

Small Town Saturday Night

American Aquarium

There's an Elvis movie on a marquee sign
That we've all seen at least three times
Everybody's broke, Bobby's got a buck
Puts a dollar's worth of gas in his pickup truck
We're going ninety miles an hour down a dead-end road
What's the hurry, son where you gonna go?

We're gonna howl at the moon, shoot out the light
It's a small town Saturday night
It's a small town Saturday night

Lucy's got her lipstick on a little too bright
Bobby's gettin' drunk and lookin' for a fight
Liquor on his breath and trouble on his mind
And Lucy's just a kid, along for the ride
We got a six-pack of beer and a bottle of wine
Gotta be bad just to have a good time

They're gonna howl at the moon, shoot out the light
It's a small town Saturday night
It's a small town Saturday night

Bobby told Lucy "The world ain't round
It drops off sharp at the edge of town
Lucy, you know the world must be flat
'Cause when people leave town, they never come back"
They go ninety miles an hour to the city limits sign
Put the pedal to the metal 'fore they change their mind

They howl at the moon, shoot out the light
It's a small town Saturday night
Gonna howl at the moon, shoot out the light
It's a small town Saturday night
It's a small town Saturday night
It's a small town Saturday night