

## Gaelic Storm "Whats The Rumpus?"

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I came home late on a Sunday, and the house was a screaming zoo

I couldn't tell if it was a party or a full on wrecking crew there were barrels of Booze in my bathroom, Bodies all over my floor

they charging me a cover at my own front door!

When the whole thing's over, there's gonna be hell to pay,

But when its upside, downside, inside out, what else can you say?

Hey Pah da-da-da yah hah hey What's the Rumpus? Hey Pah da-da-da yah hah hey What's the Rumpus? Hey Pah da-da-da yah hah hey What's the Rumpus? Cad e an sceil a buachail? What's the Rumpus?

A pack of Peruvian peddlers, were giving Guinness to their llamas

One came out of my bedroom, wearing my best pajamas,

Half a dozen Hungarian dancers doing Hornpipes on the bar

Something running in the kitchen, It might have been my car

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Walshie's waltzing with a tree, pete and podge were on their backs

Drunken Monkey's drinking draino and the guarda's in the jacks

people hanging out my windows, and bowling down my

hall

Mad Music loud enough to shake the shingles off the wall.

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