

The Tiger Lillies, The End

I have shit my trousers could a fresh pair you please lend
I'm lying in a pool of piss I'm waiting for the end
That vomit on the pavement it's mine you can depend
All the bottles I have drunk on a breweries freehold I could spend
The dogs all sit upwind of me and their nostrils they defend
I'm waiting for the end yes I'm waiting for the end
Piss and shit and rancid sweat are the perfume that I vend