

# Saturday Night Special

Armored Saint

Yeah, two feets they come a creeping  
Like a black cat do  
And two bodies are laying naked  
Creeper thinks he got nothing to lose

So he creeps up into this house, yeah  
And unlocks the door  
And as a man's reaching for his trousers  
Shoots him full of thirty eight holes

It's the Saturday night special  
Got a barrel that's so blue and cold  
Ain't good for nothing  
But put a man six feet in the hole

Big Jim's been drinking whiskey  
And playing poker on a losing night  
And pretty soon Ol' Jim starts a-thinking  
Somebody been cheating and lying

So big Jim commence to fighting  
I wouldn't tell you no lie  
Big Jim done pull his pistol  
And shot his friend right between the eyes

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Got a barrel that's so blue and cold  
Ain't good for nothing  
But put a man six feet in the hole

I'm gonna tell you what you can do with it too  
Hand guns are made for killing  
They ain't no good for nothing else  
And if you like to drink your whiskey  
You might even shoot yourself

So why don't we dump them people  
To the bottom of the sea  
Before some ol' fool come around here  
Wanna shoot either you or me?

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