

Beer and Loathing

The Real McKenzies

Who put the dirt in charge of the merch
It wasn't Wednesday, Fester or Lurch
Some rhubarb for Sam and Bob
While I stepped out to audit the church

Beer and loathing,
Cosmos is exploding
The audience are sporting a tam
Every stinking Sam

Screened by the band, out in the van
Every tam pom was glued on by hand
Some rhubarb for Bob and Sam
Target frillies bobbed by a wee tail of lamb

Beer and loathing,
Cosmos is exploding
The audience are sporting a tam
Every stinking Sam

Up there (Beer and loathing)
On your hair
It's underwear, that you wear
Up there, on hour hair
It's underwear (Cosmos is exploding)
Underwear