

## Hammered again

U.S. Bombs

I woke up and fell of a root  
They arrested me with a broken foot  
You told the cops you didn't know who I was  
A week on the city three hots and a cot

Day one I got a taste of the shakes  
No sleep at all, it's past eight  
Rest of the week, all seemed the same  
I couldn't wait to get home again

Come on down to my place, I got a bar at my face  
We both got monkeys on our backs  
Come on down to my place

I got an early release on the 5th day  
Dried out a lot I lost the shakes  
I'll get 'em back when I get home  
To the liquor store, then will start