

Saturday Gigs

Mott the Hoople

Sixty-nine was cheapo wine,
Have a good time,
What your sign?

Float up to the Roundhouse
On a Sunday afternoon.
In Seventy we all agreed

A King's Road flat was the place to be
'Cause Chelsea girls are the best in the world for company.
In Seventy-one all the people come
Bust a few seats but it's just in fun

Take the Mick out of Top of the Pops
We play better than they do (yeah, yeah, yeah)

In Seventy-two we was born to lose
We slipped down snakes into yesterday's news
I was ready to quit
But then we went to Croydon

Do you remember the Saturday gigs?
We do, we do
Do you remember the Saturday gigs?
We do, we do

The tickets for the fantasy were twelve and six a time
A fairy tale on sale
Oh, Seventy-three was a jambouree

We were the dudes and the dudes were we. (oh oh oh oh oh)

Did you see the suits and the platform boots? (oh dear, oh boy...)
In Seventy-four on the Broadway tour
We didn't much like dressing up no more
Don't wanna be hip - but thanks for a great trip.

Do you remember the Saturday gigs?
We do, we do
Do you remember the Saturday gigs?
We do, we do

But now the kids pay a couple of quid
'Cause they need it just the same
It's all a game
A grown-up game

But you got off on those Saturday gigs
And we did, we did
'Cause you got off on those Saturday gigs
And we did, we did
And we got off on those Saturday gigs
And you did, you did
And we got off on those Saturday gigs
'Cause you did, you did

Don't you ever forget us

We'll never forget you
We're going to sleep now
You better be good, right? (ha ha ha)
See you next time
So long for now