

# 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