

Sanq

"Broad Lick Nick"

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The following is off of a tape of Sanq's, by request of many.

Broad Lick Nick

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It's a broad lick Nick

And I'll tell you while I'm able

Or I'll smash your skull if you don't drink

Enough Black Label

It's a hard man's drink

Although the bottle's broken

Put your money on the table

Strain the glass through your teeth.

So we grew up lean, mean,

Kings of the street scene

Without a mother's guiding hand

To keep us clean.

Down your rum

We'll take life as it comes

And all you Blue Ridge creeps

Can lick our literary bum.

I drank my first pure malt

Before I was three
I smoked a pack of Dutch cigarettes
My pappy left for e
And I romanced a little lass who was
Twelve years my elder
At the age of six I held her
That year I also bed her
So, before I was seven
My first child was born.
I told a pack of filthy lies as a politician
I heard my own confession as an act of contrition.
I spent ten years as a Trappist monk
At a village in Tibet
[something we can't figure out]
Just to win a bet.
I severed my leg to win a
One legged race
And when I won I stitched it
Right back into place.
I fought Muhammed Ali
I seduced Mata Hari
I even won a sari
And I impersonated Ghandi
And I dare any here to call me a liar...
But I swear I saw Ezekiel
I swear I saw Elijah

Toasting marshmallows on Beelzebub's fire!

We're bad (Bad!)

Bad (Bad!)

Dangerous to know

We never gave a

[something else we can't figure out]

We'll stay up late

And never be folorn

And when the morning comes,

We will kiss the crack of dawn.

We took te wax from Kerouax,

And [dust to old Doestoevsky?]

And when all was said and done

Booze was all I had left me.

For all the world's great thinkers

Are all a load

Of PUS!

And if you ask how Zarathustra spoke,

HE SPAKE THUS:

Drink, drink, drink

Drink until you're drunk

Drink until you can't stand up

Til you're roly poly stung

Til your bladder bursts

Til you throw a bitter curse

Til they pick you up, still comatose

And slam dance in the hearse!

We're good (Good!), bad (Bad!)

Ugly as sin

We mix our cough syrup

With our gin

So, take our medicine

And I pray that when I die

There'll be someone else around to kiss my ass
goodbye

Yes I pray, I pray, I pray that when I die

There'll be someone else around to kiss my ass
goodbye

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