

Lynyrd Skynyrd, Saturday Night Special

(Ed King - Ronnie Van Zant)

Two feets they come a creepin'
Like a black cat do
And two bodies are lyin' naked
Creeper think he got nothin' to lose
So he creeps into this house, yeah
And unlocks the door
And while a man reaching for his trousers
Shoots him full of .38 holes

[Chorus:]

Its a Saturday night special
Got a barrel that's blue and cold
Ain't no good for nothin'
But put a man six feet in a hole

Big Jim's been drinkin' whiskey
And playing poker on a losin' night
Pretty soon, Big Jim starts a thinkin'
Somebody been cheatin' and lyin'
So Big Jim commences to fightin'
I wouldn't tell you no lie
And Big Jim done grab his pistol
Shot his friend right between the eyes

[Chorus]

Hand guns are made for killin'
Ain't no good for nothin' else
And if you like your whiskey
You might even shoot yourself
So why don't we dump 'em people
To the bottom of the sea
Before some fool come around here
Wanna shoot either you or me