Friggin' in the Riggin'

The Gobshites

Music by the Sex Pistols. Lyrics by Anthrax.
There was a bunch of roadies
And this here is their story
A scurvy bunch of evil twits
Who never say they're sorry
They've traveled cross the nations
Fuckin' paid vacations
We love the schism that they make
They're here for the duration
Friggin' in the riggin'
Friggin' in the riggin'
Friggin' in the riggin'
There was fuck all else to do
The captains name is Rick
Whose "Bozo-do" is slick
He really thinks he knows it all
He's just a Jersey hick
Wanking, cranking, Georgie
He always finds an orgy
He rubs his balls and picks his nose
He's horny Georgie porgie
Friggin' in the riggin'
Friggin' in the riggin'
Friggin' in the riggin'
There was fuck all else to do
The kind of sleaze is Ring
Polaroid's his thing
He whipped it out, her teeth fell out
And now it's in a sling
From LA we have Troy
His fetish is Playboy
A smelly trout, he'll eat it out
Go wash your hands you're M.O.I.
Friggin' in the riggin'
Friggin' in the riggin'
Friggin' in the riggin'
There was fuck all else to do
John Tempesta is The Joker
The Adams apple choker

Sandra Bernhard is his twin
He'd probably even poke her
The B-boy was John Rooney

He was a fuckin' loony
He does a rap, he thinks he's black
He's soft like Gerry Cooney
Friggin' in the riggin'
Friggin' in the riggin'
Friggin' in the riggin'
There was fuck all else to do
Yo my name is Bill
Dur, bouncing is my skill, duh,
Smoke ten packs and use my plaque
Duh, with my breath I'll kill
Thursby is the lard ass
The monitors are his task
The sound they made when the band played
Was like Ed Trunk with bad gas
Friggin' in the riggin'
Friggin' in the riggin'
Friggin' in the riggin'
There was fuck all else to do
The photobug is Ambo
He'll fill up any hairy hole
We'll blindfold you with dental floss
You burnt out fuckin' bimbo
The bottom line is Z
Oh please don't sit on me
Go wipe your hemorrhoid ridden butt
You 1960's hippie!
Friggin' in the riggin'
Friggin' in the riggin'
Friggin' in the riggin'
There was fuck all else to do
This here was the story
About our fuckin' roadies
A scurvy bunch of evil twits
Who never say they're sorry
They've traveled cross the nations
Fuckin' paid vacations
We love the schism that they make
They're here for the duration
Friggin' in the riggin'
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Friggin' in the riggin'
There was fuck all else to do

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