

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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