Tankard Roach Motel

Tankard

Cy was a New York roach
Went to JFK
Had to fly awayCy came to Frankfurt town
Started looking round
For a home againFound a place
A dump full of rubble, trash and mould
Air-raid pad
A wreck of heavy metal soulsHere's a chip, here's a beer back from yesteryear
Here's a condom as a snack, hey this place is whack
There's a hole in the wall for a sleeping place
There's a smelly little things in a guitar case
I'm a fan of the band, yhough they play like hell
'cause the chaos they create is my roach motelCy drunk a lot of beer
Metal in his ears
Made him deaf and fatDried junk food in the floor
Porno mags and more
This is what it's atParty time
The band is on tour all the place is mine
Call my friends
The vermin of Frankfurt rules tonightHere's a chip, here's a beer back from yesteryear
Here's a condom as a snack, hey this place is whack
There's a hole in the wall for a sleeping place
There's a smelly little things in a guitar case
I'm a fan of the band, yhough they play like hell
'cause the chaos they create is my roach motelMy! Insects in the drum
Olaf found the scum
Panic in the bandDie! Kill the fucking bags
Eating all our drugs
Crawling in our pantsWhat the hell?
I thought Geremia was my friend
Killing now!
My extermination round the bandHere's a chip, here's a beer back from yesteryear
Here's a condom as a snack, hey this place is whack
There's a hole in the wall for a sleeping place
There's a smelly little things in a guitar case
I'm a fan of the band, yhough they play like hell
'cause the chaos they create is my roach motel
Was a fan of the band, though they play like hell
Now I'm leaving for a new rockin' roach motel

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