

Chris Farley

Hilltop Hoods

I wanna party like Bon Scott on Charlie, Bob Marley non-stop
Chris Farley pissed, party on like the bombs dropped
So if you're "just too fucking blind" you know what's what
You're feeling like "blaaagh"

I wanna party like Bon Scott on Charlie, Bob Marley non-stop
Chris Farley pissed, party on like the bombs dropped
So if you're "drunk on Friday night" you know what's what
You're feeling like "bluuugh" you know what's what

I wanna go out like Biggie and 'Pac
No gunfire, I'm talking rum and dry, hit me with shots
Tequila and scotch, I'll wind up on the idiot box
Six o'clock with a grand tucked into my socks
My obituary notice will say that most of my days
Were spent inside a bottle and a toast will be raised
Until conspiracy theories say they know I'm okay
I'll drop seven more albums by my ghost from the grave

I wanna die in Memphis like Elvis
Senseless on the toilet pissing on my own pelvis
Helpless, choking on vodka and shellfish
Get found by my girl like "God, you're so selfish"
Well-wishers at my wake saying he'll be well missed
But wait till they're well pissed, they'll wish me to hell with
Everybody that I wanted to party with anyway
Don't care if it's a hundred and ninety degrees centigrade

Like Jim Morrison, I wanna party till my heart stop
Tripping in a bath with a stripper and a glass of
Liquor in my grasp, man I figure that my last of
Days should be crazed, I'm a live it till I'm passed on
If any grief is shed, leave it said
I would remind 'em just how far the dream has led
So when it's time for me, be finally relieved I'm dead
I want to exit how I entered, between some legs

[Suffa (Pressure):]

I wanna bender like Hendrix, you blend six liquors with ten drinks
(Ten-four buddy) Well it's like ten-six
(Yo, when it's) Ten sixteen in the morning
My girl will send sixteen messages to me warning
We'll be exes if I don't exit, so exit
The next shit's getting called a sexist at breakfast
So let's get our phones and all set 'em to flight mode
And let the horns fly through the hook and take us right home

Tell me how does it feel...
To be on your own...
On a bender like a Rolling Stone?