Bob's Party Time Lounge

Primus

Glad you came, glad you're here.
Have some champagne, imported beer.
Dig down in your dirt bag
and roll us out a spleef.
Been erect here now for thirteen days
and I came to get relief
at Bob's Party Time.
Pack my nose with cocaine
feed my filthy hole.
Bust out the dancin' women
I'm prone to lose control.
And if by chance I fall down
and bust my head on the floor,
just wrap my wound in a porterhouse steak
and point me towards the shore.
At Bob's Party Time.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/