

Armored Saint, Saturday Night Special

Yeah two feets they come a creepin'
Like a black cat do
And two bodies are laying naked
Creeper thinks he got nothin' to lose
So, he creeps up into this house yeah
And unlocks the door
And as a man's reaching for his trousers,
Shoots him full of thirty-eight holes

It's the Saturday Night Special
Got a barrel that's so blue and cold
Ain't good for nothin'
But put a man six feet in the hole

Big Jim's been drinkin' whiskey
And playin' poker on a losin' night
And pretty soon Ol' Jim starts a-thinkin'
Somebody been cheatin' and lyin'
So big Jim commence to fightin'
I wouldn't tell you no lie
Big Jim done pull his pistol
And shot his friend right between the eyes

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Got a barrel that's so blue and cold
Ain't good for nothin'
But put a man six feet in the hole

I'm gonna tell you what you
Can do with it too
Hand guns are made for killin'
They ain't no good for nothin' else
And if you like to drink your whiskey
You might even shoot yourself
So why don't we dump them people
To the bottom of the sea
Before some ol' fool come around here
Wanna shoot either you or me

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