

Running On Fumes

Tankard

We don't need catering
Or backstage luxury
Don't need clean hotel rooms
Liquids count. basically

Don't need no party girls
Dr any drugs for free
There's just one thing we need
Liquids count, basically

Touring cities and tauring nations
We fill clubs and concert halls
But it's a trouble with our obsession
Supplies deplete - too fast, too soon

Just empty glasses
And no more beer
What a nightmare
Our primal fear

Amps are howling
The drums are pounding
Banging heads on a shaking stage

The crowd is moshing and temperature's rising
Where is the beer?!
We die of thirst!

Running an fumes
Energy's low
Relight my fire!
Running on fumes
No beer, no show
Our drinking desire!
Running on fumes
Lager must flow
Our throats are dried up!
Running on fumes
That's a no-go
Refill the tankard!

Hey promoter forget the guest-list
Cause we want a delivery
Thousands of bottles, a truckload of six-packs
Cheers to the fans!
All drinks for free!

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