

Saturday Gigs

Ian Hunter

Hunter

Sixty-nine was cheapo wine

Have a good time, what your sign?

Float up to the Roundhouse on a Sunday afternoon.

In Seventy we all agreed

A King's Road flat was the place to be

'Cause Chelsea girls are the best in the world for company.

In Seventy-one all the people come

Bust a few seats but it's just in fun

Take the Mick out of Top of the Pops, we play better than they do.

In Seventy-two we was born to lose

We slipped down snakes into yesterday's news

I was ready to quit but then we went to Croydon.

Do you remember the Saturday gigs?

(We do, we do)

Do you remember the Saturday gigs?

(We do, we do).

The tickets for the fantasy were twelve and six a time

A fairy tale on sale.

Oh, Seventy-three was a jambouree

We were the dudes, the dudes were we

Did you see the suits and the platform boots? Oh dear, oh boy

In Seventy-four in Broadway tour

We didn't much like dressing up no 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).

But now the kids pay a couple of quid

'Cause they need it just the same

It's all a game, a grown-up game.

And we got off on those Saturday gigs

(You did, you did)

And we got off on those Saturday gigs

(And we did, we did)

You got off on those Saturday gigs

(We did, we did)

You got off on those Saturday gigs

(We did, we did)