Anthrax, Friggin' In The Riggin'

Anthrax Miscellaneous Friggin' In The Riggin'

Music by the Sex Pistols. Lyrics by Anthrax.

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

Fuckin' paid vacations

We love the schism that they make

They're here for the duration

Friggin' in the riggin'

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There was fuck all else to do

The captains name is Rick

Whose & amp; quot; Bozo-do & amp; quot; 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

Friggin' in the riggin'

Friggin' in the riggin'

Friggin' in the riggin'

There was fuck all else to do

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.

Friggin' in the riggin'

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There was fuck all else to do

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 fuckin' loony

He does a rap, he thinks he's black

He's soft like Gerry Cooney

Friggin' in the riggin'

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There was fuck all else to do

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

Friggin' in the riggin'

Friggin' in the riggin'

Friggin' in the riggin' There was fuck all else to do The photobug is Ambo He'll fill up any hairy hole We'll blindfold you with dental floss You burnt out fuckin' bimbo The bottom line is Z Oh please don't sit on me Go wipe your hemorrhoid ridden butt You 1960's hippie! Friggin' in the riggin' Friggin' in the riggin' Friggin' in the riggin' There was fuck all else to do This here was the story About our fuckin' roadies A scurvy bunch of evil twits Who never say they're sorry They've traveled cross the nations Fuckin' 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 fuck all else to do