

Saturday Night's Alright for Fighting

Flotsam and Jetsam

It's getting late haven't seen my mates,
Ma tell me when the boys get here.
It's seven o'clock and I wanna mosh,
Wanna get my belly full of beer.
My old man's drunker than a bar full of whinos,
And my old lady she don't care.
My sister looks cute in her braces and boots,
A handful of grease in her hair.

R:
Don't give us none of your aggravation,
We've had it with your discipline.
Saturday night's alright for fightin',
Get a little action in.
Get about as oiled as a diesel train,
Gonna set this town alright.
Saturday night's the night I like,
Saturday night's alright, alright, alright.

Well they're packed pretty tight in here tonight,
I'm looking for a bitch who will see me right.
I may use a little muscle to get what I need,
I may sink a little Jack and shout out: 'she's with me'.
A couple of sounds that I really like,
Are the sounds of a switchblade and a motorbike.
I'm a juvenile product of the working class,
Whose best friend floats in the bottom of a glass.

R:

Saturday's the night, yeah.

R:

Saturday, Saturday, Saturday, Saturday,
Saturday, Saturday, Saturday, Saturday,
Saturday night's alright.

R: