Gutbucket Blues

Ghoul

Guzzling the rot gut
Binging on the putrefied swill
Total fucking mind rot
Blind drunk and I'm dying to killSo fucking loaded I can't get off the floor
Three sheets are to the wind and I'm going for four
I'm a total wreck, gotta lay off the booze
And on top of that, I can't find my shoes
But what can you do?Gutbucket Blues!!!Waking in a cold sweat
Feels like I need a new brain
Overdid the Rot Gut
And now I'm in incredible painRetching up the effluvial brews
Cursing my existence through a river of spew
Fishy smelling bile to recycle and use
And I could really use a drink when I'm through
But what can you do?Gutbucket Blues!!!

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