

Doug Anthony All Stars "Broad Lic Nic"

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It's a broad lic nic
And I'll tell you while I'm able
Or I'll smash your skull
If you're not drinking up Black Label
It's a hard man's drink
And though 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 come
And all you blue rinse critics
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 me
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
Heard my own confession
As act of contrition
I spent ten years as a Trappist monk
In a village in Tibet (Liar!)
And I walked up Everest naked
Just to win a bet

Well I cut off my leg
To win a one legged race
And when I won I stitched it
Right back into place

I fought Mohammed Ali
I've seduced Mata Hari
I've even worn a sari
When I impersonated Gandhi
And I dare any man here
To call me a liar (LIARS!)
But I swear I've seen Ezekiel
I swear I've seen Isaiah
Toasting marshmallows
In Beelzebub's fire

And we're mad (MAD!) Bad (BAD!)
Dangerous to know
We never gave a tinker's cuss
About the seeds we sow
And we stay up late
And never be forlorn
And when the morning comes around
We'll kiss the crack of dawn

We took the whacks from Kerouac's
And dusty Dostoyevsky's
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 asked us how Zarathustra spoke,
He spoke thus:

"Drink! Drink! Drink!
Drink until your drunk,
Drink until you can't stand up,
'Til you're roly poly stunk.
'Til your bladder bursts,
'Til you throw a fit and curse,
'Til they lift you up still comatose
And slamdance in the hearse!"

And we're good (GOOD!), bad (BAD!)
Ugly as sin
We mixed up cough syrup
With our gin
So take your medicine
I pray that when I die
There'll be someone else around
To kiss my arse goodbye
Yes I pray, I pray
I pray that when I die
There'll be someone else around
To kiss my arse goodbye

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