

Tank

"Lost And Found"

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Still all this party, raising hell to get my beer
I will go crazy, if I don't find it here
Someone snatched my only joy
If you touch it you will die
I'll never give up, I'll will kill to get it back
Which dirty bastards stole my beloved suds?

Curses by the sixpack cast on you!
Merciless I'll break you, thief of brew
Still I am getting ill
Need my regular fill
I will have to kill
For my rightful beer

They all look guilty, it's a damn conspiracy
I'll spare nobody fighting for liberty
Crash the party with a cry
Either they will die or I
Fists in my stomach, kicking me in my poor face
Bleeding and hurting they call me a disgrace

Curses by the sixpack cast on you!
Merciless you broke me, thieves of brew
Still I am getting ill
Need my regular fill
I will have to kill
For my rightful beer

Slumped in the corner, feeling like a total dope
My head is spinning, no friends, no booze, no hope
Nothing left but suicide
Bid this evil world good-bye
But there's my beer can, recognize it on the spot
Must have forgot it when I went to the pot

Time for celebration, laughs and cheers
Reunification with my beer
Now - no more getting ill
Got my regular fill
I won't have to kill
For my rightful beer

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