

Macc Lads, The "Saturday Night"

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It was Saturday night, we were dressed for the kill,
I've got my rubbers, Stez wants one on the pill
'Come on lads, stop hanging around,
get in the car and we'll hit the fucking town.'
Beater pulled a rough one, but she had a lot up front,
Greasy hair, hadn't washed for weeks
She had flies buzzing round her melon
Saturday night, time for boozing and fighting
Saturday night, its fucking exciting
Saturday night, time to get the ale in

Saturday night, ----- is paying
Watch it Beater! Her boyfriend's here
Broken nose, cauliflower ear
That bastard weighs 500lb
Look at his hands, they're dragging on the ground
Saturday night, time for boozing and fighting
Saturday night, its fucking exciting
Saturday night, time to get plastered
Saturday night, fuck off you fucking bastard.

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