

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