

Living like a hellraiser
White line madness hits us hard again
Barmy army right there with us
Pulses racing
Denim, studs and chains

Drinking, sinking down under the table
Drinking, thinking, I'll be on my back again
Day break well gone we're no sight for sore eyes
Mad men, mad men
We'll hellraise through and that's alright, alright

Never listen when they tell you
The old black reaper's coming after you
'Cos the devil takes you no returns
Let's carry on and see this hell race through