Need Money For Beer

Tankard

I was born in beer,
My object of lust
But got no money,
Still drink I must
I search my pockets,
And what do I find
useless Kleenex
To wipe my behind
I need a Goddamn brew,
That's why I've come to youYou bastard, I hate you
I kill you, you can lick my butt
So pious and gracious
Intention isn't very clear
You bastard, still hate you
Need money for a fucking beerYou've got the cash, so give it to me
Dig in your wallet and set me free
Expect no thanks, you can kiss my ass
I'll ball your girlfriend and cum with classI need a Goddamn brew,
That's why I've come to youYou bastard, I hate you
I kill you, you can lick my butt
So pious and gracious
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Songwriters

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