

Saturday Night Fish Fry

Canned Heat

Now if you've ever been down to new orleans
Then you can understand just what I mean
All thru the week it's quiet as a mouse
But on saturday night they go from house to house
You don't have to pay the usual admission
If you're a cook, a waiter or a good musician
So if you happen to be just passin' by
Stop in at the saturday night fish fry

It was rockin', it was rockin'
You never seen such scufflin'
And shufflin' 'til the break of dawn
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You never seen such scufflin'
And shufflin' 'til the break of dawn

Now my buddy and me was on the main stem
Foolin' around just me and him
We decided we could use a little something to eat
So we went to a house on rampart street
We knocked on the door and it opened up with ease
And a lush little miss said, "come in, please"
And before we could even bat an eye
We were right in the middle of a big fish fry

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Now the folks was havin' the time of their life
And sam was jivin' jimmie's wife
Over in the corner was a beat up grand
Being played by a big fat piano man
Some of the chicks wore expensive frocks
Some of them had on bobbie socks
But everybody was nice and high
At this particular saturday night fish fry

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Now the women were screamin' and jumpin' and yellin'