

# Friggin' In The Riggin'

## Anthrax

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  
Duh, 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'  
Friggin' in the riggin'

Friggin' in the riggin'  
There was fuck all else to do

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