Titty Twister

El Buzzard

Eat a bag of shit you suck
I can't believe the luck you have
It's not bestowed upon me
And my pants are falling down
I would have another drink except it might be poisoned by my mind
And my pants are falling down
I don't know what you've been drinking but pour another one for meMy pants are falling down
The room is spinning around
My stomach is making funny sounds
I'm falling down, I'm falling downFuck you, I hate you is all she said
As she slapped my face and spit beer on me
And my pant are falling down
Ahe said, you're a no good, ugly, dumb, stupid punk rocker with a bad haircut and your pants are falling down
I don't know what you've been smoking but pack another bowl for meMy pants are falling down
The room is spinning around
My stomach is making funny sounds
I'm falling down, I'm falling downMy pants are falling down
The room is spinning around
My stomach is making funny sounds
I'm falling down, I'm falling down

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