

# 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 Saturday, Saturday, Saturday  
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Saturday, Saturday, Saturday  
Night's alright Saturday, Saturday, Saturday  
Saturday, Saturday, Saturday  
Saturday, Saturday, Saturday

Night's alright

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