Hammered Again

U.S. Bombs

I woke up and fell of a root
They arrested me with a broken foot
You told the cops you didn't know who I was
A week on the city three hots and a cotDay one I got a taste of the shakes
No sleep at all, it's past eight
Rest of the week, all seemed the same
I couldn't wait to get home againCome on down to my place, I got a bar at my face
We both got monkeys on our backs
Come on down to my placeI got an early release on the 5th day
Dried out a lot I lost the shakes
I'll get 'em back when I get home
To the liquor store, then will start

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