

# Tankard, Kings Of Beer

Look your doors 'cause Tankard's coming to your town  
When we're drunk then we don't like to fuck around  
Wicked thirst yet there is no beer to be found  
Help us out or we will burn this town to the ground

Other bands will play but we all comes to drink  
Unshowered entities that do nothing but stink  
Fat and ugly, smelly pissed beynd belief  
Gonna spew our vomit on your little piece

We're kings, kings of beer  
And love what's in out veins  
Kings, kings of beer sombriety our pain  
We're kings, kings of beer, kings of beer  
Kings, kings of beer, kings of beer

Do you really think that we are serious?  
Think again, man, you must be delirious  
Certan groups claim the have senn the light of day  
But we're Tankard and have nothing to say

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What's the foos, did you need food for that small mind?

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