Ghoul, Gutbucket Blues

Guzzling the rot gut
Binging on the putrefied swill
Total f**king mind rot
Blind drunk and I'm dying to kill

So f**king loaded I can't get off the floor Three sheets are to the wind and I'm going for four I'm a total wreck, gotta lay off the booze And on top of that, I can't find my shoes But what can you do?

Gutbucket Blues!!!

Waking in a cold sweat Feels like I need a new brain Overdid the Rot Gut And now I'm in incredible pain

Retching up the effluvial brews Cursing my existence through a river of spew Fishy smelling bile to recycle and use And I could really use a drink when I'm through But what can you do?

Gutbucket Blues!!!