Man's Ruin "Cider Woman"

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Here she comes, stumbling down the street.
Glaring at anyone she doesn't want to meet.
With a cider in one hand, and a stick in the other.
You'd better stay clear, unless you're her brother.

She's tanked. She's blitzed. She's drunk. She's licked. She'll scream. She'll fight. She'll swing. She'll bite.

Cider Woman. Cider Woman. You see her coming, you'd better start running. Cider Woman. Cider Woman. Some say,... She looks a lot like me.

There she goes with that look in her eye. She doesn't care if she makes you cry. She'll break your nose without a care. She'll smash your face, if you choose to dare.

She's tanked. She's blitzed. She's drunk. She's licked. She'll scream. She'll fight. She'll swing. She'll bite.

Cider Woman. Cider Woman.
You see her coming, you'd better start running.
Cider Woman. Cider Woman.
Some say,...
She looks a lot like me.

Here she comes, stumbling down the street. Glaring at anyone she doesn't want to meet. With a cider in one hand, and a stick in the other. You'd better stay clear, unless you're her brother.

(instrumental break)

[One! Two! Three! Four!]
There she goes with that look in her eye.
She doesn't care if she makes you cry.
She'll break your nose without a care.
She'll smash your face, if you choose to dare.

She's tanked. She's blitzed. She's drunk. She's licked. She'll scream. She'll fight. She'll swing. She'll bite.

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You see her coming, you'd better start running.
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You see her coming, you'd better start running.
Cider Woman. Cider Woman.
You see her coming, you'd better start running.
Cider Woman,...
She looks a lot like me.

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