

Stompin Tom "Sudbury Sat Nite"

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Well the girls are out to bingo And the boys are gettin
stinko
We think no more of Inco on a Sud. Sat. Nite-
The glasses they will tinkle while our eyes begin to
twinkle
And we think no more of Inco on a Sud. Sat. Nite.
With Irish Jim O'Connell there & Scotty Jack McDonald
There's hunky Frederic Herzal gettin tight but dats
alright
There's happy German trixie there with Frenchie gettin
tipsy-
And even Joe the gypsy knows its Saturday tonite-
Ya well Marianne and Mabel come to join us at the
table,
And tell us how the bingo went tonite-We'll lookout
right-
That if they won the money we'll be laughin up the
honey boys
Cause everthing is funny for its Saturday tonite..
Solo-
We'll drink the loot we borrowed and recuperate
tomorrow-
Cause everything is wonderful tonite-we had a good
fight-
We ate the deli pickle and we forgot about the nickel
And everybody's tickled for its Saturday tonite...
The songs that we'll be singin They might be wrong but
they'll be ringin
And now the lights of town are shinin bright-and we're
all
right-We'll get to work on Monday-but tomorrow's only
Sun.
And we're out to have a fun day for its Saturday tonite-

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