

Saturday Night Special (feat. 3 Doors Down)

Lynyrd Skynyrd

Two feets 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. 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. 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
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. 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. It's the Saturday night special
and I'd like to tell you what you could do with it too
and that's the end of the song

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