

Tankard Roach Motel

Tankard

Cy was a New York roach
Went to JFK
Had to fly away
Cy came to Frankfurt town
Started looking round
For a home again
Found a place
A dump full of rubble, trash and mould
Air-raid pad
A wreck of heavy metal souls
Here'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
Cy drunk a lot of beer
Metal in his ears
Made him deaf and fat
Dried junk food in the floor
Porno mags and more
This is what it's at
Party time
The band is on tour all the place is mine
Call my friends
The vermin of Frankfurt rules tonight
Here'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
My! Insects in the drum
Olaf found the scum
Panic in the band
Die! Kill the fucking bags
Eating all our drugs
Crawling in our pants
What the hell?
I thought Geremia was my friend
Killing now!
My extermination round the band
Here'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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