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Neck it, Neck it,
Neck it, Neck it,
N..N..Neck it, Neck it,
Neck it, Neck it,
Ne...ck it, Ne....ck it
Having children's noble, but boy, are they a bore
Making art is special, but fuck, is it a chore
Righting wrongs are needed, but your'e up against it
Making money's mercenary, and losing it is unfair
Neck it, Neck it,
Neck it, Neck it,
N..N..Neck it, Neck it,
Neck it, Neck it,
Ne...ck it, Ne....ck it
Some solve the world's problems over a good red,
At smarmy dinner parties with serves of garlic bread
But when your life's a shit heap, there's only one
thing then
You solve the pain of remember-what was i saying again?
"Neck it!" screams your girlfriend;
"Neck it!" screams your mate
"Neck it!" screams your conscience:
Peer group pressure's great!
You might be good at nothing,
But you can be a star when you neck that fucking
bottle-neck it for Australia!
Neck it, Neck it,
Neck it, Neck it,
N..N..Neck it, Neck it,
Neck it, Neck it,
Ne...ck it, Ne....ck it
C'mon and neck it, neck it,
Neck it, neck it,
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Neck it, Neck it