Kicking Up a Racket

Stiff Little Fingers

I sit and I don't make a sound
While I watch the speakers pound
And mum shouts up to turn it down
'Cos I'm waking up half the town
But I don't hear a word that's said
While the needles hit the red, I'm justKicking up a racket
Kicking up a racketI don't smoke and I don't drink
But like to see the max lights blink
They say that they don't sleep a wink
But I don't want to hear me think
Life's no fun and life is dull
Unless you turn the knobs up full, I likeKicking up a racket
Kicking up a racketI know a shop that sells
All you need for decibels
As long as what they got ain't quiet
Spend every penny in trying to buy it
I like electric toys
I like making noise, I loveKicking up a racket
Kicking up a racketDon't care what mom don't allow
Gonna play it my way anyhow
Bashy tunes speak volumes
Gimme a row, gimme a row, gimme a row
Louder, louder, louder, louder, louderKicking up a racket
Kicking up a racketHere I stand and in my hand
This guitar is really the man
As long as I can go blam blam
Don't care if you can't hear the band
Don't care what who else does
Turn it up and feel the buzz, hear meKicking up a racket
Kicking up a racket
Attack, attack, attack
Attack, attack, attack
Attack, attack, attack it
It's a racket, racket, racket
Racket, racket, racket
Racket, racket, racketKicking up a racket
Kicking up a racket
Kicking up a racket
Kicking up a racket

Kicking up a racket
Kicking up a racket

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