

# Quincy Punx, Drunk Tank

Last call has come and gone for us  
down at our favorite bar.

We got more beer at home but  
we can't walk cuz' its too far  
Got a brand new set of wheel, and  
it's parked right out in the back  
it's called the DRUNK TANK  
and it's hell on tracks!

We're having trouble walking  
so i guess we better drive.

Don't even have to worry  
if we'll make it home alive.

With twenty-seven tons  
of fine carbon steel,  
it doesn't matter if you're fucked up  
when you get behind the wheel!

Lock and load get on the road,  
in the Drunk Tank!

Grinding gears and pounding beers,  
in the Drunk Tank!

Inebriated, Amout plated,  
in the Drunk Tank!

Drive and swill and shoot to kill,  
in the Drunk Tank!

Set off to the bar  
with happy hour in out sights.

Several hours later  
we'll be blacked out in a fire fight.

Cut off by the bartender  
we'll drive right through the door  
With a cannon pointed at his head

I bet he'll serve some more

Flashing reds behind us  
but we won't pull to the side

Swivel 'round the turret  
Johnny-law had better hide

Let loose with the machine gun,  
watch his car disintegrate.

Now he's writing tickets  
from the wrong side of hell's gates

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