

Hilltop Hoods

"Chris Farley"

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I wanna party like Bon Scott on Charlie, Bob Marley non-stop,
Chris Farley pissed, party on like the bombs dropped,
So if you're drunk on Friday night you know what's what,
And if you're blaaagh you know what's what,
I wanna party like Bon Scott on Charlie, Bob Marley non-stop,
Chris Farley pissed, party on like the bombs dropped,
So if you're just too fucking blind you know what's what,
And if you're bluuugh you know what's what

VERSE 1: PRESSURE

I wanna go out like Biggie and Pac,
No gun fire, I'm talking rum and dry, hit me with shots,
Tequila and scotch, I'll wind up on the idiot box,
At six o' clock with a grand tucked into my socks,
My obituary notice will say that most of my days,
Were spent inside a bottle and a toast will be raised,
Until conspiracy theories say they know I'm ok,
I'll drop seven more albums by my ghost from the grave

VERSE 2: SUFFA

I wanna die in Memphis like Elvis,
Senseless on the toilet pissing on my own pelvis,
Helpless, choking on vodka and shellfish,
Get found by my girl like god you're so selfish,
Well-wishers at my wake saying he'll be well missed,
But wait till they're well pissed, they'll wish me to hell with,
Everybody that I wanted to party with anyway,
Don't care if it's a hundred and ninety degrees centigrade

CHORUS

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VERSE 3: PRESSURE

Like Jim Morrison, I wanna party till my heart stop,
Tripping in a bath with a stripper and a glass of,
Liquor in my grasp, man I figure that my last of,
Days should be crazed I'm a live it till I'm passed on,
If any grief is shed, leave it said,
I'd remind them of just how far the dream has led,
So when it's time for me, be finally relieved I'm dead,
I want to exit how I entered - between some legs

VERSE 4: SUFFA

I wanna bender like Hendrix,
Blend six liquors with ten drinks,
Ten-four buddy, well it's like ten-six, when it's,
Ten sixteen in the morning, my girl will send,
Sixteen messages to me warning,
We'll be ex's if I don't exit, so exit,
The next shit's getting called a sexist at breakfast so
let's get,
Our phones and all set 'em to flight mode,
And let the horns fly through the hook and take us right
home

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