

Fear, More Beer (live 1986)

More beer, more beer
All I want is more beer
More beer, more beer
All I want is more beer, more beer

When I get home from work and I'm dyin' of thirst
All I want is more beer
I run into the kitchen and I tear off my shirt
All I want is more beer
Open up a six pack I'll be downin' it first
All I want is more beer
I can open up and finish faster than you
All I want is more beer
Gonna kill a case or maybe two
All I want is more beer
If there was no more beer then what would we do
All I want is more beer

More beer
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And when I wake up in the morning
My mouth's all parched and dry, parched and dry
And I crawl to the refrigerator
And I peek inside
And I feel like somebody drove nails
Into my head and eyes
And I'm hoping and I'm praying
I hope there's one more beer

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