain't good for nothin' but put a man six feet in a hole

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