

Saturdays Glory

Argy Bargy

He's got money in the bank, two cars on the drive
Three smashing kids and a beautiful wife
He's got an en suite and a flash TV
A fully fitted kitchen and a DVD
He takes a lot of money but he always makes a loss
He knows the tax man's watching but he doesn't give a toss
He's got his own firm in more ways than one
But he's a different geezer when Saturday comes

I just can't help it, all I wanna do is fight
And Saturday afternoon's gonna be alright

His wife makes his dinner, Armani makes his jeans
But Italian names can't hide the fact that he ain't what he seems
He's a bit lively when he wants to be
But he'll still give up his seat for an OAP
He likes a bit of toot to compliment his beer
He's always got an audience to ask about his gear
His home's a million miles away now he's with his crew
Fired up, ready to ruck he knows just what to do

He's got an email address and his own website
It's the only way to organise a modern street fight
The police have got a picture he don't want his mum to see
But she'll see it tonight on the BBC
It went off in the boozier, it went off in the street
It went off in the car park and it went off in the seats
His jacket's all ripped but he couldn't give a fuck
It's Saturdays Glory and he loves a ruck