

Jack Jones

Kid Kapichi

Friday and you're frisky
Budgeting a fifty
Looking for the tunes and lager
Moving to the tempo
Hoping a crescendo
Raises up a huge non starter

And the boys go blah, blah, blah
And the girls don't look too keen
Don't the dancefloor look so sweet?

And the girls "ooh la la la"
Cause the boys made drinks so cheap
So you watch them move and creep

Dead slow, conversation lacking in a backbone
Too stoned, standing in the corner on your Jack Jones
Why, why, why, why

Staring at your phone, yeah
Brinking on a coma
Thinking that the door's appealing
Waiting like a weirdo
Hoping that a hero
Gives you something to believe in

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Why, why, why, why, why, why, why, why, why...

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And the girls don't look too keen
Don't the dancefloor look so sweet?

And the girls "ooh la la la"
Cause the boys made drinks so cheap
So you watch them move and creep

And the light's up at the bar
So you spill out to the street
Where you watch them fight and weep

And you look out from afar
As the pantomime repeats
The circus never sleeps

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Why, why, why, why, why, why, why, why, why...
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