

Jersey, Saturday Night

Well little Mikey, is only sixteen,
He's on top of this punk-rock scene,
He's risen his fist full of political pardon,
He can't do no wrong and over your life,
And his father can't tell him, no one can tell him,
He waited this war, he's gonna win the fight,
But thirty years later, still singing for tonight,

Saturday night, Saturday night, Saturday night, we gotta do it right,
Saturday night, Saturday night, Saturday night, tonight's the night,
When the clock strikes twelve, the sun is going down,
Father's rising up cussing out of your hotel,

And the spirits in the streets,
And the fire's in the rising,
They're living for the moment, and their passion never dies,
And she looks him in the face,
She said she would never leave him,
Her whisper still haunted many,
It was still believed,

Saturday night, Saturday night, Saturday night, we gotta do it right,
Saturday night, Saturday night, Saturday night, tonight's the night,
When the clock strikes twelve, the sun's gone down,
Father's rising up cussing out of your hotel,

I'll go to the bottom of every bottle,
The end of the line of every story,
Those eyes were missed,
Those guys were ever missed,
Those were the good old days,
I hold it on and cherish,
I'll never forget, Yeah,

Tonight's the night, we gotta do it right,
Tonight's the night, we gotta do it right,
Tonight's the night, we gotta do it right,
Tonight's the night,
The clock strikes twelve, the sun's gone down,
Father's rising up cussing out of your hotel,

Saturday night, Saturday night,
Saturday night, Saturday night,
Saturday night, Saturday night,
Saturday night, Saturday, we gotta do it right!