Screeching Weasel, Teenage Slumber Party

It's 12 o'clock on friday night, and everyone's asleep, We slip our sister's nightgowns on and creep across the street, Loveley wigs conceal our hair now we're tip toeing up the stairs, It's operation underwear, and I can't help but stare.

Cause it's a teenage slumber party I don't know if i'm losing my mind It's a teenage slumber party I don't know if i'm losing my mind If i'm losing my mind

Chorus