Tankard, Need Money For Beer

I was born in beer, My object of lust But got no money, Still drink I must I search my pockets, And what do I find Useless cleenex To wipe my behind

I need a Goddamn brew That's why I've come to you

You bastard, I hate you I kill you, you can lick my butt So pious and gracious Intention isn't very clear You bastard, still hate you Need money for a fucking beer

You've got the cash, So give it to me Dig you in your Wallet And set me free Expect no thanks, You can kiss my ass I'll ball your girlfriend And cum with class

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