

Drinking Song

The Gits

I tend to drink too much sometimes
I fall a little drunk on my face
I get up I brush up I head to the bar
For another round with all of my friends

Here's to 'em To all of my friends
Here's to 'em To all of my friends yeah
Here's to 'em To all of my friends
Here's to the bastards, the best of my friends

Step up to the bar we tip the bartender first
Keep 'em filled to the rim
There might be a bit of a brawl that breaks out
But we always leave when we should

So with this pint I toast to you to all of my friends
Keep healthy and good I clench it tight and
I raise it high May the spirits runneth over
And drinks never be denied

I know work is the worst part of the day
But when you get out the fun will pay
So now drink with me to no end
'Cause here we are with the best of our friends
It's all I got left in the end are my friends
God love 'em my fuckin' friends