

Lord Of The Döner

written by Jackson Spider

Friday afternoon I'm on my way
a really great gig seems waiting for me
heading for the city, a well known club
not just the usual dirty old pub

But when we arrived just chaos around
nothing set up – no stage and no sound
no drinks for free and nothing to eat
man we were thirsty and longing for meat

Ref:

Lord of the döner – is what we need
Lord of the döner – plenty of meat
Lord of the döner – amends for the pain
Lord of the döner – the whole night we stay

Some other bands even play tonight
some of them are really nice guys
but there is also the opposite
really big assholes they're just talking shit

Pretend to be punks driving daddy's car
a big porsche is parking next to the bar
backstage they talk about expensive brand shoes
my fist in their face is what i like to do

Ref

Just a few minutes to change on the stage
my „friends“ need longer than the last ice age
angry like hell i play like mad
after the show i was frustrated and sad

But when there is darkness there is also light
Jimmy returned – the band reunite
time to move on, leave the fuckin' bar
Lord of the döner is not very far...

Ref

Ref