

Gaelic Storm

"The Night I Punched Russell Crowe"

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Here's a little story,
'Bout someone that you know,
He was a right famous fella,
By the name of Russell Crowe.
I was workin' at a pub,
He was smokin' at the bar,
That's a crime, as all you know,
In Cal-ih-forn-eye-yah.

So I sidled up the rail,
Right to where he stood,
I said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Crowe,"
As nicely as I could.
"You'll have to put that out now,
Throw it on the floor.
If you don't, I'll kick you out,
And show you to the door."

Well, he squared right up to me,
Somewhat in surprise,
Then he narrowed up his gaze,
Shot me daggers with his eyes.
"If you think you're man enough,
Go ahead," he said.
I was scared for my life,

So I docked him in the head.

((The closest I've come to ending up dead,))
((Was the night that I punched Russell Crowe,))
"The Gladiator," in the head.

He lifted up his hands,
Put them to his nose,
Blood was runnin' through his fingers
Dripping on his clothes.
His bodyguards ran up,
"Get him," shouted Crowe.
"Run," cried Chucky, "Run. And don't stop,
Until you get to Mexico."

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You can't hit me I'm the Cinderella Man.
I'm the Master and Commander, I'm Aus-tral-ee-an.
You can't hit me, don't you know I'm dangerous.
I'm the outlaw Ben Wade. (Oh, my God!)
I AM MAXIMUS!

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