

# 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  
Hopin' that a hero  
Gives you something to believe in

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Don't the dancefloor look so sweet?

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Cause the boys made drinks so cheap  
So you watch them move and creep

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

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"  
As 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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Too stoned, standing in the corner on your Jack Jones  
Why, why, why, why, why, why, why, why, why, why, why, why...