

Tsunami Bomb, Irish Boys

Sittin on a Friday all alone
to the pub I dare to roam
I walked right in and took a seat
cute drunk boy I long to meet
Sat alone
no one bought me drinks,
I gave up cuz Irish Boys stink!

Open the bottle,
step inside
Pop open the cork and wave goodbye
To the stupid Irish Boys
who never get the chance
To know me,
sweep me off my feet,
or get into my pants

I'll come back one day with a real man
He'll kiss my lips and he'll hold my hand
He'll show me off so everyone knows,
Kiss my ear and suck my toes
Never puke on my shoes,
Sing those sorry drunken tunes,
When we go out, he'll buy me drinks --
he's not Irish, Irish boys stink!
yea irish boys stink!

So in walks this cute lad,
decides to tell me how much beer he's had
Sets me up to put me on my throne,
then decides to take me home
Right as we get to the bed,
he's so drunk he's passed out dead
This is why I've come to think
those fuckin Irish Boys, they stink!

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