

Every Saturday Night

The Band of Heathens

Every Saturday night y'all... bout sundown
Country people in wagons come from miles around
They drinking corn liquor from a mason fruit jar
And old man play pluckin, pluckin that bass string guitar

Good old catfish and homemade boo
Bring on me butter beans and chitlins too
It's just a Saturday night

Every Saturday night y'all... get in my sin
As long as I'm able I'm gonna do the same thing again
My head gets so bad it's a... doggone shame
I be so tore down, I don't even know my name

Good old catfish and homemade boo
I got me some butter beans and chitlins too
Every Saturday night

Monday morning is the day I plow
And then Tuesday I gotta milk the cow
Wednesday I have to walk the dog
Then Thursday gotta slop the hog
Friday - good Friday...
When my work is done, I realize
I've got one more day [?] Saturday come

Good old catfish and homemade boo
Butter beans and chitlins too
On Saturday night
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