

## 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