

# Guttermouth, High Balls

imagine 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 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  
hold on jacky, save me your goobies  
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 gimme 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