

Lawrence Arms, The "Take One Down And Pass It Around"

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One hundred bottles of beer on the floor
One hundred bottles of beer
Less than twenty days from drowning in the last five
years

A ring sucked from a finger
A desert that sucks dreams
Sand under grass, under fountains, under trees

The pit sees only half of what you're spending
Roulette wheels spinning, join in on the winning

As pirates sail down sidewalks
We drink beer in paper bags
No stopping, standing, homeless sidewalks,
Celebratory atmosphere sags
Celebratory atmosphere sags

And we wonder 'will it ever rain again?'
We wonder on our money, on our bottled rum and gin,

Party central can only hold so much:
Lights, skies and horizons,
Drinks, buffets, but enough,
Party central can only hold so much:
Lights, skies and horizons,
Drinks, buffets, but enough talk and games,
Now it's time to die

One hundred bottles on the ground
And a last glance from the floor to the desert sky

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