

D.R.I. "Dry Heaves"

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I Was Drinking Beer, Then I Was Drinking Jager
I Know I Shouldn't Mix The Two, I Always Pay Later
But That's Just Beside The Point, What Is Done Is Done
Now I'm Hurting Real Bad And I've Got The Runs
I Hate The Dry Heaves, I Hate Dry Heaves
I Hate The Dry Heaves, I Hate Dry Heaves
I Was Talking To You Then I Was On The Ground
When I Shut My Eyes, Everything Spun Around

When I'm So Fucked Up, I Forget Where I Am
I Feel So Bad, I Puked In Your Van
Gut-Wrenching Spasms That Just Won't Stop
Trying To Squeeze Out Just One Last Drop
My Gut Tied In Knots, Nothing Left Inside
Thank You So Much For Giving Me A Ride
I Hate The Dry Heaves, I Hate Dry Heaves
I Hate The Dry Heaves, I Hate Dry Heaves

Lyrics: Brecht

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