

# Saturday Nights Alright for Fighting

It's getting late have you seen my mates  
Ma tell me when the boys get here  
It's seven o'clock and I want to rock  
Want to get a belly full of beer

My old man's drunker than a barrel full of monkeys  
And my old lady she don't care  
My sister looks cute in her braces and boots  
A handful of grease in her hair

Don't give us none of your aggravation  
We had it with your discipline  
Saturday night's alright for fighting  
Get a little action in

Get about as oiled as a diesel train  
Gonna set this dance alight  
`Cause Saturday night's the night I like  
Saturday night's alright alright alright

Well they're packed pretty tight in here tonight  
I'm looking for a dolly who'll see me right  
I may use a little muscle to get what I need  
I may sink a little drink and shout out "She's with me!"

A couple of the sounds that I really like  
Are the sounds of a switchblade and a motorbike  
I'm a juvenile product of the working class  
Whose best friend floats in the bottom of a glass

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