

Angry Samoans "Get Off The Air"

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Hey, hey
He can't read baby he can't talk
He's LA's favorite punk rock jock
Glitter bands and Bowie's cock
Are his ideas of new wave rock

You're a fucking piece of shit now Rodney
I don't think you're so hot
You make me laugh with those clothes you wear
And those stupid teeth you've got

Get off the air, get off the air
You pathetic male groupie, you don't impress me
Get off the air, you fucking square
You're just a joke as far as I can see

8 PM, and Rodney's on the air
He's beating off in Joan Jett's hair
Christmas eve, what'd you got
Four hours of power pop rot

You're just a fucking piece of shit now Rodney
I don't think you're so hot
You make me laugh with all those clothes you wear
And those stupid teeth you've got

Get off the air, get off the air
You pathetic little queer, you don't impress me
Get off the air, you fucking square
You're just a jerk as far as I can see

Hey

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