

Jalane

"Saturday's Kids"

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Saturdays boys live life with insults,
Drink lots of beer and wait for half time results,
Afternoon tea in the light-a-bite - chat up the girls - they
Dig it!

Saturdays girls work in tescos and woolworths,
Wear cheap perfume cause it's all they can afford,
Go to discos they drink babycham talk to jan - in bingo
Accents.

Saturdays kids play one arm bandits,
They never win but that's not the point is it,
Dip in silver paper when their pints go flat,
How about that - far out!

Their mums and dads smoke capstan non filters,
Wallpaper lives cause they all die of cancer,
What goes on - what goes wrong.

Save up their money for a holiday,
To selsey bill or bracklesham bay,
Think about the future - when they'll settle down,
Marry the girl next door - with one on the way.

These are the real creatures that time has forgot,

Not given a thought - it's the system -
Hate the system - what's the system?

Saturdays kids live in council houses,
Wear v-necked shirts and baggy trousers,
Drive cortinas fur trimmed dash boards,
Stains on the seats - in the back of course!

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