

Reed Lou

"Vicious"

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Oooohh whee, look at me, looking for some sympathy
It's the same old story, of a man and his search for
glory
And he found it, underneath the bottle
Things are never good, things go from bad to weird
Hey gimme another Scotch with my beer
I'm sad to say, I feel the same today, as I always do
Gimme a drink to relax me
Oooohh whee, liquor set free, I can't do no work
The shake's inside me
Ah shucks, I got the lousiest luck, I'm sick of this
Underneath the bottle
Seven days make a week, on two of them I sleep
I can't remember what the heck I was doing
I got bruise on my leg from I can't remember when
I fell down some stairs
I was lyin' underneath the bottle
Oooohh whee, son of a B.
You get so down, you can't get any lower
So long world, you play too rough
And it's getting me all mixed up
I lost my pride and it's hididin'
There, underneath the bottle

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