

Robbie Fulks

"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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