

Mutant Drunk

Direct Hit!

We were walking into ambush, didn't know that we could die
From overall exposure to this level of pesticide
Now we're mutants, freaks of nature, barely coherent enough to
lie
About our relative ability to ask for a fucking ride

We've been drinking shots of whiskey, vodka, the greenest of Ch
artreuse
We've been pounding down the absinthe til we're little to no us
e
To our girlfriends, parents, colleagues, pets or brothers, just
refuse
In a dump where beings like us go to pass out before they puke

Pass that Jack, Citron, coke, lime and rum, Jose, Jim Beam, Old
Thompson,
That Absolut - Oh shit, I puked, sorry man, that wasn't awesome
But don't mine me, just gonna see how far I'll go before
This big dick goes and throws me out the door

I love you, I l
ove you
At this point we're not even playing our own songs for any of y
ou
We're just rambling, making noise, and generally wasting all yo
ur time
But for some ridiculous reason you all find it appropriate to w
hine