

Randy, Working Class Radio

After eight long hours of working in the factory
His legs was tired as he walked out through the door.
His hands was dirty and his head was aching,
He said: "It's like a sickness but I think I know a cure"

It's Friday night, the time is right,
My mind is set I'm going out tonight.
I'm gonna dance 'till I can't dance no more,
Swinging my feet out on the floor.

This is all music for the working class radio,
This will all make you dance, dance, dance tonight.
Make you dance tonight.

After spending fifteen hours in our tour buss,
After we've been sleeping on some madras on the floor.
After we've been playing in front of a crowd of twenty morons,
It's nice to know that life can offer something more.

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I'm gonna dance 'till I can't dance no more,
Swinging my feet out on the floor.

This is all music for the working class radio,
This will all make you dance, dance, dance tonight.

Dance tonight.

It's Friday night, the time is right,
My mind is set I'm going out tonight.
I'm gonna dance 'till I can't dance no more,
Swinging my feet out on the floor.

This is all music for the working class radio,
This will all make you dance, dance, dance tonight.
This is all music for the working class radio,
This will all make you dance tonight.
Dance, dance.