

Sunday Night

Bang Sugar Bang

Coop has got the war paint
My hair is in the air again
Newbies all got stage fright
They cower at the bar again
Liars, cryers, buyers Pawley's got the flyers for them all
Buzzcocks, Stooges Lori engineers the trip
We beat and pound the tables to the chorus of Los Angeles
Shoutin' over John and Exene on a Sunday night
It goes on a Sunday night
Chris and Glen are twisted wrestlin over Horton Heat
Joey's got the t-shirt
He simply toasts them from his seat
I wanna dance with Nancy Jean on a Sunday Night
Sandy slams her napkin swears she never party fouls
Marko's on the cell phone cuin' up the after hours
I wanna kiss from Nancy Jean on a Sunday Night
It goes on a Sunday Night