Let's Kill Saturday Night

Pinmonkey

Every dollar I make is a buck I owe
And a forty hour week leaves ten to blow
But every game in this town is just a nickel and dime
And when the sun goes down, it feels like the last timeDown on the main drag we ride, the engine's open
If there's a fire inside, that's the one thing goin'I've got the Mustang loaded, I've got a wrong to right
I got a little red bullet, let's kill Saturday night
Knock it out of its misery nail that coffin tight
High livin', that's history, let's kill Saturday nightWell, the little man's lot is a prince's life
A prince with the lousy job; a prince with a workin' wife
Something in the big frame moved, it never was so hard
To keep a twenty-inch tube and a fenced in yardGive me one night with the moon high and the radio poundin'
And brother this town is gonna go down kickin' and shoutin'I've got the Mustang loaded, I've got a wrong to
right
I got a little red bullet, let's kill Saturday night
Knock it out of its misery, nail that coffin tight
High livin', that's history, let's kill Saturday night, heyI got the Mustang loaded, I've got a wrong to right
I got a little red bullet, let's kill Saturday night
Knock it out of its misery, nail that coffin tight
High livin', that's history, let's kill Saturday nightLet's kill Saturday night