

Saturday Night

Tom Paxton

Saturday night and the bar is packed
The drinks are watered and the decks are stacked
The whores are grinning with their faces cracked
And the gamblers cursing at the horses they backed
Saturday night and the bar is jammed
We've got our table and the rest be damned
The waiter's hovering near at hand
We're loaded earlier than we planned
Some damn fool is starting a fight
Why does he wait for Saturday night
Mary and Eddie are busy indeed
Making up for lost time in the rear
George is beginning to sweat
While a stranger is sticking her tongue in his ear
David's explaining the next revolution
Someone is granting the crowd absolution
Whoever is running her foot up my leg
I love you
La, la la la, la la la la
Saturday night and the juke box roars
Off in the corner the sound of snores
My head is ringing with noise and smoke
And someone's ordering Scotch and Coke
Saturday night and my friends are blind
They're rocking the table just to blow my mind
I don't know why but I'm on my knees
Showing McCall how an ape climbs trees
Some damn fool is starting a fight
Why does he wait for Saturday night
Mary and Eddie are busy indeed
Making up for lost time in the rear
George is beginning to faint
While a stranger is sticking her tongue in his ear
David's conducting the next revolution
Someone is granting the crowd absolution
Whoever is running her foot up my leg
I love you
La la la la, la la la la
Mary and Eddie are being arrested
For making up time in the rear
George is out calling a cab
With the stranger who still has her tongue in his ear
Dave has abandoned the next revolution
Someone is cancelling his absolution
Whoever is running her foot up my leg
I love you