

Saturday Night

(Tom Paxton)

Saturday night and the bar is packed
The drinks are watered and the cards are stacked
The whores are grinning with their faces cracked
And the gamblers cursing the horses they backed
Saturday night and the bar is jammed
We've got our table and the rest be damned
Our waiter's are hovering near at hand
We're loaded earlier than we planned
And some damn fool is starting a fight
Why does he wait for Saturday night

'Cos Mary and Eddie are busy indeed
Making up for lost time in the rear
George is beginning to sweat while a stranger
Is sticking her tongue in his ear
Now Dave is explaining the next revolution
Someone is granting the crowd absolution
Whoever is running her foot up my leg
I love you

Saturday night and the juke box roars
Off in the corner the sound of snores
My head is ringing with noise and smoke
And somebody's ordering Scotch and Coke
Saturday night and my friends are blind
They're rocking the table to blow my mind
I don't know why but I'm on my knees
Showing McColl how an ape climbs trees
And some damn fool is starting a fight
Why does he wait for Saturday night

'Cos Mary and Eddie are busy indeed
Making up for lost time in the rear
And George is beginning to faint while the stranger
Is sticking her tongue in his ear
Now Dave is conducting the next revolution
Someone is granting the crowd absolution
Whoever is running her foot up my leg
I love you
And why do I love Saturday night

'Cos Mary and Eddie are being arrested
For making up time in the rear
And George is out calling a cab with the stranger
Who still has her tongue in his ear
Now Dave has abandoned the next revolution
Someone is cancelling his absolution
Whoever is running her foot up my leg
I love you.