

# Wet Leg, Angelica

Angelica was on her way to the party  
She doesn't need to wait for anybody  
Knows exactly what she's doing  
I watch as she commands the room  
Well, the ambience was overrated at the party  
I want to run away before it's even started  
I look at my feet then I look for the door  
Can't find my friends so I just take, a bit more, a bit more  
A bit more, a bit more, a bit more, a bit more  
A bit more, a bit more, a bit more, a bit more

And then it all comes to an end  
We all go again, go again

Good times, all the time  
Good times, all the time

Angelica, she brought lasagne to the party  
I tried my luck at dancing with everybody  
Sometimes life gets hard to deal  
I like you, you've got sex appeal  
But I don't wanna follow you on the 'Gram  
I don't wanna listen to your band  
I don't know why I haven't left yet  
Don't want none of this

Good times, all the time  
Good times, all the time

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Good times, all the time

Angelica, she brought her ray gun to the party  
Angelica obliterated everybody  
I look at my hands then I look for the door  
Can't help but feel like I've been here before  
I don't know what I'm even doing here  
I was told that there would be free beer  
I don't wanna follow you on the 'Gram  
I don't wanna listen to your band

And then it all comes to an end  
We all go again, go again

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