

Friday Night Gurus

Studio Killers

Where is the boy whose bass is big and bold?
Where is the boy whose beats are made of solid gold?
They've got a sound
Funny how, funny how
Funny how it flows
Heaven is down wherever their DJ bag goes

All the oldies and the goldies playing on the radio
They don't make me feel the way you do
My Friday night gurus
You're the Obi-Wan Kenobis with the force of audio
I believe in all your fantasies as silly as they seem
You're from another world

Where is the boy? The boogie's strong in him
He'll make you dance as smoothly as the dolphin's swim
They've got a sound
Seriously obese in the bass frequencies
Perfectly round, like spirals in their DNA

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I walk the night through the people on the streets
Oh, what I would give to be in your company
Into the night with the sailors of the sleaze
All hands on dick, they're like animals in heat

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