Get Off the Air

Angry Samoans

Hey!
Hey!
He can't read baby he can't talk
He's LA's favorite punk rock jock
Glitter bands and Bowie's c***
Are his ideas of new wave rock
You're a f***ing piece of s*** now Rodney
I don't think you're so hot
You make me laugh those clothes you wear
And those stupid teeth you've got
Get off the air
Get off the air
You pathetic male groupie, you don't impress me
Get off the air
You f***ing square
You're just a jerk as far as I can see
8 PM, and Rodney's on the air
He's beating off in Joan Jett's hair
Christmas eve, what'd you got
Four hours of Phil Spector rot
You're a f***ing piece of s*** now Rodney
I don't think you're so hot
You make me laugh all those clothes you wear
And those lame brain teeth you've got
Get off the air
Get off the air
You pathetic male queer, you don't impress me
Get off the air
You f***ing square
You're just a jerk as far as I can see
Hey!

Songwriters
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