

Devil's Night Out

The Mighty Mighty Bosstones

Remember that night? It seems so clear.
Now he's back and I'm glad he's here.
Three long years, millions of beers.
But the devil is back, so girls, dry your tears.
In his favorite club, in his favorite seat.
I saw the Devil, wing tip shoes on his feet.
Pork Pie on his head, he was diggin' the beat.
And the band ripped like demons when he screamed,
"Turn on the heat!"
Well, the Devil was drinking and dancing up a storm.
The band was so hot my beer got warm.
Just when I thought it would all cool down
The evil motherfucker screamed, "Burn this place down!"
Wouldn't know the Devil if he punched them in the face.
Couldn't drink a six-pack, never mind a case.
Don't know how to skateboard, that's just a fuckin' crock.
Most of all, they got no balls and don't know how to rock.