

# Big Boy on a Saturday Night

Kirsty MacColl

The last of England's spoiled brats  
Grand order of the gutter rats  
A big fish in a public house  
You're never going to learn to shut your mouth  
A silly pseudo lager lout  
With nothing much to shout about  
Spent hours looking in the mirror  
Trying to perfect the perfect pout

Now take the spotlight  
And pause for your applause  
Well my oh my you're such a big boy  
On a Saturday night  
You try but there is always something  
Something not right inside  
There's always someone  
Somebody else to take  
The power and the glory  
All for themselves

With you I suffered heaven knows  
Although we never came to blows  
It's just as well 'cause I can tell  
I would have wiped the floor with you  
You don't like 'them' you don't like 'us'  
You make me laugh but seriously  
I look at you what do I see?  
A clapped out Nazi with a blunderbuss

So take the spotlight  
And pause for your applause  
Well my oh my you're such a big boy  
On a Saturday night  
You try but there is always something  
Something not right inside  
There's always someone  
Somebody else to take  
The power and the glory  
All for themselves

So take the stage and  
Let's have a great big hand now  
My oh my you're such a big boy  
On a Saturday night  
That's when you really know they love you  
When somebody else will feed your face  
And kiss your arse  
And wonder where the time flew past  
Oh yes my darling's such a  
Big boy on a Saturday night