

# Take One Down And Pass It Around

The Lawrence Arms

One hundred bottles of beer on the floor  
A hundred bottles of beer  
Less than twenty days from drowning  
In the last five years

A ring sucked from a finger  
A desert that sucks dreams  
Sand under grass  
Under fountains, under trees

The pit sees only half of what you're spending  
Roulette wheels spinning, join in all the winning

As pirates sail down sidewalks  
We drink beer in paper bags  
No stopping, standing, hopeless sidewalks  
The celebratory atmosphere sags

We wonder, will it ever rain again?  
We wonder on our money, on our bottled rum and gin

Party central can only hold so much  
Lights, skies, and horizons, drinks, buffets, but enough  
Talk and games, now it's time to die  
One hundred bottles on the ground  
And a last glance from the floor to the desert sky