

# The Tiger Lillies, Lager Lout

Sitting in a death house and smiling with a leer  
Happy, I should say so, hiding every fear  
Asking you some questions, chance it is untrue  
Twisted, corrupted and shot blue

They don't love you, Larger Lout

All of your white lies they're all turning black  
Your liver's got a cancer, your heart's under attack  
And your brain so much at bay, they could build a port  
They filled you up with ignorance and the Daily Sport

And they don't love you, Larger Lout

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