

King Of The Sidewalk

Gehennah

I'm the first in line, a wellknown face, a V.I.P. in everyplace
My goal's set high to feel alright, get even more drunk than last night

At the fucking bar the floor I hit, don't need no chair, I'm too drunk to sit
A girl comes asking me to dance, "Of course not, whore, so kiss my ass"

The bartender refused me more to drink
So I hit him on the nose, cause his bar stinks
I try to leave but I just can't find the door
They throw me out to an all-night pen store

In to the store, proud of myself, with empty pockets and drunk as hell
I bounce between the food and stoof, convinced I'm still not drunk enough

A six-pack beer and a porno-mag is what I need in my shopping bag

The paper of a six-pack is my royal crown
I'm the one who's thrown out from every bar in town
King of the Sidewalk

Back in the streetlight, stolen brew in my hand
I behave like a asshole, a horrible man
Loud and unpleasant, always the worst
A king of bad manners, proud of my thirst

Bought or homemade booze, don't really mind
Cause you're still able to drink even if you're blind
To see double or nothing is what I choose
As long as I can feel the taste of booze

Totally gone I sleep somewhere 'til dawn
Don't know where I've been, I wake up on someone's lawn
I find yesterday's dinner all over my chest
On my leatherjacket and on my blue jeans-vest