

# 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

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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

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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...

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