

## **Fulks Robbie**

# **"Let's Kill Saturday Night"**

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Let's Kill Saturday Night

Well a dollar I make  
Is a buck I owe  
And a 40-hour week  
Leaves 10 to blow  
But every game in this town  
Is just a nickel-and-dime  
And when the sun goes down  
It feels like the last time

So down the main drag we ride with the engines open  
If there's a fire inside, it's the one thing going

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

Well 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's moved  
Oh, it never was so hard  
To keep a 20 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.

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