

# Mott The Hoople, The Saturday Kids

(Ian Hunter)

Clouds among (?)  
The feelings that you catch  
The worries through the years

There was a time in 69  
Now the fools are cool  
And my dream appears

It was in 1971  
The crowd that called us young  
(?)  
So he was such a natch  
Boy but what a catch  
Do you laugh about  
Do you remember the Saturday Kids  
We did, we did  
Did you get off on the Saturday Kids  
We did, we did  
Do you remember all those dreams  
Fantasies alive  
A fairy tale, yeah

69 was Safeway wine  
Have a good time, what's your sign  
Float up to the Roundhouse  
On a Sunday Afternoon

In 70 I found out about me  
I didn't like what I saw  
So I looked some more  
There you go, you never know

In 71 we were dumb  
On the run, too little done  
Take the Mick out of Top of the Pops  
Too much energies drag

In 73 we started to lose  
Oh the band got the blues  
'N I got the 'flu  
Oh God what a year  
Then we went to Croydon

Do you remember the Saturday Gigs  
We did, we did  
Do you remember the Saturday Gigs  
We did, we did  
Tickets for the fantasy were 12 and 6 a time  
A fairy tale, on sale

Oh 73 was a jamboree  
The dudes were the news  
And the dudes was we  
Did you see the suits, the platform boots  
Hey man, you wanna party

In 74 was the Broadway tour  
But we didn't much like dressing up any more  
Don't wanna be hip  
But thanks for a great trip

Do you remember the Saturday gigs  
We do, we do  
Do you remember the Saturday gigs  
We do, we do  
And now the kids pay a couple of quid  
'Cause they need it just the same  
But it's just another game  
Just another game

But you got off on those Saturday Gigs that we did, we did  
'Cause you got off on those Saturday Gigs that we did, we did  
And we got off on those Saturday Gigs that you did, you did  
And we got off on those Saturday Gigs 'cause you did, you did

Goodbye.....

Don't you ever forget us and we'll never forget you  
Just going to sleep for a little while - you be good, right  
See you again some time, ta ra.

Goodbye.....