

## **Hudson Falcons, The "Kings Of The Bar"**

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Calling all moral souls come congregate at local  
watering holes.  
This Camelot is where we rest our beer.  
Guided by holy neon lights, we're citizens of the night.  
Red-faced kings and queens we're here.  
Admirals, Sultans, and Statesmen of near and far.  
Kings of the Bar!  
Barflies on bended knees, we're alcoholic royalty.  
Alongside Cliffy, Norm and Coach.  
Inside there four walls, you know we got it all.  
In our kingdom we're beyond reproach.  
The Royal Family's passed out in the car.  
Kings of the Bar!  
We've all got battle scares, they're souvenirs from  
every bar.  
Blood shot eyes and liver ache.  
Motherfucker where's my crown, the kings are here  
and we came to get down.  
Busted veins and hands that shake.  
Kings of the Bar!

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