Saturday Night Special

Conway Twitty

Well I was there to buy a pistol, she was there to hawk her ring
The broker in that pawn shop deals in almost anything
He'll pay you for your misery or he'll sell you someone's pain
And that twinkle in his greedy eye says your loss will be his gainShe stood back in the shadows as the broker dealt with me
Her eyes were dark and desperate from some private misery
His words were so prophetic when he said, "You've got a steal"
I said, "Throw in one bullet and you've got yourself a deal"Oh, Saturday Night Special is an easy thing to buy
All you gotta be is twenty-one or fifteen if you lie
Just hand the man the money and if someone's gotta die
The broker in the pawnshop won't even blink an eyeWell, he handed my the pistol and I was almost to the door
When I heard him tell the lady, "Seven dollars, nothin' more"
The lady started cryin' as he took her weddin' band
My hand was in my pocket and the gun was in my handWell, I was gonna use that bullet to end my life
I was once somebody's husband, she was once somebody's wife
Well, I usually mind my business but I could not walk away
His dollars just weren't makin' sense and I knew I had to stayWell, the broker's face turned pasty when he caught my icy stare
It would never leave my pocket but he knew the gun was there
I asked him what his life was worth and he opened up that drawer
For a simple golden wedding band he paid two thousand moreThat Saturday night was special even though it wasn't planned
As we walked down the sidewalk, she reached and took my hand
We crossed the bridge and I took that gun and sailed it through the air
I said, "Ever been to Texas"? She said, "I think I'd love it there"Oh, Saturday Night Special is an easy thing to buy
All you gotta be is twenty-one or fifteen if you lie
But there's a pawn shop in the city, used to deal in everything, huh
But you can't buy a pistol there, you can't hawk your weddin' ring

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