

## Wolf Banes, The "As The Bottle Runs Dry"

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Standing on the shore with this maiden in my arms  
A bottle of wine there's ships floating by  
And behind my back all the sailors are singing  
About Amsterdam or some other bloody town  
Where they've been last year or many years ago  
Where the ships indicates where we glimpsed through  
And though the maidens were plenty and horny as hell  
And the wine was so much that nobody could Tell  
I And we all sang as the boat was sinking

Bring us more women, bring us more wine  
We'll become violent as the bottle runs dry  
Bring us more women bring us more wine  
We'll become violent as the bottle runs dry

Lying on the beach with this maiden in my hand  
An empty bottle there deep in the sand  
And behind my back all the sailors are sleeping  
Dreaming 'bout tropical islands in the sun  
Where they've been last year or many years ago  
Where the ships indicates where we glimpsed through  
And though the maidens where plenty and horny as  
hell  
And the wine was so much that nobody could tell  
And we all sang as the boat was sinking

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