

Bottle, bottle, on the wall, who's the drunkest of us all?
Set yourself up for the fall, who's a slave to alcohol,
I know a place where you can go, you'll probably see no one tha
t you know,
A few minutes will make you think you probably need another dri
nk.
They said that I had a disease, I asked them, "What?" if they p
lease,
I asked them what the fuck they meant,
Victim of the six percent,
Now I'm so ashamed of it,
I guess it's time that I quit.
I saw a friend the other day, getting out of N.A.
He was looking really good, that made me think of myself,
I care about my worthless friends, don't like to see them kill
themselves,
Get so strung out they lose all hope, why do you think they cal
l it dope?
Trembling hands, bloodshot eyes, propose a toast to my demise.
God gave me this liver,
I didn't know he was an indian giver.