

A Man Walks into a Bar

Chumbawamba

A Man walks into a bar
He Says, "Give me a Bacardi and Coke."
The back of beyond repair
Welcomes the broken and the broke
The latter hitches a ride
On the back of second-hand smoke
And the man,
Well he'd be the punch line
In someone elses Joke

I'll beat this drink
It's a habit I'll kick
Please help me now
I'm gonna be sick
Something hit me
I wound up on the floor
Damn this Bacardi
I don't want anymore

A Man walks into a think-tank
Full of Hooch and future sales
Mixing wish lists with extension plans
Reap Guantanamo Jail
Smell the solid beach
And a whiff of cannot fail
And a guilt trait shop with goblets
Dripping cutthroat cocktails
And they drink a toast to Florida
And all its air-conditioned homes
And they damn the health of Cuba
And they damn its fortified Rum
He sips a calamatar olive
Spits out the stone
And He mimics crushing people
Between forefinger and thumb

I'll beat this drink
It's a habit I'll kick
Please help me now
I'm gonna be sick
Something hit me
I wound up on the floor
Damn This Bacardi
I don't want anymore

The first man wakes up in the same bar
But it's different as in a dream
Infact it's someone else's dream
Clean sheets & New Regime
Fetal burns as Nero romes
Give the bar a zip code
Cya
Cya
See You
And it's one more for the road

I'll beat this drink

It's a habit I'll kick
Please help me now
I'm gonna be sick
Something hit me
I wound up on the floor
Damn this Bacardi
I don't want anymore (4x)