Drunk Tank

Quincy Punx

Last call has come and gone for us
down at our favorite bar.
We got more beer at home but
we can't walk 'cause' its too far
Got a brand new set of wheel, and
it's parked right out in the back
it's called the DRUNK TANK
and it's hell on tracks!
We're having trouble walking
so i guess we better drive.
Don't even have to worry
if we'll make it home alive.
With twenty-seven tons
of fine carbon steel,
it doesn't matter if you're fucked up
when you get behind the wheel!
Lock and load get on the road,
in the Drunk Tank!
Grinding gears and pounding beers,
in the Drunk Tank!
Inebriated, Amout plated,
in the Drunk Tank!
Drive and swill and shoot to kill,
in the Drunk Tank!
Set off to the bar
with happy hour in out sights.
Several hours later
we'll be blacked out in a fire fight.
Cut off by the bartender
we'll drive right through the door
With a cannon pointed at his head
I bet he'll serve some more
Flashing reds behind us
but we won't pull to the side
Swivel 'round the turret
Johnny-law had better hide
Let loose with the machine gun,
watch his car disintegrate.
Now he's writing tickets
from the wrong side of hell's gates
Lock and load get on the road,
in the Drunk Tank!
Grinding gears and pounding beers,
in the Drunk Tank!
Inebriated, Amout plated,
in the Drunk Tank!
Drive and swill and shoot to kill,
in the Drunk Tank!
Drunk tank!!!
Drunk tank!!!
Drunk tank!!!
Drunk tank!!!
Drunk tank!!!
Drunk tank!!!
Drunk tank!!!
Drunk tank!!!

Tištěno z www.txp.cz

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - šetříme na pojištění!