

Saturday Night's Alright for Fighting

John, Elton

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
Cos Saturday night's the night I like, Saturday night's alright
Alright, alright! Ohhhhh!

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 sound 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 - whoa!

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[Interlude]

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Wooh!