

# 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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