

Papas Fritas, We've Got All Night

Shut the door, step outside and clear your mind
Your folks aren't home, your brother's in bed, you'll be fine
So don't be scared, just call your friends, pick up the phone
Don't be scared, you're not alone
Maybe you're afraid that the time's not right
And there's no end for you in sight
We've got all night
Here we are holding hands at their bizarre
There's healthy kids pulling tricks out in the yard
Rob's gone late, he always is, but he's not far
You look great, you're a star
Think I'll go