

# High Balls

## Guttermouth

imagine my friend that the well has run dry  
the bar keep resigns cause there won't be more rye  
trade lies with your mates then you have a good cry  
it's finally happened no more good times  
what would you do and what would you say?  
if some bloody bastard took the high balls away  
my god the world would insist that we cannot  
be happy until we are pissed off our ass!  
day by day they take our freedom  
who the hell gives them the right?  
hold your glass up high and we'll  
drink on and on and on and on  
if I'm happy or I'm sad  
Jack Daniel's makes me feel alright  
raise your glass up high and we'll sing  
on and on and on and on  
all we want all we want all we want  
is high balls for everyone  
and then, this fucked up world would seem alright  
hold on Jacky, save me your goodbye's  
hold on Jacky, need a double rye  
we got your back Jack baby no more feelin dry  
so cheers to you my dear old friend  
come on Jacky, gimme the good times  
come on Jacky, don't wanna walk the line  
we got your back, Jack baby no more feeling dry  
so cheers to you and all our/your friends tonight  
day by day they take our freedom  
who the hell gives them the right?  
hold your glass up high and we'll  
drink on and on and on and on  
if I'm happy or I'm sad  
Jack Daniel's makes me feel alright  
raise your glass up high and we'll sing  
on and on and on and on  
all we want all we want all we want  
is high balls for everyone  
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