

# Friday Night Gurus

Studio Killers

Where is the boy whose bass is big and bold?  
Where is the boy whose beats are made of solid gold?  
They've got a sound  
Funny how, funny how  
Funny how it flows  
Heaven is down wherever their DJ bag goes

All the oldies and the goldies playing on the radio  
They don't make me feel the way you do  
My Friday night gurus  
You're the Obi-Wan Kenobis with the force of audio  
I believe in all your fantasies as silly as they seem  
You're from another world

Where is the boy? The boogie's strong in him  
He'll make you dance as smoothly as the dolphin's swim  
They've got a sound  
Seriously obese in the bass frequencies  
Perfectly round, like spirals in their DNA

All the oldies and the goldies playing on the radio  
They don't make me feel the way you do  
My Friday night gurus  
You're the Obi-Wan Kenobis with the force of audio  
I believe in all your fantasies as silly as they seem  
You're from another world

I walk the night through the people on the streets  
Oh, what I would give to be in your company  
Into the night with the sailors of the sleaze  
All hands on dick, they're like animals in heat

All the oldies and the goldies playing on the radio  
They don't make me feel the way you do  
My Friday night gurus  
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