

Tankard, Tankard Roach Motel

Cy was a New York roach
Went to JFK
Had to fly away

Cy came to Frankfurt town
Started looking round
For a home again

Found a place
A dump full of rubble, trash and mould
Air-raid pad
A wreck of heavy metal souls

Here's a chip, here's a beer back from yesteryear
Here's a condom as a snack, hey this place is whack
There's a hole in the wall for a sleeping place
There's a smelly little things in a guitar case
I'm a fan of the band, yhough they play like hell
'cause the chaos they create is my roach motel

Cy drunk a lot of beer
Metal in his ears
Made him deaf and fat

Dried junk food in the floor
Porno mags and more
This is what it's at

Party time
The band is on tour all the place is mine
Call my friends
The vermin of Frankfurt rules tonight

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My! Insects in the drum
Olaf found the scum
Panic in the band

Die! Kill the fucking bags
Eating all our drugs
Crawling in our pants

What the hell?
I thought Geremia was my friend
Killing now!
My extermination round the band

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There's a hole in the wall for a sleeping place
There's a smelly little things in a guitar case
I'm a fan of the band, yhough they play like hell
'cause the chaos they create is my roach motel
Was a fan of the band, though they play like hell
Now I'm leaving for a new rockin' roach motel