

The Boss

Turin Brakes

Saturday night, where am I going?
I'm going to work inside a kitchen
I'll be making you mush
And cleaning deep fat fryers
Here it comes now, the king of irony Who's good to you?
I am, I am the boss
Of the century Having a good steak, feeling fancy
Hopping around like the pig that you are
I'm stuck to this sink like a twisted barfly
Good view from the window but I ain't got no wings Who's good to you?
I am, I am the boss
Of the century

Songwriters

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