

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