

# Tankard

## "Fistful Of Love"

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[Written by TANKARD  
(Gutjahr/Zissel/Thorwarth/Geremia)]

You're a beauty, look so fine  
The fairest maid I've ever seen  
One single glance into your eyes  
Sends shivers running down my spine

I long for you every single hour  
I long for you with every draw of breath  
To listen to your voice when you are gently talking  
Makes me feel eternal bliss

I am of ancient manners  
Believe in ancient rites  
Got some old-fashioned present  
For You, my love, tonight

[Chorus:]  
Fistful! Fistful! Fistful of Love!  
Into your poop-shoot, into your ass!  
Fistful! Fistful! Fistful of Love!  
An other access?  
Fistful! Fistful! Fistful of Love!  
Into your poop-shoot, into your ass!

You and me will last forever  
I'll ever be right by your side  
With tender arms I will embrace you  
I will hold you through the night

I am a man with great refinement  
I am a man of high esteem  
Walking the way from Ivy-League to Stoneage-  
It is shorter than it seems

I am of ancient manners  
Believe in ancient rites  
Got some old-fashioned present  
For You, my love, tonight

[Chorus]

Your gentle touch now makes me shiver  
I yearn for you with all my heart  
The load of Amors joyous quiver  
Is cocked and ready to depart

I am a man with great refinement  
I am a man of high esteem  
Walking the way from Ivy-League to Stoneage-  
It is shorter than it seems

I am of ancient manners  
Believe in ancient rites  
Got some old-fashioned present  
For You, my love, tonight

[Chorus]

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