

## Tesla "Saturday Night Special"

Visit "[Saturday Night Special](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Two feet's they come a creepin'  
Like a black cat do  
And two bodies are layin' naked  
A creeper think he got nothin' to lose

So he creeps into this house, yeah  
And unlocks the door  
And as a man's reachin' for his trousers  
He shoots him full of .38 holes

Mr. Saturday Night Special  
Got a barrel that's blue and cold  
That ain't no good for nothin'  
But put a man six feet in a hole

Big Jim's been drinkin' whiskey  
And playing poker on a losin' night  
And pretty soon, ole Jim starts a thinkin'  
Somebody been cheatin' and lyin'

So Big Jim commenced to fightin'  
I wouldn't tell you no lie  
And Big Jim done pulled his pistol  
And shot his friend right between the eyes

Mr. Saturday Night Special  
Got a barrel that's blue and cold  
That ain't no good for nothin'  
But put a man six feet in a hole

Oh, and it's a Saturday Night Special  
And for twenty dollars you can buy yourself one too

Oh, let me tell you all about  
Hand guns are made for killin'  
They ain't no good for nothin' else  
And if you like to drink your whiskey  
You might even shoot yourself

So why don't we dump 'em people  
To the bottom of the sea  
Before some old fool come around here

And wanna shoot either you or me

Oh, Mr. Saturday Night Special  
You got a barrel that's blue and cold  
That ain't no good for nothin'  
But put a man six feet in a hole

Oh, and it's a Saturday Night Special  
I'd like to tell you what you could do with it too

Oh yeah, it's a Saturday Night Special  
Oh, just like [Incomprehensible]

Visit [Tesla](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.