

Skid Row

"Saturday Morning Man"

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(Brendan "Brush" Shiels/Gary Moore)

Saturday morning man,
With your blunes and goldfish stand.
Stick when most turn.
In the breeze of little leas against the sun
That's spittin' down upon your head.

Saturday morning man,
Attracts female faster than a picture show.
He's never seen to frown,
And he always acts the clown
With those who come and go.

Rise, bottles of Bowen's, bottles of Bowen's.
Any old thing that might be lying around your home.
Just listen to this, what you give might be worth a fish.
And if you get a blune, you'll still be doing well.

Saturday morning man
Would treat you no different than he'd treat a king.
And there's something about him
As he shouts to all around him,
Letting his voice ring.

Rise, bottles of Bowen's, bottles of Bowen's.
Any old thing that might be lying around your home.
Just listen to this, what you give might be worth a fish.
And if you get a blune, you'll still be doing well.

Saturday morning man,
Or as he's nicknamed Daddy Dan, didn't come today.
Someone said he'd been run over
By a hit-and-run steam roller and died,
Weren't sure to say.

Rise, bottles of Bowen's, bottles of Bowen's.
Any old thing that might be lying around your home.
Just listen to this and what you give might be worth a
fish.
And if you get a blune, you'll still be doing well.

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