

Mott The Hoople "Saturday Gigs (Alternate Version)"

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Sixty-nine was [Incomprehensible] wine
Have a good time, what's your sign
Float up to the roundhouse
On a Sunday afternoon

In seventy we all agreed
A king's road flat was the place to be
'Cause Chelsea girls are the best
In the world for company

In seventy-one all the people come
Bust a few seats but it's just in fun
Take the Mick out of top of the pops
We play better than they do

In seventy-two was born to lose
We slipped down snakes into yesterday's news
I was ready to quit
But then we went to Croydon

Do you remember the Saturday gigs?
We do, we do
Do you remember the Saturday gigs?
We do, we do

The tickets for the fantasy were twelve and six a time
A fairy tale on sale

Oh, seventy-three was a jamboree
We were the dudes and the dudes were we
Did you see the suits and the platform boots?
(Oh dear, oh boy, oh boy, oh boy, oh boy)

In seventy-four on the Broadway tour
We didn't much like dressing up no more
Don't wanna be hip but thanks for a great trip

Do you remember the Saturday gigs?
We do, we do
Do you remember the Saturday gigs?
We do, we do

But now the kids pay a couple of quid
'Cause they need it just the same
It's all a game, a grown-up game

But you got off on those Saturday gigs
And we did, we did
'Cause you got off on those Saturday gigs
And we did, we did

And we got off on those Saturday gigs
And you did, you did
And we got off on those Saturday gigs
'Cause you did, you did

Goodbye, goodbye
Goodbye, goodbye
Goodbye, goodbye

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