

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