

# Fear and Saturday Night

Ryan Bingham

Some folks are scared that the world may be round  
They hardly could walk on the streets of this town  
Where out on the corner, the devil sits down  
Seeking out strangers who stray out of bounds

But I don't fear nothing except for myself  
So I'm gonna go out to raise me some hell  
I'll take my chances, I was born to run wild  
Hell, it's Saturday night, I'm going to town

If I'm feeling anxious, I'll put back some rounds  
Maybe the 90 will settle me down  
I don't care for fighting, but I'll come unwound  
If some fool is aching to push me around

'Cause I don't fear nothing except for myself  
So I'm gonna go out to raise me some hell  
I'll take my chances, I was born to run wild  
Hell, it's Saturday night, I'm going to town

Sometimes I run with the unwanted crowd  
Faces of shadows and alleys surround  
Gunshots are heard as the sun hides the crown  
The cops on the night shift will soon shake us down

Well, I don't fear nothing except for myself  
So I'm gonna go out to raise me some hell  
I'll take my chances, I was born to run wild  
Hell, it's Saturday night  
Hell, it's Saturday night  
Hell, it's Saturday night, I'm going to town