

Lambchop, The Man Who Loved Beer

To whom can i speak today
The brothers they are evil
And the old friends of today
They have become unlovable
To whom can i speak today
The gentleness has perished
And the violent man has come down on everyone
To whom can i speak today
The wrong which roams the earth
There can be no end to it
It is just unstoppable
Death is in my sights today
And when a man desires
To see home after many years in jail
February through december
We have such a tragic hue
As separate as the fingers
Or suddenly as one as the hand
And the violent man comes down on everyone