

Voltaire, Happy Birthday (My Olde Friend)

Grab the chair, boys! We've got another bucket kicker!

(Chorus)

Happy Birthday my olde friend.
It seems this horror show will never end.
Any moment's your last breath,
Here is to another day closer to death.

The cake is on the table,
And it is awfully bright,
'Cause there's so many candles on top.
But you are so decrepit,
Your chest so tight,
When you blow them out your lungs are gonna pop. (Popping sound)

You cannot complain
Each time you feel a pain,
Though you have arthritis and gout.
'Cause when you start kvetching,
All your teeth fall out.

So have another cigarette,
Have another beer,
Raise your glass to one more year. (GONE!)

(Chorus)

Your skin is so worn out and old,
All over your body it's sagging.
Especially loose is your old caboose,
You're dragging it behind you in a wagon.

Well, you're an alcoholic,
And you're blind and deaf,
And you have Alzheimer's I bet.
You're too old to remember,
But you're too drunk to forget.

So have another cigarette,
Have another beer,
Raise your glass to one more year. (GONE!)

(Chorus)

You're so old you smell like dust,
And now your bones begin to rust.
See that face, it's full of wrinkles.

So have another cigarette,
Have another beer,
Raise that chair to one more year. (RAISE!)

(Chorus)