Guttermouth, High Ball

simagine my friend that the well has run dry
the bar keep resigns cause there won't be more rye
trade lies with your mates and then you have a good cry
it's finally happened, no more good times
what would you do and what would you say
if some bloody bastard took the high balls away
my god the world would insist that we cannot
be happy until we are pissed off our ass!
day by day they take our freedom
who the hell gives them the right
hold your glass up high and we'll
drink on and on and on and on
if i'm happy or i'm sad
jack daniel's makes me feel alright
raise your glass up hight and we'll sing
on and on and on and on
all we want all we want all we want
is hight balls for everyone
and then, this fucked up world would seem alright
hold on jacky, save me your goobyes
hold on jacky, need double rye
we got your back jack baby no more feelin dry
so cheers to you my dear old friend
come on jacky gimmie the good times
come on jacky dont wanna walk the line
we got your back jack baby no more feelin dry
so cheers to you and all our/your friends tonight
day by day they take our freedom
who the hell gives them the right
hold your glass up high and we'll
drink on and on and on and on
if i'm happy or i'm sad
jack daniels makes me feel alright
hold your glass up high and we'll sing
on and on and on and on
all we want all we want all we want is
high balls for everyone
and then,this fucked up world would seem alright