

Saturday Night Special

Armored Saint

Yeah, two feets they come a creeping
Like a black cat do
And two bodies are laying naked
Creeper thinks he got nothing to lose

So he creeps up 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 so blue and cold
Ain't good for nothing
But put a man six feet in the hole

Big Jim's been drinking whiskey
And playing poker on a losing night
And pretty soon Ol' Jim starts a-thinking
Somebody been cheating and lying

So big Jim commence to fighting
I wouldn't tell you no lie
Big Jim done pull his pistol
And shot his friend right between the eyes

It's the Saturday night special
Got a barrel that's so blue and cold
Ain't good for nothing
But put a man six feet in the hole

I'm gonna tell you what you can do with it too
Hand guns are made for killing
They ain't no good for nothing else
And if you like to drink your whiskey
You might even shoot yourself

So why don't we dump them people
To the bottom of the sea
Before some ol' fool come around here
Wanna shoot either you or me?

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