

## **Skynyrd Lynyrd**

### **"Saturday Night Special"**

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Two feets they come a creepin'

Like a black cat do

And two bodies are lyin' naked

Creeper think he got nothin' to lose

So he creeps into this house, yeah

And unlocks the door

And while a man reaching for his trousers

Shoots him full of .38 holes

(Chorus)

Its a Saturday night special

Got a barrel that's blue and cold

Ain't no good for nothin'

But put a man six feet in a hole

Big Jim's been drinkin' whiskey

And playing poker on a losin' night

Pretty soon, Big Jim starts a thinkin'

Somebody been cheatin' and lyin'

So Big Jim commences to fightin'

I wouldn't tell you no lie

And Big Jim done grab his pistol

Shot his friend right between the eyes

(Chorus)

Hand guns are made for killin'

Ain't no good for nothin' else

And if you like your whiskey

You might even shoot yourself

So why don't we dump 'em people

To the bottom of the sea

Before some fool come around here

Wanna shoot either you or me

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