

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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