

## **Beat Farmers**

### **"Baby's Liquored Up"**

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Well my baby's liquored up and she's talkin' to my friends

About this and that and nothin' then she starts it all again

Her head's like a powder keg her hair is on the bar

She's lookin' for a sucker she's found another buyer

Swamp breath sudden death she's sittin' at the bar

She's grabbin' every crotch she sees no matter who they are

She's yellin' at the cops she's goin' too far

She just took a shit in the back of my car

She's aaaaaaaaaa liquored up

Oh yes my baby she's all liquored up

She's aaaaaaaaaa liquored up

Oh she's usually a pretty uh nice girl too

She's aaaaaaaaaa liquored up

Well she smiles like a reptile and her lips are razor thin

Her legs are like jello but her voice can rip your skin

To hide her ugly face she puts her skirt above her head

The whole Seventh Fleet is checkin' out her spread

Bow mast shot glass stuck to her snout

It's everybody's business don't care what it's about

Rum gin anything now it's good and stout

The whole bar is hopin' that she soon passes out

She's aaaaaaaaaa liquored up

Oh how'd she get so dang liquored up

She's aaaaaaaaaa liquored up

Hey man she was supposed to drive ME home

She's aaaaaaaaaa liquored up

She's aaaaaaaaaa liquored up

I saw her kneeling in the Saints' locker room

She's aaaaaaaaaa liquored up

Hell no I ain't payin' her bar tab!

She's aaaaaaaaaa liquored up

Bar's open!

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