

## Tankard "The Morning After"

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Can this be or am I dreaming?  
What a mess!  
Woke up drunk lying on the floor  
This cannot be, my place is trashed

Broken bottles everywhere  
Vomit oozing, down the stairs

I asked myself, how did this happen?  
Don't recall  
Why the nasty, pounding headache?  
I need relief, where's the tylenol?

Lying in my bed  
With a swollen head  
What did I do?  
I always regret the morning after

Morning's passed, now I think I remember  
Holy shit  
Ugly bitch playing with my member  
Mutated sow with an extra tit

Senseless ruckus late at night  
That's when we began to fight  
Four a.m. and we were hungry  
Cooked some food

Ate until the fridge was empty  
Then they left, all their bellies full

Now my brain feels like mashed potatoes  
Getting sick  
I swear to kick this nasty habit  
And never drink for ever more

Headache ceases, all is fine  
Getting thirsty, where's the wine?

I cannot stop though I'm seeing double  
Sloshed again  
I know, it's sad but I really need it

'Cause alcohol is my only friend

Lying in my bed  
With a swollen head  
What did I do?

Lying in my bed  
With a swollen head  
What did I do?  
I always regret the morning after

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