

Charlie's Angels: Full Throttle, Saturday Night's A

It's getting late, I haven't seen my date
So tell me when the boys get here
Seven o'clock and I want to rock
Want to get a belly full of beer
My old man's drunker than a bar full of winos
And his old lady, she don't care
My sisters lookin' cute in her braces and boots
And 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 town alight
Saturday night's the night I like
Saturday night's alright, alright, alright
P-p-packed pretty tight in here tonight
I'm looking for a woman to see me right
I could use a little muscle to get what I need
I'll drink a fifth of jack and scream out, "She's with me"
A couple of the sounds that I really like
Are the sounds of a switchblade and a motorbike
And I'm a juvenile product of the working class
Whose best friend floats from the bottom of a glass
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