

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