

# The Sweet, Sweet Fa

Connolly/Priest/Scott/Tucker

Well it's friday night  
And I need a fight  
And if she don't spread  
I'm gonna bust her head  
The guy's gone mad  
'Cause his chicks been had  
But what can we do  
When there's four of you

Sweet f.a. - never gonna make it  
Sweet f.a. - people think we fake it  
Sweet f.a. - now we're gonna take it  
Sweet f.a.

Try to pull me out  
Like a roustabout  
Gonna spend my bread  
Then I'll kick your head  
You're just my size  
But if you're so wise  
See the chick in black  
Maybe she'll come back

Sweet f.a. - never gonna make it  
Sweet f.a. - people think we fake it  
Sweet f.a. - now we're gonna take it  
Sweet f.a.

Yeah, the hurstle's now  
Really nice somehow  
See the street car scene  
From the black limousine  
Shout it out  
Let it all hang out  
But you won't get rough  
'Cause it's all a bluff

Sweet f.a. - never gonna make it  
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Sweet f.a.