

Too drunk to be silent, can't stay on his feet
With a horrible language he crawls down the street
A pleasant condition, can't hold down the food
Fistful of vomits, he's now in the mood

When he starts tumbling and drops to the floor
It's the sign he awaits, he's got to drink more
Insulting the shorthaired, his arm starts to twist
Their nose bones receives the speed of the fist

He's dirty...he's alone...he's metal to the bone

HARDROCKER

The most incident back at school, he always skipped the class
Told his teacher to fuck off and stick it up her ass
He'll never fit into the crowd, he'll never lose his pride
He won't allow no shorthaired heads, he would rather die

Shortcut hair in sight, no words are needed to start the fight
All discondance must end in broken bones
Enough to get him pissed, count the teeth you soon shall miss
Footprints in your swollen face shows the way it must be done

Criminally tough and hard, headbanging where we lie
Whiplash-damage, aching neck, still banging till we die
We'll stand together to the end, ain't ever wimping out
We live and die the metal way, loud is all that counts

HARDROCKERS