

Two feet they come a-creeping, like a black cat do  
And two bodies laying naked, a creeper think he got nothing to lose  
So he creeps into this house, yeah, and unlocks the door  
And as a man's reaching for his trousers, he shoots him full of .38 holes

Mister Saturday-Night-Special  
You got a barrel that's blue and cold  
It ain't 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 old Jim starts to thinkin' somebody's been cheatin' and lyin'  
So Big Jim commence to fightin', I wouldn't tell you no lie  
And Big Jim done pulled his pistol, and shot his friend right between the eyes

Mister Saturday Night Special  
You got a barrel that's a-blue and cold  
So ain't good for nothin'  
But put a man six a-feet in a hole

(Ohhh, Saturday night special...  
For twenty dollars you can buy yourself one too)

[Interlude]

[Solo]

(Ohhh, let me tell you all about it...)

Hand guns are made for killin', 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

Mister Saturday-Night-Special  
Got a barrel that's a-blue and cold  
So ain't good for nothin'  
But put a man six a-feet in a hole

(Oooohh it's a Saturday-Night-Special...  
and I'd like to tell you what you can do with it, too)