

# Need Money For Beer

Tankard

I was born in beer, my object of lust  
But got no money, still drink I must  
I search my pockets, and what do I find  
Useless cleenex to wipe my behind

I need a Goddamn brew  
That's why I've come to you

You bastard, I hate you  
I kill you, you can lick my butt  
So pious and gracious  
Intention isn't very clear  
You bastard, still hate you  
Need money for a fucking beer

You've got the cash, so give it to me  
Dig you in your Wallet and set me free  
Expect no thanks, you can kiss my ass  
I'll ball your girlfriend and cum with class

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