

Wet Leg, Angelica

Angelica was on her way to the party
She doesn't need to wait for anybody
Knows exactly what she's doing
I watch as she commands the room
Well, the ambience was overrated at the party
I want to run away before it's even started
I look at my feet then I look for the door
Can't find my friends so I just take, a bit more, a bit more
A bit more, a bit more, a bit more, a bit more
A bit more, a bit more, a bit more, a bit more

And then it all comes to an end
We all go again, go again

Good times, all the time
Good times, all the time

Angelica, she brought lasagne to the party
I tried my luck at dancing with everybody
Sometimes life gets hard to deal
I like you, you've got sex appeal
But I don't wanna follow you on the 'Gram
I don't wanna listen to your band
I don't know why I haven't left yet
Don't want none of this

Good times, all the time
Good times, all the time

Good times, all the time
Good times, all the time

Angelica, she brought her ray gun to the party
Angelica obliterated everybody
I look at my hands then I look for the door
Can't help but feel like I've been here before
I don't know what I'm even doing here
I was told that there would be free beer
I don't wanna follow you on the 'Gram
I don't wanna listen to your band

And then it all comes to an end
We all go again, go again

Good times, all the time
Good times, all the time

Good times, all the time
Good times, all the time

Good times, all the time
Good times, all the time