

5 Cent Deposit

"Let's Kill Saturday Night"

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(Robbie Fulks)

A dollar I make is a buck I owe
And a forty-hour week leaves ten to blow
But every game in this town is nickel-and-dime
When the sun goes down it feels like the last time
Down the main drag we ride with our engines roaring
If there's a fire inside, it's the one thing going

I got a Mustang loaded
I got a wrong to right
I got a little red bullet
Let's kill Saturday night
Knock it out of it's misery
Nail that coffin tight
High living, it's history
Let's kill Saturday night

The little man's lot is a prince's life
A prince with a lousy job, a prince with a working wife
Something in the big frame moved, it never was so
hard
To keep a twenty-inch tube and a fenced in yard
But give me one night with the moon high and the radio
pounding
And brother, this town's gonna go down kicking and
shouting

CHORUS

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