

# She Knows What to Do with a Saturday Night

Billy Currington

She don't cook, she don't clean  
She ain't never found the knob on the washin' machine  
She don't iron, she don't sew  
Says why waste time, foldin' clothes  
She ain't never gonna get Mama's recipe right  
But she knows what to do with a Saturday night

Hit every hot spot all around town  
Turn it on up, she'll tear it on down  
People rubber neckin', tryin' to see her dance  
She got a belly button ring and some low-rider pants  
They call me lucky, I know that's right  
She knows what to do with a Saturday night

She makes a mean margarita and a Singapore Sling  
And if ya'll are into Skynard, she sure can sing  
She's gonna run the table, if you let her break  
She might pop out of the top of a birthday cake  
And that little black dress painted on tight  
She knows what to do with a Saturday night

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Turn it on up, she'll tear it on down  
People rubber neckin', tryin' to see her dance  
She got a belly button ring and some low-rider pants  
They call me lucky, I know that's right  
She knows what to do with a Saturday night

We get home in the early a.m.  
That's when all the real fun begins  
Yeah, she holds me close and whispers in my ear  
Every little sweet thing I want to hear

Then she lights them candles and out go the lights  
She knows what to do with a Saturday night

Yeah, they call me lucky, I know that's right  
She knows what to do with a Saturday night  
Saturday night  
With a Saturday night  
Saturday night