

# Doug Anthony All Stars, It's A Broad Lic Nic

And I'll tell you while I'm able  
Or I'll smash your skull if you're not  
Drink enough Black label  
It's a hard mans drink  
And though the bottles broken  
Put your money on the table  
Strain the glass through your teeth  
So we grew up mean lean  
Kings of the street scene  
Without a mothers guiding hand  
To keep us clean  
Down your rum  
We'll take life as it comes  
And all you blue rinse critics  
Lick our literary bums  
I drank my first pure malt  
Before I was three  
I smoked a pack of Dutch cigarettes  
My pappy left for me  
And I romanced a little lass  
Who was twelve years my elder  
At the age of six I held her  
That year I also bed her  
So before I was seven  
My first child was born  
I told a pack of filthy lies  
As a politician  
I heard my own confession  
As an act of contrition  
I spent ten years as a Trappist monk  
In a village in Tibet  
And I walked up Everest naked  
Just to win a bet  
Well I cut off my leg  
To win a one legged race  
And when I won, I stitched it  
on my little sister's stomach  
I've fought Mohammed Ali  
I've seduced Mata Hari  
I've even worn a sari  
When I impersonated Ghandi  
And I dare any man here  
To call me a liar  
(Liar!)

But I swear I've seen Ezekial  
I swear I've seen Isiah  
Toasting marshmallows  
In Beelzebub's fire  
And we're mad mad mad  
Dangerous to know  
We never give a tinkers cuss  
About the seeds we sow  
And we stay up late  
And never be forlorn  
And when the morning comes around  
We'll kiss the crack of dawn  
We took the whacks from Kerouac's  
And dusty Dostoyevsky's  
And when all was said and done  
Booze was all I had left me  
For all the worlds great thinkers  
Are all a loooooaaaaaoooooaaad of pus  
And if you ask us how Zarathustra spoke  
He spake thus,

Drink drink drink  
Drink until you're drunk  
Drink until you can't stand up  
'til you're roly-poly stunk  
'til your bladder bursts  
'til you throw a fit to curse  
'til they lift you up still comatose  
And slamdance in the hearse  
We're good, good, bad, bad  
Ugly as sin  
We mix up cough syrup  
With our gin  
So take your medicine  
I pray that when I die  
There's someone else around  
To kiss my arse goodbye  
Yes, I pray, I pray, I pray that when I die  
There's someone else around to kiss my arse goodbye