

Acid Drinkers

"Max - He Was Here Again"

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Sittin' in his strange room After midnight, under the moon

Thinkin' 'bout fuckin', lookin' through the glass

We're listening to Max, he keeps tellin' all nite.

He never lies, old muthafucker

I don't exaggerate, he's a bloody drunkard,

But at this moment you got nothing to say,

We got no money for wonderful women, no !!

He's spiderman, he climbs a wall

I'm sure, he doesn't know what is fear

I say : Hey, Max, its your third bottle today

I think he's an alcoholic sleep-walker.

He cannot stop when he's telling his tale,

I say, hey, man, fuckin' party is over,

Take it easy, yeah, take it easy, take it slow,

No, no, not me, you gotta go !!

[Chorus:] Crazy, crazy, what you gonna do tonight

Crazy, crazy, Max you gotta start the fight !!!

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