Acid Drinkers, Max - He Was Here Again

Sittin' in his strange room After midnight, under the moon
Thinkin' ' bout f**kin', lookin' through the glass
We're listening to Max, he keeps tellin' all nite.
He never lies, old muthaf**ker
I don't exaggerate, he's a bloody drunkard,
But at this moment you got nothing to say,
We got no money for wonderful women, no !!
He's spiderman, he climbs a wall
I'm sure, he doesn't know what is fear
I say : Hey, Max, its your third bottle today
I think he's an alcoholic sleep-walker.
He cannot stop when he's telling his tale,
I say, hey, man, f**kin' party is over,
Take it easy, yeah, take it easy, take it slow,
No, no, not me, you gotta go !!
Crazy, crazy, what you gonna do tonight
Crazy, crazy, Max you gotta start the fight !!!