

Friday Oh Friday

Infa Riot

Every Friday evening poseurs from the pub
Stroll into the disco to dance like Donald Duck
Fog Lights come from heaven, the soldiers comes from hell
An arm is lifted slowly, below the sweaty smell

We hate your sloppy music
We love to sing some punk
So stuff your f**king discos
Way up where they belong

Go home, stuff your discos
We hate, the poofed up hat
They say, it's electric
We know, because of that

The cue is getting larger, the money's rolling in
If you don't wear flared trousers, they won't let you in
The lights are getting softer, you reach out for a bird
You tell her all the nice things, the same old boring words