

She Knows What to Do With a Saturday Night

Billy Currington

She don't cook, she don't clean
She ain't ever found a knob on the washin' machine
She don't iron, she don't sew
Says, "Why waste time foldin' clothes?" She ain't ever gonna get Mama's recipe right
But she knows what to do with a Saturday night Hit every hot spot all around town
Turn it on up, she'll tear it on down
People rubber neckin', tryin' to see her dance
She got a belly button ring and some low-rider pants They call me lucky, I know that's right
She knows what to do with a Saturday night She makes a mean margarita and a Singapore Sling
And if y'all are into Skynard, she sure can sing
She's gonna run the table, if you let her break
She might pop out of the top of a birthday cake And that little black dress painted on tight
She knows what to do with a Saturday night Hit every hot spot all around town
Turn it on up, she'll tear it on down
People rubber neckin', tryin' to see her dance
She got a belly button ring and some low-rider pants They call me lucky, I know that's right
She knows what to do with a Saturday night We get home in the early a.m.
That's when all the real fun begins
Yeah, she holds me close and whispers in my ear
Every little sweet thing I wanna hear Then she lights them candles and out go the lights
She knows what to do with a Saturday night Yeah, they call me lucky, I know that's right
She knows what to do with a Saturday night
Saturday night, with a Saturday night
Saturday night

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