

## **Gama Bomb**

# **"Thrashoholic"**

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We bang 'til death and lay siege to the pub  
With tankards and pints in the air  
Straight edgers worst fears, we're addicted to beers  
Though whiskey and cider get their share  
Back in the day when the beer fuelled thrash  
The tempo of the metal was high but take out the cans  
And euthanasia is planned a force of habit left you high  
and dry

We're thrash, thrash to the core  
Our love for cans we can't ignore  
Your turn to shotgun  
Thrashoholic means booze for everyone

We drink our pints, then order some tins

When they kick us out of the pub  
Then back at due place we'll draw cocks on your face if  
you pass out on the floor

Drinking, drinking, drinking, drinking  
A testament to our kidney pains  
Vomit, vomit, vomit, vomit  
Sick it up, drink it again  
Thrashing and drinking  
Boozing and pissing  
Vodka, cider, special brew  
We've got no money

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