

Hooligans

Roger Miret and the Disasters

Yesterday I woke up in a Queens county jail
I remember throwing punches, smashing bottles, breaking chairs
Post bond today, on my way home, hell there's gotta be a better
way
Stitches on my knuckles, blood on my face

[Pre-chorus]

To tell the truth I don't give a damn
It's just me and the boys, a shot of Jager for my friends!

[Chorus x3]

We're pissed (we're pissed)
We're drunk (we're drunk)
Hooligans!

Don't know where I'm going or what I need
I don't really care what they say or what they think of me
People tend to fear me 'cause they can't understand all my rage
!
Scars on my knuckles, scars on my face

[Pre-chorus]

[Chorus x3]

We're pissed!

[Chorus x3]

Well, I'm pissed and I'm drunk