

## **Bendik**

### **"Minibar"**

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The first drink is the blood of the lamb  
Sentimental, weak, but I get along  
The next one, the roar of the lion  
Is a much, much tougher song  
Here comes the pig and the monkey  
A dirty, unsteady honky-tonky  
In the end, the noise of my bash  
Is gonna kill the sound of memory's rash  
Pour myself another one  
Another one  
I'm gonna drink till I'm gone  
Gone gone gone  
Out of the growing mist  
There came an iron fist  
In a world so cold

It's still a hand to hold  
Pour myself another one  
Another one  
I'm gonna drink till I'm gone  
Gone gone gone  
Memories are the lights in my Hall of Shame  
I'm gonna drink till I've put out the flame  
Now now now  
A perpetual now  
I shook your hand  
I failed to understand  
The museum of guilt is too bizarre  
I dive into my minibar  
Pour myself another one  
Another one  
I'm gonna drink till I'm gone  
Gone gone gone

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