Saturday Night's Alright For Fighting

W.a.s.p.

Well, it's getting late, have you seen my mates?
Tell me when the boys get here
It's seven o'clock and I got to rock
Got to get a belly full of beer
Well, my old man's drunker than a barrel full of monkeys
And my old lady, she don't care
My sister looks cute in her braces and boots
A handful of grease in her hair
Oh, don't give us none of your aggravation
We had it with your discipline
Saturday night's alright for fighting
Get a little action in
Get about as oiled as a diesel train
Gonna set this dance alight
Saturday night's the night I like
Saturday night's alright, alright, alright
Well, they're packed pretty tight inside here tonight
I'm looking for a dolly to see me right
I can use a little muscle to get what I need
And have a little drink and shout out, "She's with me"
A couple of the sound that I really like
Are the sounds of a switchblade and a motorbike
I'm a juvenile product of the working class
Whose best friend floats in the bottom of a glass
Oh, don't give us none of your aggravation
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Night's alright
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Night's alright
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Saturday, Saturday, Saturday
Saturday, Saturday, Saturday
Night's alright

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