

B.B. King, SATURDAY NIGHT FISH FRY

Now if you've ever been down to New Orleans
Then you can understand just what I mean
All thru the week it's quiet as a mouse
But on Saturday night they go from house to house
You don't have to pay the usual admission
If you're a cook, a waiter or a good musician
So if you happen to be just passin' by
Stop in at the Saturday Night Fish Fry

It was rockin', it was rockin'
You never seen such scufflin'
And shufflin' 'till the break of dawn
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Now my buddy and me was on the main stem
Foolin' around just me and him
We decided we could use a little something to eat
So we went to a house on Rampart Street
We knocked on the door and it opened up with ease
And a lush little Miss said, "Come in, please"
And before we could even bat an eye
We were right in the middle of a big fish fry

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Now the folks was havin' the time of their life
And Sam was jivin' Jimmie's wife
Over in the corner was a beat up grand
Being played by a big fat piano man
Some of the chicks wore expensive frocks
Some of them had on bobbie socks
But everybody was nice and high
At this particular Saturday Night Fish Fry

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Now the women were screamin' and jumpin' and yellin'
The bottles was flyin', and the fish was smellin'
And way above all the noise we made
Somebody hollered, "You better get outta here, this is a raid!"
I didn't know we was breaking the law but
Somebody reached over and hit me on the jaw
Now they had us blocked off from front to back
And they was puttin' 'em in the wagon like potatoes in a sack

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I knew I could get away if I had a chance
But I was shakin' like I had the St. Vitus dance
So I tried to crawl in under a bath tab
When a policeman said, "Where are you goin' there, bub?"
Now they got us out of there like a house on fire
And put us all in the black Maria
Now they might have missed a pitiful few
But they got both me and my buddy too

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Well we headed for jail in a dazed condition
They booked each one of us on suspicion
Now my chick came down and paid my bail
And finally got me outta that rotten jail
Now if you ever want to get a fist in your eye
Just mention a Saturday Night Fish Fry
I don't care how many fish in the sea
But don't ever mention a fish to me

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