

# Gaelic Storm, What's The Rumpus?

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-da yah hah hey What's the Rumpus ?  
Hey Pah da-da-da-da yah hah hey What's the Rumpus ?  
Hey Pah da-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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