

The Jam, Saturday's Kids

Saturday's boys live life with insults,
Drink lots of beer and wait for half time results,
Afternoon tea in the light-a-bite - chat up the girls - they dig it!

Saturday's girls work in Tesco's and Woolworths,
Wear cheap perfume 'cause its all they can afford,
Go to discos they drink Babycham talk to Jan - in bingo accents.

Saturdays kids play one arm bandits,
they never win but that's not the point is it,
Dip in silver paper when their pints go flat,
How about that - far out!

Their mums and dads smoke Capstan non filters,
Wallpaper lives 'cause they all die of cancer,
What goes on - what goes wrong.

Save up their money for a holiday,
To Selsey Bill or Bracklesham Bay,
Think about the future - when they'll settle down,
Marry the girl next door - with one on the way.

These are the real creatures that time has forgot,

Not given a thought - its the system -
Hate the system - what's the system?

Saturdays kids live in council houses,
Wear v-necked shirts and baggy trousers,
Drive Cortinas fur trimmed dash boards,
Stains on the seats - in the back of course!