

# Flotsam And Jetsam, Saturday Night's Alright for

[Original: Elton John]

It's getting late haven't seen my mates,  
Ma tell me when the boys get here.  
It's seven o'clock and I wanna mosh,  
Wanna get my belly full of beer.  
My old man's drunker than a bar full of whinos,  
And my old lady she don't care.  
My sister looks cute in her braces and boots,  
A handful of grease in her hair.

[chorus:]

Don't give us none of your aggravation,  
We've had it with your discipline.  
Saturday night's alright for fightin',  
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.

Well they're packed pretty tight in here tonight,  
I'm looking for a bitch who will see me right.  
I may use a little muscle to get what I need,  
I may sink a little Jack and shout out: 'she's with me'.  
A couple of sounds that I really like,  
Are the sounds of a switchblade and a motorbike.  
I'm a juvenile product of the working class,  
Whose best friend floats in the bottom of a glass.

[repeat chorus]

Saturday's the night, yeah.

[repeat chorus]

Saturday, Saturday, Saturday, Saturday,  
Saturday, Saturday, Saturday, Saturday,  
Saturday night's alright.

[repeat and fade]