

The Man Who Loved Beer

Lambchop

To whom can I speak today? The brothers they are evil
And the old friends of today, they have become unlovable
To whom can I speak today? The gentleness has perished
And the violent man has come down on everyone

To whom can I speak today? The wrong which roams the earth,
There can be no end to it, it is just unstoppable
Death is in my sights today, and when a man desires
To see home after many years in jail

February through December we have such a tragic hue
As separate as the fingers, or suddenly as one as the hand

And the violent man comes down on everyone