Get By

Tim Hicks

Da girls are out to Bingo and the boys are gettin' stinko,
And we think no more of Inco on a Sudbury Saturday night.
The glasses dey will tinkle when our eyes begin to twinkle,
And we'll think no more of Inco on a Sudbury Saturday night.

With Irish Jim O'Connel der and Scotty Jack MacDonald,
Dere's honky Fredrick Hurchell gettin' tight, but dat's alright,
Dere's happy German Fritzy der with Frenchy getting tipsy,
And even Joe da Gypsy knows it's Saturday tonight.

Now when Mary Ann and Mabel come to join us at the table,
And tell us how the Bingo went tonight, we'll look a fright.
But if dey won da money, we'll be lappin' up da honey, boys,
'Cause everything is funny, for it's Saturday tonight

Da girls are out to Bingo and da boys are gettin' stinko,
And we think no more of Inco on a Sudbury Saturday night.
The glasses dey will tinkle when our eyes begin to twinkle,
And we'll think no more of Inco on a Sudbury Saturday night.

We'll drink da loot we borrowed and recuperate tomorrow,
'Cause everything is wonderful tonight, we had a good fight,
We ate the Dilly Pickle and we forgot about the Nickel,
And everybody's tickled, for it's Saturday tonight!

The songs that we'll be singin', they might be wrong but dey'll be ringin',
When the lights of town are shining bright, and we're all tight,
We'll get to work on Monday, but tomorrow's only Sunday,
And we're out to have a fun day for it's Saturday tonight.

Yeah, da girls are out to Bingo and da boys are gettin' stinko,
And we think no more of Inco on a Sudbury Saturday night.
The glasses dey will tinkle when our eyes begin to twinkle,
And we'll think no more of Inco on a Sudbury Saturday night.

Lyrics submitted by Samantha.

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