The Morning After (2005 Remastered Version)

Tankard

Can this be or am I dreaming?
What a mess!
Woke up drunk lying on the floor
This cannot be, my place is trashed
Broken bottles everywhere
Vomit oozing down the stairs
I asked myself how did this happen
Don't recall
Why the nasty, pounding headache?
I need relief, where's the Tylenol
Lying in my bed! With a swollen head!
What did I do? I always regret the morning after!
Morning's passed, now I think I remember
Holy shit!
Ugly bitch playing with my member
Mutated sow with an extra tit
Senseless ruckus late at night
That's when we began to fight
Four AM and we were hungry
Cooked some food
Ate until the fridge was empty
Then they left, all their bellies full
Now my brain feels like mashed potatoes
Getting sick
I swear to kick this nasty habit
And never drink for ever more
Headache ceases, all is fine
Getting thirsty, where's the wine?
I cannot stop though I'm seeing double
Sloshed again
I know it's sad but I really need it
Cause alcohol is my only friend
Lying in my bed! With a swollen head!
What did I do?
Lying in my bed! With a swollen head!
What did I do? I always regret the morning after!

Songwriters
GEREMIA, ANDREAS/KATZMANN, AXELPublished by

Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/