

Anthrax, Friggin' The Riggin'

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
F**kin' 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 f**k 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

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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.

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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 f**kin' loony
He does a rap, he thinks he's black
He's soft like Gerry Cooney

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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

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The photobug is Ambo
He'll fill up any hairy hole
We'll blindfold you with dental floss
You burnt out f**kin' bimbo

The bottom line is Z
Oh please don't sit on me
Go wipe your hemorrhoid ridden butt
You 1960's hippie!

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This here was the story
About our f**kin' roadies
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