## Tankard, Zero Dude

Sticky hands, smelly feet Badly breath, fart of death Please don't mind my running nose I've got everything you need

I gotta good feet, this is a good deal Gimme your Dollars, make it real Tomorrow's too late, for every good trade Don't think about it, don't hesitate

Come on in, look around Please beware, rancid air I sell guns and animals See my sex-toys? Best in town!

A piece of cake, a piece of cake
Can get ya porn-shit, or pink shampoo
I have the coolest and lowest prices
The people call me "Zero Dude"
My hair is fake, my hair is fake
No problem, man, I've got attitude
I am the man with the million lighters
The people call me "Zero Dude"

Russian furs, french perfums Irish stew, british glue I sell safes and satellites Michael Jackson's silicon

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Tell your friend 'bout my shop Come again, buy a lot Doesn't matter, if you're broke I take your wife, if she is hot

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