

Family Guy, Drunken Irish Dad

Oh, he doesn't smell like Irish spring, and he never taught me anything,
But still I slap my chest and sing of my drunken Irish dad.
Oh, his face looks like a railroad map and he never shuts his freakin' trap,
But all the ladies catch the clap from your drunken Irish dad.

Ask-a Hennessey, Tennessee, Morrison, Shaunesy, Riven and Rudy,
They'll tell you the same.
McNolte, Mulrooney, and Carter and Clooney,
All feel the same mixture of pride and of shame.

Finnegan, Hannegan, Cally and Fannigan,
Look to the ground when their Dad passes by.
Halferty, Rafferty, Joyce and O'Lafferty,
Fight for his honour and then start to cry...

<i>(Amusing fight sounds)</i>

Oh, we Irish lads are all in firm, and our moods infect us like a germ,
Cause we're all a spawn of a pickled sperm, (and we don't tan well either)...
From a drunken Irish dad!