

Alcoholic

Tim Berg

Ohh alcoholic

Ohh real good liquor

Ohh make you throw up

Ohh make you clumsy

Well...

My pop had a party at the house one night

On the last day of school and the food is all right

We had a speaker on the roof and a speaker on the hill

With four turntables and a reel to reel

All the pretty women came, no ugly chicks

All the stars came from the ritz

The people eat the chicken and they drink up all the liquor

And they turn into a big screwdriver

Well...

My uncle is a 'holic' and he down a pound of whiskey !

With an eight for a chaser

Spit it on the bouncer

Bouncer kicked his ass

And he lost a girlfriend with a big soul kitchen

Now he's layin' in the gutter like a skid row bum

Skid row bum style...

Ohh alcoholic

Ohh scotch and 800

Ohh make you scratch the record

Ohh burn the spaghetti

Well...

I came home from school on a monday

I missed the radio reggae show

I felt like a rude boy

I could have slammed me a poseur

Well...

My uncle called me a punk rocker in the doorway

As he dribbled on the table when he started to say

"you're not a rude boy, you're a lazy boy

You should make like a tree and leave

Make like a library and book

Make like a roach and bug off"

Ohh alcoholic you can't drive

Before you crash and go to jail

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