

Saturday Gigs

Ian Hunter

Sixty-nine was cheapo wine,
Have a good time,
What your sign
Float up to the Roundhouse
On a Sunday afternoon. In Seventy we all agreed
A King's Road flat was the place to be
'Cause Chelsea girls are the best in the world for company. In Seventy-one all the people come
Bust a few seats but it's just in fun
Take the Mick out of Top of the Pops
We play better than they do
In Seventy-two we was born to lose
We slipped down snakes into yesterday's news
I was ready to quit
But then we went to Croydon Do you remember the Saturday gigs
We do, we do
Do you remember the Saturday gigs
We do, we do The tickets for the fantasy were twelve and six a time
A fairy tale on sale Oh, Seventy-three was a jamboree
We were the dudes and the dudes were we.
(oh oh oh oh oh)
Did you see the suits and the platform boots In Seventy-four on the Broadway tour
We didn't much like dressing up no more
Don't wanna be hip - but thanks for a great trip. Do you remember the Saturday gigs
We do, we do
Do you remember the Saturday gigs
We do, we do
But now the kids pay a couple of quid
'Cause they need it just the same
It's all a game
A grown-up game But you got off on those Saturday gigs
And we did, we did
'Cause you got off on those Saturday gigs
And we did, we did
And we got off on those Saturday gigs
And you did, you did
And we got off on those Saturday gigs
'Cause you did, you did Don't you ever forget us
We'll never forget you
We're going to sleep now

You better be good, right (ha ha ha)

See you next time

So long for now

Songwriters

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