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"Good Rats"

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Have you ever stopped to think about what rats do for fun?

Sure they crawl around and scurry,
Yeah they're always on the run but a rat sure likes a good time
Just like you and me
I'll prove it with a tale about a rat-infested brewery

It started with a little lad named vermin McCann
Who fell upon a drink that made him feel like quite a man
He rounded up his furry boys,
Though some wore a frown
They quickly changed their tune and they slammed a couple down.

[Chorus:]
One, two, one-two-three-four!
Come on all you good rats
We'll send you to heaven you'll find the pearly gates in the froth and the foam
'cause in these vats you've made quite a creation
A potion that turned the Guinness to gold!

Like mice behind a piper,
Rats from all around soon headed for this factory in old Dublin Town.
They surely heard the news about this fancy new rat-brew they come,
They saw, they had a taste and knocked back a few

The rats were in a tizzy
Addicted to the bone the hairy lugs were giddy
They were never going home
Like a bunch of drunken pirates prepared to walk the plank they drank,
They sang, they took a plunge and in the beer they sank!

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