

Pulp, Joyriders

We like driving on a Saturday night
Past the Leisure Centre, left at the lights.
We don't look for trouble but if it comes we don't run.
Looking out for trouble is what we call fun.
Hey you, you in the Jesus sandals
Wouldn't you like to come over
and watch some vandals smashing up someone's home?
We can't help it, we're so thick we can't think
Can't think of anything but shit, sleep and drink.
Oh, and we like women; "up the women" we say
And if we get lucky we might even meet some one day.
Hey you, you in the Jesus sandals...etc.
ister, we just want your car 'cos we're taking a girl to the reservoir.
Oh, all the papers say it's a tragedy but don't you want to come and see?
Mister we want your car...[etc. x 3]