

Less Than Jake, Malachi Richter's Liquor's Quicker

Well I'm happy to report,
My long standing last resort,
Ended by just stopping short,
Of me burning like a torch.
Step off, stand back.
Cause it's a fact I've got to match,
And all my fingers crossed behind my back.

Give me some breathing room.
Cause I'm breathing fumes I'll light the fuse.
Give me some breathing room.
Cause there's something that I need to prove.
Give me some breathing room.
Cause I'm breathing fumes I'll light the fuse,
And I'm gonna make the evening news.

Well I'm busy making plans,
With a flare gun in my hand.
Kerosene soaked through my pants,
The last words of my last stand.
Step up, step back.
Cause it's a fact I've gotta match,
And all my fingers crossed behind my back.

Give me some breathing room.
Cause I'm breathing fumes I'll light the fuse.
Give me some breathing room.
Cause there's something that I need to prove.
Give me some breathing room.
Cause I'm breathing fumes I'll light the fuse,
And I'm gonna make the evening news.

And I'm gonna make the evening news.

Give me some breathing room.
Cause I'm breathing fumes I'll light the fuse.
Give me some breathing room.
Cause there's something that I need to prove.
Give me some breathing room.
Cause I'm breathing fumes I'll light the fuse,
Give me some breathing room.
I'm on fire it's all ending soon,
And I'm gonna make the evening news.

Yea I'm gonna make the evening news. [x2]