

Saturday Night Special

Conway Twitty

Well, I was there to buy a pistol
She was there to hauck her ring
The broker in the pawnshop
Deals in almost anything.

He'll pay you for your misery
Or he'll sell you someone's pain
And that twinkle in his greedy eye
Says your loss will be his gain.

She stood back in the shadows
As the broker dealt with me
Her eyes were dark and desperate
From some private misery.

His words were so prophetic
When he said you got a steal
I said throw in one bullet
And you got yourself a deal.

Oh, a Saturday night special
Is an easy thing to buy
All you got to be is twenty-one
Or fifteen if you lie.

Just hand the man money
And if some ones gotta die
The broker in the pawnshop
Won't even blink an eye.

Well, he handed me the pistol
And I was almost to the door
When I heard him tell the lady
Seven dollars nothing more.

The lady started crying
As he took her wedding band
Well, my hand was in my pocket
And the gun was in my hand.

I was gonna use that bullet
To end my life
I was once somebody's husband
She was once somebody's wife.

Well, I usually mind my business
But I could not walk away
His dollars just weren't making sense
And I knew I had to stay.

Well, the broker's face turned pasty
When he caught my icy stare
It would never leave my pocket
But he knew the gun was there.

I asked him what his life was worth
And he opened up that drawer

For a simple golden wedding band
He paid \$2000 more.

That Saturday night was special
Even though it wasn't planned
As we walked down the sidewalk
She reached and took my hand.

We crossed the bridge and I took that gun
And sailed it through the air
I said, "Ever been to Texas?"
She said, "I think I'd love it there."

Oh, a Saturday night special
Is an easy thing to buy
All you got to be is twenty-one
Or fifteen if you lie

But there's a pawnshop in the city
That used to deal in everything
Ha, but you can't buy a pistol there,
You can't hawk your wedding ring...