

# The Sportsman Bar

## Nerf Herder

There's a place on Figueroa Street,  
Where you can always go  
Smiling faces you might meet,  
Whoa-oa-oa, All Hail,  
The Sportsman Bar  
Whoa-oa-oa, All Hail,  
The Sportsman BarThe trophies on the mantel  
Are covered with dust,  
And the pretzels are from 1982  
The soda from the bar  
Tastes just like rust,  
Nobody cares! All Hail  
The Sportsman Bar  
Whoa-oa-oa, All Hail,  
The Sportsman BarThere's Mike Green,  
He's fallen to his knees,  
He's mumbling 'bout the  
State Street rock and roll  
They took away the booths,  
But unless they take the roof  
We will see you again here tomorrow!Say a prayer for friends  
Who passed away,  
Say a prayer for the lurkers  
And the losers  
And to all you bastards  
That moved out of town,  
We'll see you at Thanksgiving  
At the Sportsman Bar  
Whoa-oa-oa, All Hail,  
The Sportsman BarNed's our man,  
With his Pabst Blue Ribbon can,  
Uh-oh, he's looking for a fight!  
He'll punch you in the face,  
But it's your kind of place  
So we'll see you again here tomorrow!Everybody's drunk! Everybody's drunk!  
Whoa-oa-oa, All Hail, The Sportsman Bar

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