We were drinking with Pollack,
He drank a fifth of Grappa
He told me that he loved me,
And then he kicked me in the chest.
Reap upon with David,
Lies sitting on heartache
The chances of us winning are about 1 in 16,
He talked about the old days,
Allegiance that are many,
Across from us guys are sitting
From g'd up motherfuckers.

And how, it was, TOTALLY FUCKED!

We were drinking at the Franken,
With 2000 Dirty Squatters,
We didn't want to fight them,
So instead they beat each other up.
The Squatters don't have money,
But at least they don't have showers,
So when they're drinking their own piss,
We didn't think much of it.
The moral of this story,
Don't use your better judgment,
Cause what good is an evening,
If you can't even remember.

Just how, it was, TOTALLY FUCKED!