Miss Jenna Bush is quite a catch, no wonder you would pick her. But here's a secret for you pal, an ancient sage's ration ale. She's just like any other gal when it comes to hard liquor. Pound it down. Pound it down. And you'll set her heart a-flutter. Pound it down, pound it down, and she'll melt for you like butter.

The women-folk don't toy around with margarita panzies. A college boy will not get laid by drinking Mike's Hard Lemonade. Drink

Pound it down

Gospel

MikeySol
vod-ka and you've got it made, you're plea-sing all her fan-cies. Pound it

a woman with soul should riff and respond over this chorus

down, pound it down, drink as much as you pos-si-bly can. Pound it
down. Pound it down and she'll know you are a man.

But do not cross that gold-en line and wind up o'er the toi-let. For

she would ra-ther be a-lone then help you with the porce-lin phone. Your

night of fun will be post-poned, so do not chance to spoil it. Pound it

This chorus (& the remainder of the song) has a gospel choir in the background that will be written out.

down, pound it down, no the good times ne-ver end. Pound it
down. Pound it down, and you'll get your la-dy friend. Pound it
down. Pound it down.

down down down down, ya got to pound it down. There's no need for despair, you're underage, I don't care. Pound it down I say child pound it down pound it down.

down, and you'll get your lady friend. Pound it down. Pound it down

unnecessarily long improv. (call & response, scat, etc...) you got to pound it down.