Sweet F.A.

Ian Moore

Well it's Friday night
And I need a fight
And if she don't spread
I'm gonna bust her head
The guy's gone mad
'Cause his chicks been had
But what can we do
When there's four of you

Sweet F.A., never gonna make it
Sweet F.A., people think we fake it
Sweet F.A., now we're gonna take it
Sweet F.A.

Try to pull me out
Like a roustabout
Gonna spend my bread
Then I'll kick your head
You're just my size
But if you're so wise
See the chick in black
Maybe she'll come back

Sweet F.A., never gonna make it
Sweet F.A., people think we fake it
Sweet F.A., now we're gonna take it
Sweet F.A.

Yeah, the hurstle's now
Really nice somehow
See the street car scene
From the black limousine
Shout it out
Let it all hang out
But you won't get rough
'Cause it's all a bluff

Sweet F.A., never gonna make it
Sweet F.A., people think we fake it
Sweet F.A., now we're gonna take it

Sweet F.A.

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