

Lager Lout

The Tiger Lillies

Sitting in a death house and smiling with a leer
Happy, I should say so, hiding every fear
Asking you some questions, chance it is untrue
Twisted, corrupted and shot blue

They don't love you, Larger Lout

All of your white lies they're all turning black
Your liver's got a cancer, your heart's under attack
And your brain so much at bay, they could build a port
They filled you up with ignorance and the Daily Sport

And they don't love you, Larger Lout
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