

## Oh Where 'o My Beero

Stone Gods

There seems to be a problem people,  
We seem to have been left behind,  
Way back in the 1940s,  
We should've seen the warning signs,  
They don't start 'til late in Paris,  
The torch it burns through the night,  
But over here in greener pastures,  
We can't seem to get it right,

We won't stand for early hours,  
We won't stand for closing time,  
We'll have IPA or Flowers,  
We'll even take some English wine,

Oh whereo my beero,

We're in the European Union,  
And a USA satellite,  
Thrown out on the streets too early,  
They're not gonna stop the fight,  
They promised us 24 hours,  
Yet another lie on the list,  
Here's a message to those in power:  
It's still a struggle to get pissed.

Oh whereo my beero,

We won't stand for early hours,  
We won't stand for closing time.