

Nerf Herder, The Sportsmans Bar

Theres a place on fig-a-row-a street
Where you can always go
Smiling faces you might meet
All hail the sportsmans bar
Whoa all hail the sportsmans bar
The trophies on the mantal are coverd in dust
& the preztels are from 1982
The soda from the bar taste just like rust no body cares
All hail the sportsmans bar
Whoa all hail the sportsmans bar
Theres Mike Queen he's fallin to his knees
he's mumblin bout the state street rock 'n roll
They took away the boots
& Unless they take the roots
We will see you again in tomorrow-oh, uh o-oh
Whoa all hail the sportsmans bar
Say a pray for friends who've passed away
Say a pray for the lookers & the losers
& to all you bastards that look at uptown
We will see you on Thanksgivings at the sportsmans bar
whoa all hail the sportsmans bar
Mans are mean when he's Pabst blue ribbon king
Uh-oh, he's lookin for a fight
He'll punch you in the face
But its your kinda place
We'll see you again in tomorrow-oh
Everybodys drunk whoa all hail the sportsmans bar
Everybodys drunk Everybodys drunk whoa all hail the sportsmans bar