

Thrashoholic

Gama Bomb

We bang 'til death and lay siege to the pub
With tankards and pints in the air
Straight edgers worst fears, we're addicted to beers
Though whiskey and cider get their share
Back in the day when the beer fuelled thrash
The tempo of the metal was high but take out the cans
And euthanasia is planned a force of habit left you high and dry
We're thrash, thrash to the core
Our love for cans we can't ignore
Your turn to shotgun
Thrashoholic means booze for everyone
We drink our pints, then order some tins
When they kick us out of the pub
Then back at due place we'll draw cocks on your face if you pass out on the floor
Drinking, drinking, drinking,
drinking
A testament to our kidney pains
Vomit, vomit, vomit, vomit
Sick it up, drink it again
Thrashing and drinking
Boozing and pissing
Vodka, cider, special brew
We've got no money

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