

Bottle, bottle, on the wall, who's the drunkest of us all?  
Set yourself up for the fall, who's a slave to alcohol,  
I know a place where you can go, you'll probably see no one tha  
t you know,  
A few minutes will make you think you probably need another dri  
nk.  
They said that I had a disease, I asked them, "What?" if they p  
lease,  
I asked them what the fuck they meant,  
Victim of the six percent,  
Now I'm so ashamed of it,  
I guess it's time that I quit.  
I saw a friend the other day, getting out of N.A.  
He was looking really good, that made me think of myself,  
I care about my worthless friends, don't like to see them kill  
themselves,  
Get so strung out they lose all hope, why do you think they cal  
l it dope?  
Trembling hands, bloodshot eyes, propose a toast to my demise.  
God gave me this liver,  
I didn't know he was an indian giver.