

Roger Miret And The Disasters, Hooligans

Yesterday I woke up in a Queens county jail
I remember throwing punches, smashing bottles, breaking chairs
Post bond today, on my way home, hell there's gotta be a better way
Stitches on my knuckles, blood on my face

(Pre-chorus)

To tell the truth I don't give a damn
It's just me and the boys, a shot of Jager for my friends!

(Chorus x3)

We're pissed (we're pissed)
We're drunk (we're drunk)
Hooligans!

Don't know where I'm going or what I need
I don't really care what they say or what they think of me
People tend to fear me 'cause they can't understand all my rage!
Scars on my knuckles, scars on my face

(Pre-chorus)

(Chorus x3)

We're pissed!

(Chorus x3)

Well, I'm pissed and I'm drunk