

Pissed Punks (Go For It)

Peter and the Test Tube Babies

Well it's Friday night and the weekend's here, so let's start right with lots of beer.

I said "Hey gang let's hit the booze, hey gang give me some blues" 'cos I'm gonna stay awake all night.

This time some girls gonna be in that bed of mine, so let's get this weekend under way.

Turn the volume up let the records play.

We've all had two merry we're feeling great, so let's split this joint 'cos it's getting late.

I said "Don't Ogs bring Sue with us, hey Ogs let's get the bus".

Let's shift those pints down in the pub, let's shift those feet down a nightclub.

Just two quid and we're through the door, making cringes down on the dancefloor.

Well the music's loud the lights are low, the speed is working I'm rarin' to go.

I said "Hey girl do you wanna drink ? Hey girl don't stop to think,

'cos if you're lucky and play your cards right, you can sleep with a popstar tonight".

"Well you know I fancy you like mad, so take me home Pete to your pad".

We're back at the ranch and we're in bed, but the knocking on the door's going thru my head.

We said "Hey Pete go-on right-up, hey Pete who is that slut ? We'll take no notice of what they say".

Legs over shoulders pumping away, "Well hard luck I'm leaving all the same, well thank you lads you've done it again".