

# Saturday Gigs

## Mott the Hoople

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

IAN HUNTER Published by

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