

Straight to the Dome

Pro-Pain

Here's a tale of ole John Courage,
he stood out from the crowd
with all bark, no bite, piss drunk and loud.
As each ale went down his wisdom followed,
and the liquid courage of John, it started to show.

Back up ole friend of mine, don't cross that line.
Back up ole friend of mine, don't cross that line.

Then I look to the corner to drink with myself.
I found it better for me, and for John's health.
Like the butt of a joke, along came John.
Then he asked for the time and he reached for a smoke.

Back up ole friend of mine, don't cross that line.
Back up ole friend of mine, don't cross that line.

Well, he laughed at my request and flicked some ash in my quarter cask.
Then we entered the danger zone and I wondered if he was alone.
I went straight to the dome and dropped him like a stone.
(Straight to the dome and dropped him like a stone)

Such is the tale of ole John Courage.
We hadn't seen or heard from him since then, when he was sent to oblivion. But old salts die hard and he's no exception to the rule.
Speak of the devil, he's come right back for more.

I say back up ole friend of mine, don't cross that line.
Right now you need to fucking STOP!!