

# Lynyrd Skynyrd, Searching

(Ed King, Ronnie Van Zant)

Two feet they come a creepin'  
Like a black cat do  
And two bodies are layin' naked  
Creeper think he got nothin' to lose  
So he creeps into this house, yeah  
And unlocks the door  
And as a man's reaching for his trousers  
Shoots him full of thirty-eight holes

chorus:

It's the Saturday night special  
Got a barrel that's blue and cold  
Ain't good for nothin'  
But put a man six feet in a hole  
Big Jim's been drinkin' whiskey  
And playin' poker on a losin' night  
And pretty soon ol' Jim starts a thinkin  
Somebody been cheatin' and lyin'  
So Big Jim commence to fightin'  
I wouldn't tell you no lie  
Big Jim done pulled his pistol  
Shot his friend right between the eyes

chorus

Oh, it's the Saturday night special  
Hand guns are made for killin'  
They ain't no good for nothin' else  
And if you like to drink your whiskey  
You might even shoot yourself  
So why don't we dump 'em people  
To the bottom of the sea  
Before some ol' fool come around here  
Wanna shoot either you or me

chorus

It's the Saturday night special  
And I'd like to tell you what you could do with it  
And that's the end of the song