# Zero Dude

## Tankard

Sticky hands, smelly feet
Badly breath, fart of death
Please don't mind my running nose
I've got everything you needI gotta good feet, this is a good deal
Gimme your Dollars, make it real
Tomorrow's too late, for every good trade
Don't think about it, don't hesitateCome on in, look around
Please beware, rancid air
I sell guns and animals
See my sex-toys? Best in town!A piece of cake, a piece of cake
Can get ya porn-shit, or pink shampoo
I have the coolest and lowest prices
The people call me "Zero Dude"
My hair is fake, my hair is fake
No problem, man, I've got attitude
I am the man with the million lighters
The people call me "Zero Dude"Russian furs, french perfums
Irish stew, british glue
I sell safes and satellites
Michael Jackson's siliconI gotta good feet, this is a good deal
Gimme your Dollars, make it real
Tomorrow's too late, for every good trade
Don't think about it, don't hesitateTell your friend 'bout my shop
Come again, buy a lot
Doesn't matter, if you're broke
I take your wife, if she is hotA piece of cake, a piece of cake
Can get ya porn-shit, or pink shampoo
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