

Nerde

"The Sportsman Bar"

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There's a place on Figueroa Street,
Where you can always go
Smiling faces you might meet,
Whoa-oo-oo, All Hail,
The Sportsman Bar
Whoa-oo-oo, All Hail,
The Sportsman Bar

The trophies on the mantel
Are covered with dust,
And the pretzels are from 1982
The soda from the bar
Tastes just like rust,
Nobody cares! All Hail
The Sportsman Bar
Whoa-oo-oo, All Hail,
The Sportsman Bar

There's Mike Green,
He's fallen to his knees,
He's mumbling 'bout the
State Street rock and roll
They took away the booths,
But unless they take the roof
We will see you again here tomorrow!

Say a prayer for friends
Who passed away,
Say a prayer for the lurkers
And the losers
And to all you bastards
That moved out of town,
We'll see you at Thanksgiving
At the Sportsman Bar
Whoa-oo-oo, All Hail,
The Sportsman Bar

Ned's our man,
With his Pabst Blue Ribbon can,
Uh-oh, he's looking for a fight!
He'll punch you in the face,

But it's your kind of place
So we'll see you again here tomorrow!

Everybody's drunk! Everybody's drunk!
Whoa-oo-oo, All Hail, The Sportsman Bar

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