

# Doug Anthony All Stars, Broad Lic Nic

It's a broad lick nicht and I'll tell you while I'm able  
Or I'll smash your skull if you don't drink enough Black Label  
It's a hard man's drink and though the bottle's broken  
Put your money on the table, strain the glass through your teeth  
We grew up lean, mean, kings of the street scene  
Without a mother's guiding hand to keep us clean  
Down your rum, we'll take life as it comes  
And all you blue rinse critics lick our literary bums

I drank my first pure malt before I was three  
Smoked a pack of Dutch cigarettes my pappy left for me  
And I romanced a little lass who was twelve years my elder  
At the age of six I held her  
That year I also bed her  
So before I was seven  
My first child was born  
I told a pack of filthy lies as a politician  
Heard my own confession as act of contrition  
I spent ten years as a Trappist monk in a village in Tibet  
And I walked up Everest naked just to win a bet

Well I cut off my leg to win a one legged race  
And when I won I stitched it on my little sister's stomach  
I fought Mohammed Ali, I've seduced Mata Hari  
I've even worn a sari when I impersonated Gandhi  
And I dare any man here to call me a liar  
But I swear I've seen Ezekiel, I swear I've seen Isaiah  
Toasting marshmallows in Beelzebub's fire

And we're mad, bad, dangerous to know  
We never gave a tinker's cuss about the seeds we'd sow  
And we stay up late and never be forlorn  
And when the morning comes around we'll kiss the crack of dawn  
We took the wax from Kerouacs and dusty Dostoevskys  
And when all was said and done booze was all I had left me  
For all the world's great thinkers are all a load of pus  
And if you asked how Zarathustra spoke, he spoke thus:

Drink! Drink! Drink!  
Drink until you're drunk  
Drink until you can't stand up  
Till you're roly poly stung  
Till your bladder bursts, till you throw up fit to burst  
Till they lift you up still comatose and slam you in the hearse

And we're good, bad, ugly as sin  
We mixed up cough syrup with our gin  
So take your medicine  
I pray that when I die  
There'll be someone else around to kiss my arse goodbye  
Yes I pray, I pray, I pray that when I die  
There'll be someone else around to kiss my arse goodbye