

Sugar Hill Saturday Night

Charlie Daniels

Well, the women are foxy and lowdown
They all like to have a good time
The men are sneaky and no account
They knock you in the head for a dime
And Friday evening to Sunday night
They stay stoned running blind

Well the music starts getting right
The people start getting tight
Some fool started a fight
That's Sugar Hill Saturday Night

There's a juke joint they call the Big Mama
And a joint called Rising Sun
You can have a good time
But if you step outta line
You damn sure better run
Cause the sheriff stands six foot seven
And he's a head whoopin' son of a gun

Well the music starts getting right
The people start getting tight
Some fool started a fight
That's Sugar Hill Saturday Night

Well it's five o'clock in the morning
And the blues is all played out
Just sitting here drinking whiskey from this coffee cup
When the lights went out

Well the music starts getting right
The people start getting tight
Some fool started a fight
That's Sugar Hill Saturday Night

Music starts getting right
The people start getting tight
Some fool started a fight
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