

Gama Bomb

"Zombi Brew"

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Back from the grave, down to the pub
They always, always come back
They crave for a brew to wash down your brains
An eight percent grey matter sludge

Made from beer and brains
Doubles of mortal remains
Drain the dregs
Zombies will empty the kegs

They eat the living but drink their tins
Fermenting in the kegs the army kept them in
Watch your beers, the zombies are about
They're being touchy-feely and staring at your brain

Bent for the rent for another pint of that shit
They piss all over the offy floor
So I sold my soul for a tray of terror tins
A graveyard booze-up tonight

Wake up at six, struck by beer cancer
Time for a puke out my ass (and a good cry)
Zombie party wrecked my flat
I'll piss in the graveyard tonight

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